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THE
NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL
FOR WIT.

BEING
A COLLECTION
OF
SEVERAL CURIOUS PIECES,
IN VERSE AND PROSE:

WRITTEN BY

LORD CHESTERFIELD,
LORD HARDWICKE,
LORD LYTTTELTON,
SIR C. H. WILLIAMS,
MR. WILKES.

MR. CHURCHILL,
MR. GARRICK,
MR. POTTER,
DR. AKENSIDE,

AND OTHER EMINENT PERSONS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCLXVIII.

Speedily will be published,

T H E

S E C O N D V O L U M E

O F T H E

NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL FOR WIT.

C O N T A I N I N G

S E V E R A L C U R I O U S P I E C E S ;

A N D

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE FRONTISPIECE.

T H E C O N T E N T S.

	Page
I SABELLA, or the morning. By Sir Charles Hanbury Williams — —	I
Epigram on a certain lady's coming into the rooms at Bath with a diamond crescent in her hair. By Mr. Potter — — —	10
Written under the picture of Dr. Hayter, after his dismissal from being governor to the prince of Wales — — —	ibid.
A simile — — —	11
Doll Common. A fragment. In answer to the foregoing — — —	13
Corinna vindicated — — —	16
Stanzas addressed to no minister nor great man	18
Stanzas addressed to a great minister and great man — — —	20
The Beavers. A fable, by Mr. Kenrick —	22
A description of London — — —	28
On Mr. Nash's picture at full length between the busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope, at Bath. By the earl of Chesterfield —	29
A dialogue in a thin house — — —	30

	Page
Epigram on the battle of Minden	31
On the monuments in Westminster-abbey. By C. Churchill	ibid.
Verses written in Windsor Park in 1762. By the same	ibid.
On Mr. Pitt's resignation in 1761	33
Virtue and Fame. To the countess of Egremont. By lord Lyttelton	ibid.
Addition extempore. By the earl of Hardwicke	35
Lord Lyttelton's letter to the earl of Hardwicke. Occasioned by the foregoing verses	ibid.
Invitation to the dowager duchess D'Aiguillon. By lord Lyttelton	37
Colonel Drumgold. By the same	ibid.
Epigram	39
Quin's soliloquy on seeing duke Humphry at St. Alban's. By D. G.	ibid.
Mr. Pitt's letter to his friend in the city, versified	40
Curious description of West Wycombe church. By Mr. John Wilkes	42
The three conjurors. A political interlude	47
On the dismissal of earl Temple from the lieutenancy of the county of Bucks	64
On the thirtieth of November, being St. Andrew's day, and the birth-day of the princess dowager of Wales	ibid.
Epigram	65
A curious advertisement, versified	ibid.
On	

	Page
On a certain lawyer's taking a patent of precedence	66
An ode in 1764	67
Inscription for a column at Runnymede, Windsor. By Dr. Akenfide	70
Sent with a piece of painted flowered silk to lady Charles Spencer, who said she was low in pocket.	
By the countess Temple	71
The earl Temple on gardening. By the same	72
Singular inscriptions in earl Temple's gardens at Stowe	74
Female characters.	75
A sketch. Written on the change of the ministry in 1765	77
To the late minority, on reading the history of their conduct	78
The muse at a horse-race	80
A parody on the famous ballad of Chevy-Chace	82
A new political creed for 1766	92
Inscription for the Statues sent to America	95
An apology for Mr. P—	97
The earl. An ode	ibid.
The coronet. A song	99
An epistle to a friend in the country	101
Proposals for the print of a late commoner, with a specimen	106
Earl of C—m's apology	108

	Page
To lord C——m. An ode	108
Kynge Bladyde to William Pitt	121
The Jesuit's double-fac'd creed	122
Hints for a political print	ibid.
On the execution of John Ayliffe, Esq;	126
New and humourous method of reading the news- papers	127
Analogy between legislation and horse-racing	131
Two extraordinary advertisements	135

THE
NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL
FOR WIT.

ISABELLA: OR, THE MORNING.

WRITTEN BY

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

ARGUMENT.

The D— of M—— is represented as rising from breakfast with her parrot, monkey, and lap-dog. —Dicky D—man comes in with a Staffordshire *tea-pot*, with which the D—fs is charmed:—a simile—She makes a fine speech upon the occasion, which is broken off by General C. Ch—ll's coming in.—His character.—His first speech.—The D——efs shews him the *tea-pot*.—She tells him of fire-works to be sold at Margas's, which give him an opportunity of telling a story of some he saw in Flanders. It appears from the very beginning of the story that it could have no end.—It is broken off by the entrance of Charles St—pe.—A simile on his coming in. His character as a companion.—He gives an account of a *Polypus*. The D——efs longs for a *Polypus*. Both the Charles's fall fast asleep, on each side of the D—fs.

Con-

Contrast between Susanna and the two elders.—The whole company roused by Lord L——'s coming into the room.—His character.—He talks of the opera, of Ch——ld and Fanny*.—Lady Fanny's looks owing to love.—The General begins the story of Miss How.—The company's dismay described at the General's beginning the story.—The clock strikes three.—The D——s rings to dress.—The company rises.—The departure of the company described.

ISABELLA: OR, THE MORNING.

In various talk th' instructive hours they pass. MILTON.

THE monkey, lap-dog, parrot, and her Grace,
Had each retir'd from breakfast to their place,
When, hark, a knock! "See Betty, see, who's
there:"

" 'Tis Mr. B—n, Ma'am, in his new chair :
" Dicky's new chair! the charming'st thing in town,
" Whose poles are lacker'd, and whose lining's
" brown!"

But see; he enters with his shuff'ling gait;
" Lord, says her grace, how could you be so late?" }
" I'm sorry, Madam, I have made you wait," }
Bateman reply'd, " I only staid to bring
" The newest, charming'st, most delightful thing!
" Oh! tell me, what's the curiosity!
" Oh! shew it me this instant, or I die!"

* Lady F. Sk——y.

To please the noble dame, the courtly 'Squire
 Produc'd a *tea-pot* made in Staffordshire :
 With eager eyes the longing D——s stood,
 And o'er and o'er the shining bauble view'd :
 Such were the joys touch'd young Atrides' breast,
 Such all the Grecian host at once express'd,
 When, from beneath his robe—to all their view,
 Laertes' son, the famed Palladium drew.
 So Venus look'd, and with such longing eyes,
 When Paris first produc'd the golden prize.
 " Such work as this, she cries, can England do !
 It equals Dresden, and excells St. Cloud :
 All modern China now shall hide its head,
 And ev'n Chantilly must give o'er the trade :
 For lace let Flanders bear away the bell,
 In finest linen let the Dutch excell ;
 For prettiest stuffs let Ireland first be nam'd,
 And for best fancy'd silks let France be fam'd :
 Do thou, thrice happy England ! still prepare
 This clay, and build thy fame on earthen-ware."

Much she'd have said, but that again she heard
 The knocker—and the General appear'd.

The Gen'ral ! one of those brave old commanders,
 Who serv'd through all the glorious wars in Flanders ;
 Frank and good-natur'd, of an honest heart,
 Loving to act the steady friendly part :
 None led through youth a gayer life than he,
 Cheerful in converse, smart in repartee.
 Sweet was his night, and joyful was his day,
 He din'd with Walpole, and with Oldfield lay ;
 But with old age its vices came along,
 And in narration he's extremely long ;

Exact

Exact in circumstance, and nice in dates,
 He each minute particular relates.
 If you name one of Malbro's ten campaigns,
 He tells you its whole hist'ry for your pains ;
 And Blenheim's field becomes by his reciting,
 As long in telling as it was in fighting :
 His old desire to please is still express'd ;
 His hat's well cock'd, his perriwig's well dress'd ;
 He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears,
 And in the boxes with the beaux appears ;
 His eyes thro' wrinkled corners cast their rays ;
 Still he looks chearful, still soft things he says :
 And still rememb'ring that he once was young,
 He strains his crippled knees, and struts along.
 The room he enter'd *smiling* ; which bespoke
 Some worn-out compliment, or thread-bare joke.
 (For not perceiving loss of parts, he yet
 Grasps at the shade of his departed wit.)
 " How does your Grace ? I hope I see you well :
 What a prodigious deal of rain has fell !
 Will the sun never let us see his face ?
 But who can want a sun that sees your Grace ?"
 I'm your servant, Sir—but see what I have got !
 I'n't a prodigious, charming *pot* ?
 And a'n't you vastly glad we make them here,
 For Dicky got it out of Staffordshire.
 See how the charming vine twines all about !
 Lord ! what a handle ! Jesus ! what a spout !
 And that old Pagod, and that charming child !
 If Lady T——nd saw them, she'd be wild !"

'To this the Gen'ral answer'd, " Who would not ?
 Lord ! where cou'd Mr. Bateman find this *pot* ?

Dear

Dear Dicky, cou'dn't you get one for me?

I want some useful china mightily;

Two jars, two beakers, and a *pot pourrie*."

}

" Oh, Mr. Churchill, where d'ye think I've been ?

At Margus's, and there such Fireworks seen,

So very pretty, charming, odd and new ;

And, I assure you, they are right India too !

I've bought them all, there's not one left in town ;

And, if you was to see them, you wou'd own

You never saw such fire-works any where."

—Oh, madam, I must beg your pardon there,

The Gen'ral cry'd, " for 'twas in the year Ten ;

No, let me recollect, it was not then ;

'Twas then year *Eight*, I think, for then we lay

Encamp'd with all the army near Cambray——

Yes, yes, I'm sure I'm right, by one event,

We supp'd together in Cadogan's tent ;

Meredith, Lamly, Palmer, and poor Geo. Grove,

And merrily the bumpers round we drove ;

To Malbro's health we drank confounded hard ;

For he'd just beat the French at Oudenard :

And Lord Cadogan then had got by chance,

The best champagne that ever came from France.

And 'twas no wonder that it was so good,

For some dragoons had seiz'd it on the road ;

And they were told from those they took it from,

It was design'd a present for Vendosme.

So we"—But see another Charles's face

Cut short the Gen'ral, and relieves her Grace.

So, when one crop-sick parson, in a doze,

Is reading morning-service through his nose,

Another

Another in the pulpit strait appears,
 Claiming the tir'd-out congregations ears,
 And with a duller sermon ends their pray'rs,
 For this old Charles is full as dull as t'other,
 Bavius to Mœvius was not more a brother;
 From two defects this talk no joy affords,
 From want of matter, and from want of words.

“ I hope, says he, your Grace is well to-day,
 And caught no cold by vent'ring to the play.”

“ Oh, Sir, I'm mighty well—wont you sit down?
 Pray, Mr. S—, what's the news in town?”

“ Madam, I know of none; but I'm just come
 From seeing a curiosity at home :

'Twas sent to Martin Folkes, as being rare,
 And he and Desaguliers brought it there:
 It's call'd a *Polypus*.”--“ What's that?”--“ A creature
 The wonderful'st of all the works of nature :

Hither it came from Holland, where 'twas caught,
 (I should not say it came, for it was brought)

To-morrow we're to have it at Crane-court,
 And 'tis a reptile of so strange a sort,

That if 'tis cut in two, it is not dead;

Its head shoots out a tail, its tail a head;

Take out its middle, and observe its ends,

Here a head rises, there a tail descends;

Or cut off any part that you desire,

That part extends and makes itself entire :

But what it feeds on still remains a doubt,

Or how it generates, is not found out;

But at our board, to-morrow, 'twill appear,

And then 'twill be consider'd and made clear,

For all the learned body will be there.”

“ Lord !

“ Lord! I must see it, or I am undone,
 The D—s cry’d, pray can’t you get me one;
 I never heard of such a thing before,
 I long to cut it, and make fifty more;
 I’d have a cage made up in taste for mine,
 And, Dicky, you shall give me a design.”

But here the General to a yawn gave way
 And St——pe had not one more word to say,
 So stretch’d on easy chairs in apathy they lay;
 And on each side the goddesses they ador’d
 One Charles sat speechless, and the other snor’d.
 When chaste Susannah’s all subduing charms
 Made two old lovers languish for her arms,
 Soon as her eyes had thaw’d the frost of age,
 Their passions mounted into lustful rage;
 With brutal violence they attack’d their prey,
 And almost bore the wish’d for prize away.

Hail, happy D—s! ’twixt two elders plac’d,
 Whose passions brutal lust has ne’er disgrac’d;
 No warm expressions make your blushes rise,
 No ravish’d kins shoots light’ning from your eyes:
 Let them but visit you, they ask no more,
 Guiltless they’ll gaze, and innocent adore.

But hark! a louder knock than, all before,
 “ Lord! says her Grace, they’ll thunder down my
 doo!”

Into the room see sweating L—l break,
 (The D——s rises, and the elders wake :)
 L—l,—the oddest character in town;
 A lover, statesman, connoisseur, buffoon:
 Extract him well, this is his quintessence,
 Much folly, but more cunning, and some sense; To

To neither party in his heart inclin'd,
 He steer'd through both, with politics refin'd ;
 Voted with Walpole, and with Pultney din'd.

}

His Lordship makes a bow, and takes his seat,
 Then opens with preliminary chat ;

“ I'm glad to see your Grace—the Gen'ral too—

“ Old Charles, how is it? Dicky! how d'ye do?

“ Madam, I hear that you was at the play,

“ You did not say one word on't yesterday ;

“ I went, who'd no engagement, any share,

“ To th' opera.”—Were there many people there?

The Duchess cry'd:—“ Yes, madam, a great many,

Says Lovel”—“ There was Ch——d and Fanny.

In that eternal whisper, which begun

Ten years ago, and never will be done ;

For tho' you know he sees her ev'ry day,

Still he has ever something new to say ;

There's nothing upon earth so hard to me,

As keeping up discourse eternally ;

He never lets the conversation fall,

And I'm sure Fanny can't keep up the ball ;

I saw that her replies were never long,

And with her eyes, she answer'd for her tongue.

Poor I! am forc'd to keep my distance now,

She won't ev'n curt'sy if I make a bow.”

“ Why things are strangely chang'd, the Gen'ral
 cry'd ;

Ay, *fortune de la guerre*,” my Lord reply'd :

“ But you and I, Charles, hardly find things so,

As we both did some twenty years ago.”

“ And take off twenty years, reply'd her Grace,

'Twould do no harm to Lady Fanny's face ;

My

My Lord, you never see her but at night,
 By th' advantageous help of candle-light:
 Drest out with every aid that is adorning,
 Oh, if your Lordship saw her in a morning!
 It is no more that Fanny once so fair;
 No roses bloom, no lillies flourish there:
 But hollow eyes, and pale and faded cheek,
 Repentance, love and disappointment speak."

The General found a lucky minute now
 To speak—"Ah, ma'am, you did not know Miss How."
 I'll tell you all her history, he cry'd—
 At this Charles S——e, gap'd extremely wide;
 Poor Dicky sat on thorns; her Grace turn'd pale,
 And L——) trembled at th' impending tale.
 "Poor girl! faith she was once extremely fair,
 'Till worn by love, and tortur'd by despair:
 Her pining cheek betray'd her inward smart;
 Her breaking looks foretold her breaking heart.
 At Leicester-house her passion first began
 And Nanty L——er was a pretty man;
 But when the P——es did to K—— remove,
 She could not bear the absence of her love;
 Away she flew."—But here the clock struck three;
 So did some pitying deity decree;
 The D——es rings to dress—and see her maid
 With all the apparatus for her head,
 Th' adorning circle can no longer stay,
 Each rises, bows, and goes his different way.
 To antient Boothby's antient C——ill's flown;
 Home to his dinner S——pe goes alone:
 Dicky to fast with her, her Grace invites,
 And L——l's coachman drives unbid to White's. AN

A N E P I G R A M

ON A CERTAIN LADY'S COMING INTO THE ROOM AT
BATH, WITH A DIAMOND CRESCENT IN HER HAIR.

BY MR. POTTER.

CHaste Dian's crescent on her front display'd,
Behold ! the wife proclaims herself a maid !
Come, fierce Taillard, or fiercer Julius come ;
On this fair subject urge the contest home,
Pluck honour from this emblematic moon,
And solve the point which puzzles W—n :
This radiant emblem you may then transpose,
And give the horned crescent to the spouse.

WRITTEN UNDER

THE PICTURE OF DR. HAYTER,
BISHOP OF NORWICH,

SOON AFTER HE WAS DISMISSED FROM HIS POST OF
GOVERNOR TO THE PRINCE OF WALES IN 1752.

NOT gentler virtues glow'd in Cambray's breast,
Not more his young Telemachus was bless'd ;
'Till envy, faction, and ambitious rage
Drove from a guilty court the pious sage.
Back to his flock with transport he withdrew,
And but one sigh, an honest one he knew !
O guard my royal pupil, heav'n ! he said ;
Let not his youth be, like my age, betray'd !
I would have form'd his footsteps in thy way—
But “ vice prevails, and impious men bear sway.”

A S I M I L E.

CORINNA, in the country bred,
 Harbour'd strange notions in her head,
 Notions in town quite out of fashion :
 Such as, that love's a dang'rous passion ;
 That virtue is the maiden's jewel ;
 And, to be safe, she must be cruel.

Thus arm'd, she'd long secur'd her honour
 From all assaults yet made upon her,
 Had scratch'd th' impetuous captain's hand ;
 Had torn the lawyer's gown and band ;
 And gold refus'd from knights and squires
 To bribe her to her own desires :
 For, to say truth, she thought it hard
 To be of pleasures thus debarr'd,
 She saw by others freely-tasted ;
 So pouted, pin'd, grew pale, and wasted :
 Yet, notwithstanding her condition,
 Continued firm in opposition.

At length a troop of horse came down,
 And quarter'd in a neighb'ring town.
 The cornet he was tall and young,
 And had a most bewitching tongue.
 They saw and lik'd. The siege begun,
 Each hour he some advantage won.
 He ogled first ;—she turn'd away ;—
 But met his eyes the following day.
 Then her reluctant hand he seizes :
 That soon she gives him, when he pleases.
 Her ruby lips he next attacks :—
 She struggles ;—in a while she smacks.

Her snowy breasts he then invades :
 That yields too after some parades ;
 And of that fortress once possess'd,
 He quickly masters all the rest.

No longer now a dupe to fame,
 She smothers or resists her flame,
 But loves without or fear or shame.

So have I seen the *Tory* race,
 Long in the pouts for want of place,
 Never in humour, never well,
 Wishing for what they dar'd not tell,
 Their heads with country-notions fraught,
 Notions in town not worth a groat,
 These tenets all reluctant quit,
 And step by step at last submit,
 To reason, elquence, and *Pitt*.

At first to Hanover a plum
 Was sent.—They said—*A trivial sum,*
But if he went one tittle further,
They vow'd and swore, they'd cry out Murder.
 Ere long a larger sum is wanted,
 They pish'd and frown'd,—but still they granted.
 He push'd for more, and more again—
Well, money's better sent, than men.
 Here virtue made another stand—
No—not a man shall leave the land.

“ What ?—not one regiment to Embden ?”
 They start, but now they're fairly hemm'd in.
 These soon, and many more are sent.—
 They're silent—Silence gives consent.
 Our troops they now can plainly see,
 May Britain guard in Germany :

Hanoverians,

Hanoverians, Hessians, Prussians,
 Are paid to oppose the French and Russians:
 Nor scruple they with truth to say,
 They're fighting for America.
 No more they make a fiddle-faddle
 About an Hessian horse or saddle;
 No more of Continental measures,
 No more of wasting British treasures;
 Ten millions, and a vote of credit—
 'Tis right—he can't be wrong, who did it:
 They're fairly fous'd o'er head and ears,
 And cur'd of all their rustic fears.

DOLL COMMON.

A FRAGMENT.

IN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

* * * * *

So, lost to sense of shame and duty,
 Doll, came to town, to sell her beauty:
 Cælia, her friend, with heart-felt pain,
 Had preach'd up virtue's lore in vain:
 In vain she tried each winning art;
 For *Doll* had lewdness in her heart.
 Thus bent to be a sordid whore,
 She knock'd at Prostitution's door,
 * * arose, and let her in,
 And stroak'd her cheek, and chuck'd her chin;

While far from whimpers, sobs, or weeping,
 Doll curt'fied, and was soon in keeping :
 Now in Hyde Park she flaunts by day,
 At night she flutters at the play.
 This keeper, and a second died ;
 Now Doll is humbled in her pride.
 At length she comes upon the town ;
 First palms a guinea, then a crown ;
 Nay, Slander says, that underhand,
 The forlorn wretch would walk the Strand ;
 'Till grown the scorn of man and woman,
 A pot of beer would buy Doll Common.

Mean time, deep smit with honest flame,
 Cælia espous'd a youth of fame ;
 From the chaste bed fair issue sprung ;
 With peals of joy the country rung.
 Again the matron pregnant grown,
 Now hastens to lie in, in town.
 There *near* the Park, Doll Common *found* her,
 (Her little family around her)
 Then Doll began—so modest miss !
 Is all your prud'ry come to this ?
 Why, by your apron's round, I see,
 You're e'en a strumpet rank, like me :
 “ *Quite cur'd of all your rustick fears,*
 “ *And fairly sous'd o'er head and ears.*”
 Coy simp'ring maids, I find can sin :
 For shame, your belly's at your chin :
 In spite of all your virt'ous lore,
 You're now become an arrant whore.

Fair Cælia's cheek a blush o'erspread ;
 And thus with calm disdain she said :
 That love possesses me, 'tis true ;
 Yet, heav'n be prais'd ! I am not you :
 “ *My head's with country notions fraught,*
 “ *Notions to you not worth a groat.*”
 Aided by ev'ry virt'ous art,
 A gen'rous youth has won my heart.
 Yet never did I yield my charms,
 'Till honour led me to his arms.
 My charms I never basely fold ;
 I am no prostitute for gold ;
 On my own rents I liv'd before,
 Nor has my William added more.
 Wealth is our scorn ; our humble labours
 Aim but to *serve*, or *save* our neighbours.
 See—Heav'n has blest our chaste embrace ;
 Behold this little smiling race,
 The offspring of an honest bed ;—
 Here, Senegal, hold up your head :
 This tawny boy his parents boast,
 Shall bring us gold from Afric's coast :
 And mark these twins of Indian mien,
 This Louisbourg, and that Du Quesne :
 Their bold and honest looks presage
 They'll be our comfort in old age.
 And if the babe that swells my womb,
 To a propitious birth shall come,
 O'erjoy'd I'll bless the happy day,
 And call our child America.

Thus Cælia spake with modest grace;
 But rage deform'd the harlot's face:
 Her fi'ry eyes began to roll,
 A hag in look, a fiend in soul:
 And now she vomits forth the din
 Of oyster-wenchies drunk with gin.
 Nay, rumour scruples not to tell ye,
 The strumpet kick'd the matron's belly,
 Of the fair coming birth afraid;
 For black *abortion* was *her trade*.

CORINNA VINDICATED.

CORINNA, virtue's child, and chaste
 As *Vestal* maid of yore,
 Nor fought the nuptial rites in haste,
 Nor yet those rites forswore.

Her, many a worthless knight, to wed,
 Pursued in various shapes;
 But she, tho' chusing not to lead,
 Would not be led by—*Apes*.

Roysters they were, and each a mere
 Penelope's gallant;
 They eat and drank up all her chear,
 And lov'd her into want.

See her by W—— first address'd,
 (But W—— caught a Tartar)
 Him while an ill-earn'd ribband grac'd,
 She wore a nobler garter.

A pair of brothers next advance,
 Alike for business fit :
 The silly 'gan to kick and prance,
 And spurn the P—— bit.

But who comes next ? O well I ken
 Him playing fast and loose ;
 Cease, F——, the prey will ne'er be thine,
 Corinna's not a goose.

See, last the man by heav'n design'd,
 To make Corinna bless'd ;
 To ev'ry virtuous act inclin'd,
 All *patriot* in his breast.

He woo'd the Fair with manly sense,
 And, flattery apart,
 By dint of sterling eloquence
 Subdued Corinna's heart.

She gave her hand—but, lest her hand,
 So giv'n, should prove a curse,
 The *priest* omitted, by command,
For better and for worse.

S O M E S T A N Z A S.

ADDRESSED TO NO MINISTER NOR GREAT MAN.

W I T H all thy titles, all thy large estate,
 And all the favours which a King can grant,
 Something is wanting still to make *thee* great,
 And still that something *thou* wilt ever want.

For it is greatness, at a sumptuous board
 To feast a county, and to hear thy name
 'Mid noisy revels riotously roar'd,
 When longer than the banquet, lasts not fame?

Or is it greatness in the pomp of pow'r
 Each morn a crowd obsequious to collect,
 Pleas'd to accept th' obeisance of an hour,
 When with the levee endeth all respect?

He who is great some nobler purpose shews :
 Nor feasts nor levees *his* attention claim :
 That which is fit and right he first pursues,
 And after finds it justify'd by fame.

What tho' a fawning academick train,
 O shame to learning ! on thy footsteps wait ;
 Tho' flattering muses in a courtly strain
 Salute *thee* pillar of the British state ;

Yet in fair history's impartial page,
 Penn'd nor in flatt'ring nor invective strain,
 Truth will report *thee* to the future age
 No statesman, but a courtier light and vain.

For hath *thy* civil prudence well upheld
 The state, 'gainst foreign or domestic foe?
 Was fierce rebellion by *thy* counsels quell'd?
 By *thee* averted Gallia's threat'ned blow;
 Where was thy foresight, when the Gaul prepar'd
 To seize the provinces of Albion's realm?
 That foul disgrace with *thee* tho' *others* shar'd,
 Yet seiz'd they were when *thou* wert at the helm.
 And tho' once more Britannia lifts her head,
 By pow'rful nations sees herself rever'd,
 And hails her valiant sons by glory led
 T'assault that realm whence late assault she fear'd;
 Yet from their deeds no honour *thou* can'st gain,
 Tho' vict'ry's laurels should their brows intwine:
 For when didst *thou* their arduous toils maintain?
 Or of their bold exploits which plan was *thine*?
 Did'st *thou* secure the harvest of the land
 Amid invasion's threat and war's alarm?
 When martial weapons fill'd the reaper's hand,
 Was it *thy* voice exhorted him to arm?
 Have fleets and armies by *thy* orders mov'd
 To distant lands and oceans far remote?
 And when success those orders hath approv'd,
 Do crowds *thy* wisdom and *thy* spirit note?
 Yet in the triumph *thou* assum'st a share,
 Buffing, important, full of giddy zeal;
 And vainly sit'st with ministerial air,
 A fly of state on glory's chariot-wheel.

S T A N Z A S

ADDRESSED TO A GREAT MINISTER AND GREAT MAN.

WITH titles, honours, and a large estate,
 And all a favour'd subject can possess,
 Can ought be wanting still to make thee great,
 Or can envenom'd slander make thee less?

For sure 'tis greatness, nobly to disdain
 The high rewards that wait the statesman's toils,
 And rather, with unsparing hand, to drain
 Thy private wealth, than share the public spoils.

And sure 'tis greatness, to the muse's choir
 Thy fost'ring care and bounty to extend,
 With royal smiles her grateful train to fire,
 And Attic grace with Spartan morals blend.

Who, such a length of years, 'midst party rage
 And veering patriots, with deserv'd applause,
 In place, in pow'r, has shown, from youth to age,
 True to his king and to his country's cause?

On whose firm credit, ere the terms were known,
 Have Britain's wealthy sons so oft rely'd,
 In whom such boundless confidence been shewn,
 Or on whose word such millions been supply'd?

Hence to thy toils each distant nation pays
 That just regard which envy here denies;
 Hence, future annals shall record thy praise,
 And lasting trophies to thy honour rise.

Who,

Who, when of old the public torrent ran,
 With boist'rous rage, polluted from its source,
 In early life, with care and cost began
 To check, to turn, and regulate its course?

Who, unreproach'd, has since for half an age,
 In freedom's cause such stedfast zeal approv'd?
 Who cou'd th'esteem of Sire and Son engage,
 By each entrusted; and by each belov'd?

And tho' detraction now these wreaths would tear,
 And break those bands whence all our triumphs
 flow,

Who plac'd our Tully in the consul's chair?
 To whose advice this statesman do we owe?

Say, when Hortensius in the senate rose,
 Who on his rival fix'd his sov'reign's choice?
 That well-weigh'd choice, deplor'd by Britain's foes,
 And prais'd with transport by the public voice!

Still may the world, *distinguish'd pair*, behold
 What bliss your country to this union owes!
 Still to the winds her conqu'ring flags unfold,
 And pour her strength collected on her foes!

And oh! in glorious radiance tho' the flies
 Of envy float, on brisk but transient wing,
 Their harmless rage regard with scornful eyes,
 Nor heed their buzz,—you cannot fear their sting.

THE BEAVERS. A FABLE.

WRITTEN IN 1759.

SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

ONCE on a time, how long ago
 Perhaps chronologists may know,
 On a wide lake, far north and cold,
 A race of beavers had their hold;
 Their island cabbins duly stor'd,
 And feasted at a plenteous board.
 To industry and labour bred,
 Mean-while they toil'd, as well as fed;
 Nor waited their decreasing store
 To fail, are provident of more.
 Continual plenty, hence, by stealth,
 Grew up to luxury and wealth:
 When now, alas! in evil hour,
 To wealth succeeds the thirst of power.
 No longer satisfied to reign
 Sole masters of the wat'ry main,
 To see the trembling otter fly,
 Hereditary enemy!
 Condemn'd, tho' starving on the shore,
 To trespass on the lake no more:
 Contented not that nature gave
 The spoils and triumphs of the wave;
 But, vainly fond to shew their might,
 Or turn out champions for the *right*,
 They interfere in all disputes
 Between the continental brutes,

And

And parties in their feuds to make,
 Their island tenements forsake;
 Transporting madly brutes and stores,
 Blind war to wage on foreign shores,
 And save from otters, bears, or cats,
 Land-beavers vile or worthless rats.
 Mean-while, at home, in various ways
 Their wealth's consum'd, their strength decays;
 Recruits and payment of allies
 Demand exorbitant supplies;
 While e'en by battles, fought and gain'd,
 Their little state is only drain'd.

Sagacious creatures shall we call
 The brutes that squander thus their all?
 Or shall we not their wit deride,
 Who thus expose their weakest side?

But time and circumstance you say,
 May change the face of things.—They may:
 Yet neither, sure, can change the nature,
 Of brutal more than human creature!
 And yet, as if some revolution
 Had happen'd in his constitution,
 Thus, oft' the beaver leaves his home,
 On mountain-wilds, for wars, to roam;
 Unnat'ral wars! to him at least,
 Amphibious, moisture-loving-beast!
 In which a gen'rous jack, with pride,
 He always takes the weakest side;
 And hires the poor at his expence,
 To stand up in their own defence:

While

While ten to one, he trusts the Gods,
 To him are even trifling odds :
 As if to win, his surest way
 Was still to choose the losing play.
 Or loggerheads he took delight in,
 And fought but for the sake of fighting.

Yet beavers are accounted wise,
 And need no burthenfome allies :
 Their holes, in liquid walls immur'd,
 From danger and assaults secur'd.

Alas, dame Nature surely meant
 Each creature for its element.
 If birds must dive and fishes fly,
 What wonder if they droop and die !

Now so it happ'd, as poets sing,
 A Land-rat was the beaver's king :
 By all belov'd, without dispute,
 A just, humane, and honest brute ;
 Who, yet, throughout his gracious reign,
 Too highly priz'd his old domain ;
 Too poor, too weak, without allies
 To stand amidst its enemies.

And therefore at their own expence
 The beavers purchas'd its defence ;
 Or when by chance of war 'twas lost
 Redeem'd it always at their cost ;
 Bribing the tygers, bears and cats,
 With subsidies to spare the rats,
 And keeping in their constant pay,
 The bandogs, not to prowl that way.

Now

Now on a day, it so fell out,
 The landed brutes began their rout.
 A cat, of cat-a-mountain race,
 Spit in the lordly tyger's face;
 And, aided by a wild she-bear,
 In pieces vow'd his limbs to tear.
 The tyger bravely bid defiance,
 And claim'd the beaver-king's alliance.
 Mean-while the otters join'd the cats,
 And wreak'd their vengeance on the rats:
 A vengeance they were urg'd to take,
 For what they suffer'd on the lake;
 Where now their fishing haunts were gone,
 And holds all ruin'd, one by one;
 And not an otter dar'd to dive;
 Or, daring, reach'd the shore alive.
 So pow'rful were the beavers grown,
 While conquest made the lake their own!
 Vain conquest! if constrain'd, at last,
 To fully all their glory past,
 By giving back each dear-bought prize,
 To save their poor or weak allies;
 Who now, by num'rous foes enthrall'd,
 A loud for their assistance call'd;
 The beavers readily consenting
 To do, what done, they're sure repenting.
 And yet, alas! 'twas all in vain,
 The patriots ventur'd to complain:
 'Twas all in vain to represent
 The stores immense they yearly spent,
 How much they owed, and to their sorrow,
 How much they still were forced to borrow:

In vain they shew'd the end they fought,
 When, 'gainst the otters first they fought,
 By almost ev'ry battle gain'd,
 At length completely was obtain'd;
 And therefore, having got their end,
 They need no longer to contend;
 But, standing on their own defence,
 Might now contract the war's expence:
 And, would the foe accept of peace,
 Exact a general release;
 Or, sparing thus their blood and treasure,
 Might leave him to make peace at leisure.

Remonstrance just! but 'twas in vain:
 Success had turn'd each beaver's brain;
 The tyger's martial fame and fire
 Did all their heated breasts inspire;
 And every honest, plodding beaver,
 Seiz'd with a military fever,
 Careless of what was done, or doing,
 Ran, fighting-mad, the road to ruin.
 Nay even the chief, who, once more loud
 Than any of the patriot crowd,
 Roar'd out his insolent reflections
 On the great Rat and his connections,
 A ministerial beaver grown,
 Now bow'd obedient to the throne;
 And, worse than either of the *brothers*,
 Adapted measures, damn'd in others;
 Measures himself condemn'd so late,
 As big with ruin to the state!
 Yet now he swallow'd all th' objections,
 He made before to land connections.

“ The Tyger’s call, the Rats’ distress,
 “ Demanded instantly redress;
 “ And gen’rous brutes should sacrifice
 “ Themselves, their all, for their allies.”
 How much unlike this specious cant,
 To all his former, noisy, rant !
 To that fine, florid, declamation,
 By which he us’d to gull the nation !

But, as the mob had been so loud
 To praise this idol of the crowd,
 His friends were now ashamed to own
 Their honest chief had chang’d his tone;
 And let him lead them, by the snout,
 As tho’ he ne’er had turn’d about.
 Mean-while, with grief, the patriot few,
 Who best the beaver-int’rest knew,
 Saw him, on every slight pretence,
 Abuse the public confidence ;
 And enter into every measure
 Contriv’d to squander blood and treasure :
 Beheld the waste of both increase
 To purchase war, instead of peace ;
 While more their toil and less their gain :
 How just a reason to complain !
 The fruits of half their labour thrown
 Away, in quarrels not their own.

A DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

HOuses, churches mixt together,
 Streets unpleasant in all weather,
 Prisons, palaces contiguous,
 Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous.

Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
 Showy outsides, insides empty ;
 Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
 Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts.

Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
 Lords of laundresses afraid ;
 Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
 Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen.

Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
 Noble, simple, all conditions :
 Worth, beneath a thread-bare cover,
 Villainy, bedawb'd all over.

Women, black, red, fair, and grey,
 Prudes, and such as never pray ;
 Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
 Some that will not—more that will.

Many a beau without a shilling,
 Many a widow not unwilling ;
 Many a bargain, if you strike it,
 This is London ! — How d'ye like it ?

O N

MR. NASH'S PICTURE,

AT FULL LENGTH, BETWEEN THE BUSTS OF SIR
I. NEWTON, AND MR. POPE, AT BATH.

BY THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

THE old Egyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic dress ;
To give men pains in search of it,
And please themselves with guesses.

Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
And exercise their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath :
Forgive them, god of arts !

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All wisdom doth express :
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true wit,
The sun-shine of the mind :
Read o'er his works in search of it,
You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents man in the mass,
Made up of wrong and right,
Sometimes a knave, sometimes an ass ;
Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture plac'd the busts between,
 Adds to the thought much strength ;
 Wisdom and Wit, are little seen,
 But Folly's at full length.

A DIALOGUE IN A THIN HOUSE.

SAYS Sir John to lord E—, how uncrowded we
 fit,

And find no delay, or from reason or wit !

Your pencil was fear'd and your notes caus'd remark,
 But now all is snug without *hear him, or bark !*

Let's into the country, and wait some event,

LORD E—. But what shall we tell those by whom we
 were sent ;

SIR J—. We must tell them, in short, that atten-
 dance is vain,

'Till business is done in the house once again ;

For that now at the council the laws are all made,
 And the Commons are Cyphers in taxes and trade.

EPIGRAM.

ON THE BATTLE OF MINDEN.

IN antient times the Roman laws decreed
 A sure reward for ev'ry martial deed ;
 And he who *sav'd one Roman life*, 'tis said,
 A Civic crown embrac'd the hero's head.—
 —Hail happy times, and justly Golden nam'd !
 Ye gave rewards where Britons would be blam'd.
 He *now*, who saves our men, no crown obtains ;
 Who saves our ships, we shoot him for his pains.
 Since these are so, it follows then of course,
 Small's the reward *for him who saves our horse*.

ON THE MONUMENTS IN
WESTMINSTER-ABBAY.

BY THE LATE MR. C. CHURCHILL.

IN fam'd cathedral, who'd expect
 Pallas, a heathen goddess,
 To lift her shield, come to protect
 Lord Stanhope ! --- this most odd is !

Or to see Hercules, a son
 Of Jupiter (as fabled)
 Hav'ring like old nurse, o'er an Admiral's lust,
 As if his pupil, or by him enabled.

What could they more,
 In times of yore
 Do, heroes to defend ?
 What could our stage exhibit more,
 Than make the Gods descend ?

Verger, or Beadle, who thou art,
 That hast the supervising part,
 Fain would I mace lay thee on ;
 For Dean's-Yard boys, with much surprise,
 Being thus greatly edyfy'd,
 May throw their books of Heathen Gods aside ;
 And, shortly, there (I fear) see rise
 In statuary, *The whole Pantheon.*

VERSES WRITTEN IN WINDSOR PARK,

IN THE YEAR 1762. BY THE SAME.

W HEN Pope to Satire gave its lawful way,
 And made the Nimrods of mankind his prey,
 When haughty Windsor heard through ev'ry wood ;
 Their shame, who durst be great, yet not be good ;
 Who drunk with pow'r, and with ambition blind,
 Slaves to themselves, and monsters to mankind ;
 Sinking the man to magnify the prince,
 Were heretofore what Stuarts have been since :
 Could he have look'd into the womb of time,
 How might his spirit in prophetic rhyme,
 Inspir'd by virtue, and for freedom bold,
 Matters of different import have foretold !

How might his muse, if any muse's tongue
 Could equal such an argument, have sung
 One William who makes all mankind his care,
 And shines the saviour of his country there ;
 One William who to every heart gives law ;
 The son of George, the image of Nassau !

ON MR. PITT'S RESIGNATION
 IN 1761.

NE'er yet in vain did heav'n its omens send,
 Some dreadful ills unusual signs portend !
 When Pitt resign'd, a nation's tears will own,
 * *Then fell the brightest jewel in the crown.*

VIRTUE AND FAME.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGREMONT. BY LORD
 LYTTETTON.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,
 Happen'd to cross each other's way,
 Said Virtue, ' Hark ye, madam Fame,
 ' Your ladyship is much to blame ;
 ' Jove bids you always wait on me,
 ' And yet your face I seldom see.

* Alluding to the largest jewel falling out of the king's crown at his coronation.

‘ The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
 ‘ And bids it praise some handsome strumpet ;
 ‘ Or, thund’ring thro’ the ranks of war,
 ‘ Ambition ties you to her car.’

Saith Fame, ‘ Dear madam, I protest
 ‘ I never find myself so blest
 ‘ As when I humbly wait behind you ;
 ‘ But ’tis so mighty hard to find you !
 ‘ In such obscure retreats you lurk !
 ‘ To seek you is an endless work.’

‘ Well,’ answer’d Virtue, ‘ I allow
 ‘ Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.
 ‘ I know (without offence to others)
 ‘ I know the best of wives and mothers ;
 ‘ Who never pass’d an useless day
 ‘ In scandal, gossiping, or play ;
 ‘ Whose modest wit, chastis’d by sense,
 ‘ Is lively chearful innocence ;
 ‘ Whose heart nor envy knows, nor spite,
 ‘ Whose duty is her sole delight ;
 ‘ Nor rul’d by whim, nor slave to fashion,
 ‘ Her parents joy, her husband’s passion.’

Fame smil’d, and answer’d, ‘ On my life,
 ‘ This is some country parson’s wife,
 ‘ Who never saw the court nor town,
 ‘ Whose face is homely as her gown ;
 ‘ Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—
 ‘ No, madam, no—You’re much mistaken——
 ‘ I beg you’ll let me set you right—
 ‘ ’Tis one with ev’ry beauty bright ;
 ‘ Adorn’d with ev’ry polish’d art
 ‘ That rank or fortune can impart ;

’Tis

- ‘ ’Tis the most celebrated toast.
- ‘ That Britain’s spacious isle can boast ;
- ‘ ’Tis princely Petworth’s noble dame ;
- ‘ ’Tis EGREMONT—Go, tell it, Fame !’

ADDITION EXTEMPORE, BY THE EARL OF HARDWICKE.

- Fame heard with pleasure—strait reply’d,
- ‘ First on my roll stands WYNDHAM’s bride.
 - ‘ My trumpet oft I’ve rais’d to found
 - ‘ Her modest praise the world around ;
 - ‘ But notes were wanting.—Can’st thou find
 - ‘ A muse to sing her face, her mind ?
 - ‘ Believe me, I can name but one,
 - ‘ A friend of your’s—’tis LYTTTELTON.’

LORD L——’s LETTER TO THE EARL OF HARDWICKE.

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING VERSES.

MY LORD,

A Thousand thanks to your lordship for your addition to my verses. If you can write such *extempore*, it is well for other poets, that you chose to be lord chancellor, rather than a laureat. They explain to me a vision I had the night before.

Methought I saw before my feet,
With countenance serene and sweet,
The muse who in my youthful days
Had oft inspir’d my careless lays.

She

She smil'd, and said, ' Once more I see
 ' My fugitive returns to me;
 ' Long had I lost you from my bower,
 ' You scorn'd to own my gentle power;
 ' With me no more your genius sported,
 ' The grave historic muse you courted;
 ' Or, rais'd from earth, with straining eyes,
 ' Pursu'd Urania through the skies;
 ' But now, to my forsaken track,
 ' Fair Egremont has brought you back;
 ' Nor blush, by her and Virtue led,
 ' That soft, that pleasing path to tread;
 ' For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,
 ' Ev'n Wisdom's self shall deign to play.
 ' Lo! to my flow'ry groves and springs
 ' Her fav'rite son the goddess brings,
 ' The council's and the senate's guide:
 ' Law's oracle, the nation's pride:
 ' He comes, he joys with thee to join
 ' In singing Wyndham's charms divine;
 ' To thine he adds his nobler lays,
 ' E'en thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.
 ' Enjoy that praise, nor envy Pitt
 ' His fame with burgeses or with cit;
 ' For sure one line from such a bard
 ' Virtue would think her best reward.'

I N V I T A T I O N

TO THE DOWAGER DUCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

BY LORD LYTTELTON.

WHEN Peace shall, on her downy wing,
 To France and England Friendship bring,
 Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
 That homage we delight to give
 To foreign talents, foreign charms,
 To worth which envy's self disarms
 Of jealous hatred: Come, and love
 That nation which you now approve.
 So shall by France amends be made
 (If such a debt can e'er be paid)
 For having with seducing art
 From Britain stol'n her H—v—y's heart.

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

BY THE SAME.

DRUMGOLD whose ancestors from Albion's shore
 Their conqu'ring standards to Hibernia bore,
 Tho' now thy valour, to thy country lost,
 Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,
 Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame
 From British fires deriv'd thy genius came;

Its

Its force, its energy to these it ow'd,
 But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd :
 The graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
 And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd.
 They taught in sportive fancy's gay attire
 To dress the gravest of the Aonian choir,
 And gave to sober wisdom's wrinkled cheek
 The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.
 Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask :
 Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,
 In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
 To cloath the spirit of the British lays.
 Thus ev'ry flow'r which ev'ry muse's hand
 Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favour'd land,
 By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
 Its sweetest native odours shall retain.
 And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
 In concord's golden chain has firmly bound
 The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise
 The grateful song to his immortal praise.
 Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing,
 And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string.
 Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
 Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind ;
 Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd ;
 Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd ;
 By pride unsullied, genuine dignity ;
 A noble and sublime simplicity.
 Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shewn,
 France shall with joy the fair resemblance own,
 And Albion sighing bid her sons aspire
 To imitate the merit they admire.

E P I G R A M.

SAYS epicure Quin! should the D—l in H—ll,
 In fishing for men take delight,
 His hook bait with ven'son, I love it so well,
 By G—d, I am sure I should bite!

QUIN'S SOLILOQUY,

ON SEEING DUKE HUMPHRY AT ST. ALBAN'S.

A Plague on Egypt's arts, I say!
 Embalm the dead! on senseless clay
 Rich wines and spices waste!
 Like sturgeon, or like brawn, shall I
 Bound in a precious pickle, lie,
 Which I can never taste?

Let me embalm this flesh of mine
 With turtle-fat, and Bourdeaux wine,
 And spoil th' Egyptian trade!
 Than Humphry's duke more happy I——
 Embalm'd *alive*, old Quin shall die
 A mummy ready made.

D. G.

MR.

MR. PITT'S LETTER *

TO HIS FRIEND IN THE CITY, VERSIFIED.

IT WAS WRITTEN ON OCCASION OF HIS RESIGNING
THE SEALS IN 1761.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING found with surprise, that my late resignation,

Both in manner and cause, by misrepresentation
 Hath been grossly abus'd: that his majesty's grace,
 Which follow'd, *spontaneous*, my quitting my place,
 Hath been slander'd most basely and vilely perverted
 To a bargain, for having the publick deserted;
 The truth of these facts I am forc'd to proclaim,
 And the manner, no gentleman surely will blame.
 That I and the council were of diff'rent opinions
 Of importance to Britain, her crown and dominions,
 Regarding the measures we should take against Spain,
 (Yet pray, my dear Sir, understand what I mean)
 Not founded on what she may now be designing,
 But what she has done, was my cause for resigning.

Lord Temple and I submitted in writing,
 And sign'd by us both our project for fighting,
 But as the whole council against us combin'd,
 On the fifth of this instant the seals I resign'd,

* There was no genuine answer to this letter, as was pretended.

That I might not for measures hereafter be try'd,
 Which I was not allow'd any longer to guide.
 Most gracious the marks of the king's approbation,
 That follow'd, not went before, my resignation,
 No merit I boasted, no pension I crav'd,
 Yet with pride from the best of all sov'reigns, receiv'd.

For the honour of truth I these matters explain,
 Nor any man's confidence wish to regain,
 Who with a credulity weak as unjust,
 Can suspect one of basely betraying his trust,
 Who long serv'd his country with zeal and success,
 And rais'd her to glory from shame and distress :
 Who justly the candid and upright reveres,
 But the base and capricious nor values, nor fears.
 I beg, my dear Sir, my best thanks you'll receive
 For all your *kind friendship*, and will always believe,
 That I am, &c. &c. &c.

CURIOUS

CURIOUS DESCRIPTION

OF WEST WYCOMBE CHURCH, &c.

BY MR. JOHN WILKES.

I Am just returned from a tour into Buckinghamshire, which has afforded me much pleasure. The noble prospect from Cliefden-house enchanted me, and I was in raptures with the many elegant beauties of *Stowe*. As an Englishman, I was pleased that all the great patriots and heroes of my country, Alfred, king William the third, Hampden, Sir Walter Raleigh, &c. receive there that just tribute of praise, which this nation, while it remains free, will continue to pay to superior virtue. At *Stowe* both ancient and modern virtue are enshrined with grateful magnificence. Not only good taste, but patriotism, are conspicuous in that delightful paradise, the favourite abode of the virtues, graces, and muses. *Stowe*, however, has so often been described by abler pens, that I shall dwell no longer there, though I never leave it without the most sensible regret.

I returned by West-Wycombe, and passed a day in viewing the villa of lord Le Despencer, and the church he has just built on the *top* of a hill, for the convenience and devotion of the town at the *bottom* of it. I must own, the noble lord's gardens gave me no stronger idea of his virtue or patriotism, than the situation of the new built church

church did of his piety. Some churches have been built from devotion, others from parade or vanity. I believe this is the first church, which has ever been built for a prospect. The word *memento* in immense letters on the steeple surprised and perplexed me. I could not find the *mori*, or perhaps the other word was *meri*, from the practice as well as the precept of the noble lord. As to the elegance of the Latin, his lordship has embarrassed himself as little about that, as he has about the elegance of his English. *Memento mori* is besides more monkish, and therefore more becoming St. Francis. This conjecture, that the other word on the outside must be *meri*, is farther strengthened by the magnificent gilt ball at the top of the steeple, which is hollowed and made so very convenient in the inside for the celebration, not of devotional, but of convivial rites, that it is the best globe tavern I was ever in; but I must own that I was afraid my descent from it would have been as precipitate as his lordship's was from a high station, which *turned his head too*. I admire likewise the silence and secrecy which reign in that great globe, undisturbed but by his jolly songs, very unfit for the profane ears of the world below. As to secrecy, it is the most convenient place imaginable; and it is whispered, that a negotiation was here entamée by the noble lord himself, with Messrs. Wilkes and Churchill. The event will shew the amazing power of his lordship's oratory; but if from perverseness neither of those gentlemen then yielded to his wise reasons,

D

nor

nor to his dazzling offers, they were both delighted with his divine milk punch.

There is one remarkable temple in the gardens at West-Wycombe, dedicated to—the Egyptian Hieroglyphic for ****. To this object his lordship's devotion is undoubtedly sincere, though I believe now not fervent, nor do I take him to be often prostrate, or indeed in any way very regular in his ejaculations. He is however here consistent, for he keeps up the same public worship in the country, which he has been accustomed to in town. There was for many years in the great room at the king's arms tavern, in Old Palace-yard, an original picture of Sir Francis Dashwood presented by himself to the *Dilettanti* club. He is in the habit of a Franciscan, kneeling before the Venus of Medicis, his gloating eyes fixed, as in a trance, on what the modesty of nature seems most desirous to conceal, and a bumper in his hand, with the words *matri sanctorum* in capitals. The glory too, which, till then had only enriched the sacred heads of our Saviour and the apostles, is made to beam on that favourite spot, and seems to pierce the hallowed gloom of Maidenhead-thicket. The public saw, and were for many years offended with so infamous a picture, yet it remained there, till that club left the house. As to the temple I have mentioned, you find at first what is called an *error in limine* ; for the entrance to it is the same entrance by which we all come into the world, and the door is what some idle wits have called the door of life. It is reported that, on a late visit to his

his chancellor, lord Bute particularly admired this building, and advised the noble owner to lay out the 500 l. bequeathed to him by lord Melcombe's will for an erection, in a Paphian column to stand at the entrance, and it is said he advised it to be made of Scottish pebbles. There are in these gardens no busts of Socrates, Epaminondas, or Hampden, but there is a most indecent statue of the unnatural satyr; and, at the entrance to the temple I have mentioned, are two urns sacred to the Ephesian matron, and to Potiphar's wife, with the inscriptions *Matronæ Ephesiæ Cineres*, *Dominæ Potiphar Cineres*. Between these urns, containing the sacred ashes of the great and virtuous dead, which are, with a happy propriety, *doubly gilt* (though not quite so strongly as that at Hammer-smith for the ashes of lord Melcomb's—wife) you ascend to the top of the building, which is crowned with a particular column, designed, I suppose, to represent our former very upright state, when we could say *fuimus tories*, *fuit ingens gloria*, and is skirted with very pretty underwood, the Cyprian myrtle, &c. the meaning of which I could not find out.

The house contains nothing remarkable, excepting only that there is on the grand stair-case a very moral painting of a maid stealing to her master's bed, laying at the same time her fingers on her lips, as if she were the *Dea Angerona* of West-Wycombe.

On my return I had the pleasure of seeing the noble lord's elegant japanned coach; but while I was reading his new motto in Gothic letters, *Pro Magna*

Charta, the mob were hallowing, *Liberty, Property, and no Excise*; and I was forced to make the best of my way to the park, where I found a very odd thing, which I mean to present to the society of antiquaries. It is a gold button, with IHS, and the sign of the cross, enamelled on it, which I guessed to belong to some concealed brother of the society of Jesus, though a servant in green claimed it as the property of St. Francis, and said that it was a part of the *pontificali-bus* worn by his master when he officiated on certain festivals of high laugh at the mysteries of——

I made afterwards a little tour to the celebrated abbey of Medmenham, the description of which I am ure would entertain you ; but I am too fair a man to disclose to the public the English Eleusinian mysteries of that renowned convent.

THE THREE CONJURORS,

A POLITICAL INTERLUDE. STOLEN FROM SHAKESPEARE.

AS IT WAS PERFORMED AT SUNDRY PLACES IN WEST-
MINSTER, ON SATURDAY THE 30th OF APRIL,
AND SUNDAY THE FIRST OF MAY, 1763.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GREMONTE,	}	Three Conjurors.
HAXY,		
BOREAS,		
MACBOOTE,	}	Great Men.
SPENCO,		
HECATE,		
PHILIP,	}	Inferior Conjurors.
ROBERT,		

Messengers, Constables, Bagpipers, and other suitable attendants.

SCENE *A private place.*

Hollow murmurs.

Enter Three Conjurors.

1st C. **W**HEN shall we three see again
An easy and a peaceful reign?

2^d C. When the hurly burly's o'er,
When this W—kes shall be no more.

3^d C. Then we reach a safer shore:

1st C. When will it be?

2^d C. That's in dispute.

3d C. Now let's go to meet Mackboote !

(*Hecate from within.*) ——— Gremonte !

1st C. Hecate calls, away !

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
To skreen Macboote is all our care.

(*All rise from their seats and hurry off.*)

S C E N E *changes to the fields, with a magnificent
statue in the middle.*

Re-enter the three Conjurers.

1st C. Where hast thou been, brother ?

2d C. Signing writs.

3d C. Brother, where thou ?

1st C. A clumsy priest had papers in his hand,
And laugh'd, and laugh'd, and laugh'd ; give me,
Quoth I !

Avaunt thee, wretch ! the rump-fed pastor cries,
His comrade to the *castle* gone, master o'th' *Briton*,
But a pursuivant I'll send
Who shall bar out ev'ry friend,
I'll do—I'll do—I'll do.——

2d C. I'll give thee a voice.

1st C. I do rejoice.

3d C. And I another.

1st C. Macboote himself has all the other.

Master of the venal tribe
Who can ev'ry law prescribe
To the c—c-l-board.
He shall drain him dry as hay ;
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his penthouse lid ;
From friends and pen and ink forbid ;

Seven long days, and nights, or nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine,
 Tho' a m—mb—r can't be lost,
 Yet he shall be faction tost ;
 Look what I have !

2d C. Shew me, shew me.

1st C. Here are Peace Preliminaries,
 Sign'd---tho' all beside miscarries.

*(Here a general whisper, which is interrupted
 by the sound of bagpipes.)*

3d C. The bagpipes hear !

Macboote is near !

All. The British conj'rors cheek by jowl
 Subject to Macboote's controul
 Thus do go about, about.

1st C. Thrice to thine.

2d C. And thrice to mine !

3d C. And thrice again to make up nine !

All. Peace, the state's wound up.

*Enter Macboote and Spenco, with pipers, messengers,
 constables, and other suitable attendants.*

Mac. So fair and foul a day I have not seen.

Spenc. How far is't hence to th' castle ? what are these
 So stupid and so strange in their address,
 That look not like the m—n—ers of st—te,
 And yet are in't---Cheat you, or are you aught
 That man may trust ? you seem to understand me
 By each at once his empty noddle laying
 Upon his shoulder---you should be *old women*,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 So well of you;

Mac. I charge you speak! what bring you?

1st C. All hail Macboote! hail to thee k—
O'th' Th--tle!

2d C. All hail Macboote! hail to thee k—t
O'th' G—t—r!

3d C. All hail Macboote! that *would'st* be
King hereafter!

Spenc. Why do you start, my lord, and seem amaz'd
At things which you do know?---I'th' devil's name
Are you old womanish, or that indeed
Which outwardly you shew?---my noble patron
You greet with present grace, which he possesses;
Of nobler having, and of future hopes
He now seems wrapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the m—n—try
And see which man shall rise, and which shall not,
Speak then to me, who humbly beg your favour,
And greatly fear your hate.

1st C. Hail!

2d C. Hail!

3d C. Hail!

1st C. Fatter than Macboote, and shorter.

2d C. Not so *poor*, yet much poorer.

3d C. Thou may'st get lords, but he get---

So all hail---Macboote and Spenco
Spenco and Macboote, all hail!

(The conjurors bow and go off.)

Spen. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And these the *lightest*, whither are they gone?

Mac. Into th' court---my business calls 'em there.

Spen. What business, good my lord?

Mac.

Mac. I'm more than m—n—r,
In act not less than---, yet fear this W--kes ;
His horrid image does unfit my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my star,
Against the use of nature.

Spen. Worthy Macboote.

Mac. Give me your favour, my *dull* brain was
wrought

With doubts and fears---There's not a printer
But in his house I keep a devil feed ;
I will this moment unto Hecate speed :
More shall she speak, more shall she do, for now
I'm bent to act the worst, for my own good,
By the worst means ; all nobles shall give place ;
Strange things I have in head, which must to hand,
Which ere they're acted, if they should be scann'd,
I must retire, and quit this troubled land. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE changes to an apartment in Macboote's
house.

Enter lady Macboote and a servant.

Lady. Say to my lord I would attend his leisure
For a few words.——

Serv. Madam, I will.——

(*Exit.*)

Lady. Nought's left——*all spent,*
And our desire is got without content ;
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction live in doubtful joy.

Enter Macboote musing.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone ?
Thinking on that which cannot be recall'd.

They

They have been fools—but things without rem'dy
Should be without regard ; what's done, is done.

Mac. We have but scotch'd the snake, not kill'd
it,

She'll close and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

Let taxes multiply—a general Excise !

Let liberty e'en lose her odious name

Ere we will eat our meat in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of those terrible thoughts

That keep me waking—But, have I not resign'd

My staff of office ? who then dare accuse

Me more ? Monitors, North Britons, nothing

Can touch me farther !

Lady. Come on.

Gentle, my lord, sleek o'er your pallid looks.

Mac. Oh ! full of scorpions is my mind, dear
wife !

Thou know'st that T—ple and his faction live.

Lady. But in them nature's copy is not eternate.

Mac. 'Tis true, tho' great, they are assailable,

Then let's be jocund—ere the sun hath made

His second course—ere to sweet Hecate's summons

Thy faithful Sawney moves with vig'rous limb,

Gremonte, and my faithful Haxylaff

Shall do a deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done ?

Mac. Be innocent of th' knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed—Come, guilt-fraught
Hecate,

Lend thy assistance to my great design !

Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond

Which

Which keeps me pale ! that fatal *Magna Charta*.
 This once atchiev'd, my country rears her head,
 Famine no more shall hover o'er our land,
 But fix his empire in Brit-n-ia's heart,
 While Ca-do-ia grasps her plunder'd wealth.
 Thou wonder'st at my word, but get thee in,
 Things bad begun, make strong themselves by sin.
 (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE changes to a garden.

Three Conjurors and Hecate meeting.

1st C. Why, how now, Hecate, you look angrily.
 Hec. Have I not reason, *Numsculls* as you are :
 Bold and precipitate ! how did you dare
 T'dvise and traffic with Macboote
 In matters of such high dispute ?
 And I the mistress of his charms,
 The dark contriver of all harms,
 Was never call'd to bear my part,
 Or shew the glory of my art ?
 The best on't is, what you have done
 Has been for my true Scottish son ;
Beauteous and bashful, who as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends ! now take your heels,
 And at the house in ——— *Fields*
 Meet me i'th' morning—thither he
 Will come to know his destiny ;
 Two pair of messengers provide,
 Your constables and all beside.

I'm for my bed, this night I'll spend
Unto a most delicious end.

Jobs must be jobb'd ere Friday noon,
Therefore be sure to meet me soon ;
Mean while I must with choicest care,
Some fine-drawn schemes, and spells prepare,
That by their strength may set to rights
The blund'ring of the *thick-scall'd* wights.
And, try if bribes, or power's illusion,
Can draw on W—kes to his confusion.

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
Confinement without sign of fear ;

And we all know security

Is mortal's chiefest enemy. (*Bagpipes and howling.*

Hark, I am call'd ; my bonny Scotsman see,
Sits in a hackney-coach, and waits for me.

(*Macboote without calls. All this accompanied
by the bagpipes.*)

Hecate ! Hecate ! come away !

Hec. Hark ! hark ! I'm call'd,
My gallant, bonny Scotsman see, see, see,
Sits in a hackney-coach and waits for me.

Mac. Hecate ! Hecate !

Hec. Thy chearful voice I hear,
So blythsome to my ear,
At which I come away
With all the speed I may.

Mac. Where's H—ll—d ?

Hec. Gone.

Mac. Where's Haxy ?

Hec. Here.

Gremonte too, and Boreas too ;
We want but you, we want but you.

Mac.

Mac. Come away, come away,—make up

Hec. With sterling gold, [th' accounts.
or places sold,
will but stuff.

Mac. Oh! bring enough! bring enough!

Hec. Now I am furnish'd,
Now I am furnish'd for my flight.

*(Loud symphony of bagpipes whilst Hecate gets
into the coach).*

Now we go, and we fly,

Macboote my sweet Scotsman, and I.

Oh, what a dainty pleasure's this

To ride in a coach,

While the riot's abroach;

To laugh, to sing

To toy and kiss,

Over vet'ran, over novice,

Over ev'ry public office,

Over friend, and over stranger,

We preside—despising danger.

(Drive off with a full chorus.

A C T II.

SCENE *the inside of a large house, in the fields, a
dark room, a cauldron burning in the middle.*

Hollow Murmurs.

Enter Three Conjurors very angry.

1st C. Thrice, and thrice the lion roar'd,

2d C. Twice and once the bagpipe droned,

3d C. Hecate cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1st C.

1st C. Round about the cauldron go,
In the tortur'd morsels throw.

*(They march round the cauldron, and throw in the
several ingredients as a preparation of the charm.*

All. Round about the cauldron go,
In the tortur'd morsels throw.

2^d C. Shape the wax, stick the pin,
Despair attend what we put in.

1st C. Priest, that wrap'd in slander's robe,
Inflicts beyond the plagues of Job,
Sweltning venom guzzling got ;
Boil thou first i'th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble :
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2^d C. Number.

3^d C. Which ?

2^d C. The first we hit on,
Of the ranc'rous damn'd *North Briton*,
Stuff'd with loss of Newfoundland,
Licence giv'n to Gallic band
To fish upon that fatal bed
That well nigh wash'd off Oxf—d's head ;
Vectives on the new-raised loan
Giv'n to friends—because our own :
Tax disclos'd to vulgar eyes
Elucidation of Excise,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3^d C. Spleen of P——d, soul of P—t,
T—ple's virtue, fire and wit

Of th' patriot prisoner,
 Whose curs'd genius made us err.
 B--t--n's courage---G--t--n's pride,
 That swells 'cause noble Scots preside ;
 D--n--e's new arrested wand
 From a truly patriot hand ;
 Add, a valiant Un--le's chawdron
 For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1st C. Cool it with N--c--le's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

All. Double, double toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Enter Hecate.

Oh ! well done ! I commend your toil,
 And ev'ry one shall share i'th' spoil ;
 And now about the cauldron sing,
 Like prudent courtiers in a ring,
 Enchanting all that you put in.

*(The following incantation is to be sung, accompanied
 by bagpipes, and the chorus by all the conjurers
 principal and inferior)*

1st C. Rich courtiers and poor,
 Old courtiers and new,
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,

Hec. Ah ! I see but few !—

Chorus. Mingle, mingle, mingle,

Ah ! we see but few !—

Hec. Ah, give us pow'r

To send to th' T—r

Ev'ry

Ev'ry writer,
 Or inditer,
 And keep him there,
 Till he despair,
 Or else submit
 As we think fit,

Chorus. Round, around, around, around, about
 All ill come running in, all good keep out.

1st C. Here's W——m's fat.

Hec. Oh ! put in that,
 Oh ! put in that.

2d C. Here Gr.—th—m's brain,

Hec. Put in a grain.

3d C. Here's S—d's gall,

And T—n—nd's humour,

Adding weight to factious rumour ;

To add to these and make the charm most fit,

Lo ! here's the *pickled* tongue of patriot P--t.

Chorus. Round, around, around, around, about
 All ill come running in, all good keep out.

Hec. By the itching of my bum,
 A Scotsman sure should this way come ;
 Open locks,
 Whoever knocks.

Enter Macboote.

Mac. How now, you stupid, sad, and servile loons,
 What is't you do ?

All. A deed that *wants* a name.

Mac. I conjure ye by that which ye profess,
 I care not whence you know it ; answer me,
 Tho' ye unmask the state, and let it fight
 Against the nation,---though the greedy cits

Monopolize

Monopolize all traffic to themselves,
 Tho' orchards be destroy'd, and trees cut down,
 Tho' palaces, and their inhabitants,
 Do stoop ev'n to the ground, and the welfare
 Of Br—n's children crumble all together,
 Ev'n till the island sicken.—Answer me,
 To what I ask you!

1st C. Speak.

2d C. Demand.

3d C. We'll answer.

1st C. Say if th'had'st rather hear it from our
 mouths,

Or from our master?

Mac. Call him; let me see him.

1st C. Pour in milk that she-afs carries,
 Simple, soft, as giv'n in Paris
 To Englishmen.

All. Come high or low;
 Thyself and office deftly shew.

(Sign of the B—d Head rises.)

Mac. Tell me, thou empty scull.

1st C. He smells thy thought,
 Hear his speech, and say thou nought.

Head. Macboote, Macboote, Macboote, of W—kes
 beware,

Avoiding him, nought else is worth thy care.

Mac. Oh head—most noble head! I give thee
 thanks,

Thou'st prob'd my fears to th' quick; one word
 more.

2d C. He's an em—r and cannot stay;
 But here's his se—ry not wiser

E

Than

Than his master.

(Shade of a powder'd Se—ry rises)

Sec. Macboote ! Macboote ! Macboote !

Mac. Had I three ears I'd hear thee.—

Sec. Be bloody, bold, and resolute, laugh to scorn

The pen of W-kes---nought but a gibbet shun,
That fatal end, from which myself did run,
When Wood's do move, be sure thy fate's begun.

Mac. Then write on W-kes, what need I fear of thee,

Since noble by descent, I ne'er shall die
Upon a common gibbet, so—to Paris—hye !

Sec. Good b'ye. *(Sinks in a great hurry.)*

(Apparition of a bastard child arises, with a bonnet on his head, and a bannock in his hand.)

Mac. What is this

That rises like the issue of a Scot,
And carries in his baby hand a cake
Of barley meal ?

All. Listen, but speak not.

Sc. Ch. Be proud and insolent and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or who conspirers are ;
Macboote a happy m-n-r shall be
Till freedom springs from loss of liberty,
And till profuseness be *æconomy*——

Mac. That ne'er shall be.

Who can unite absurdity in terms ?
Can freedom spring from loss of liberty ?
Or can my fav'rite term *æconomy*
Be call'd profusion ?---Oh ! *sweet bairn*, I thank thee,
And

And yet my heart longs to know more,---pray tell me
If you can tell---shall Jacob's issue never
Mount a throne again?

All. Seek to know no more!

Mac. I will be satisfied—deny me this
And I will *out ye all*—ungrateful slaves.

Why do you hang your heads? What noise is this?

(More hideous groans than before)

1st C. Shew!

2^d C. Shew!

3^d C. Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart!
Like shadows come and so depart.

*(Eight m-mb-rs appear and pass through the
apartment—W-kes the last, with a paper in
his hand inscribed M-g-a Ch-r-a.)*

Mac. Thou art like the spirit of impeachment.
Thy scream doth crack my ear-strings, and thy
yell,

Thou other legislative fiend like his—

Another is like the former—*blundering boobies.*

Why do you shew me this? a fourth?—more
yelling.

What! will their clamours break the drum o'th'
ears?

Another yet? a seventh!—I'll see no more—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a parchment
That bodes me many fears—nay, now 'tis true,
For W-kes in *M-g-a Ch-r-a* arm'd, grins at me,
And points at them for his—What! is this?

1st C. Ay, Sir, it must be so—but why
Stands Macboote amazedly?

Come brothers, let us chear our hearts,
 T'enable us to bear our parts
 I'th' plot—we, nor can make, nor marr it,
 So---Madam, pray let's have some claret,
 That this great lord may have to say,
His mistress did his welcome pay.

(Exit Hecate to order a bottle of wine.)

Philip, a very inferior conjuror enters in a great hurry.

Mac. Thou com'st to use thy tongue, thy story
 quickly!

Philip. My gracious Lord, I would report that
 which

I say I know, but know not how to do't.

Mac. Well, try Sir!

Philip. As I fate within my desk
 And look'd toward G—e Street, anon methought
 A *Wood* began to move.

2d C. Liar! and slave!

Philip. Let me be turn'd adrift if't be not so.
 Look out at window, you may see him going,
 I say a moving *Wood*!

3d C. Moving indeed!

(Stepping to the window and looking out)

Enter a Doctor.

Mac. How do'st thou, good Bardanus?

Bard. All is confirm'd, my lord, that was re-
 ported.

Mac. Send out more courtiers, scour the place
 Hang those that speak of W---kes, give me som
 whisky,

How do your patients, doctor?

Doctor

Doctor. My sweet lord,

They're dying fast, in spite of all my balsam.

Mac. Throw balsam to the dogs—I'll none on't.

Hecate, my sweet!—*Doctor*, the mob insults me—

Hecate, I say,—if thou could'st, doctor, purge

The humours of this W-kes—abate his pride,

And humble him to take a pension from me,

I would applaud thee to the very *statue*

That should applaud again.—

Doctor. I cannot, good my lord.

Mac. Take thy face hence!

(Exit Doctor with a low bow.)

I have reign'd long enough—my way of life

Is fall'n into reproach and infamy,—

And that which should attend on resignation,

As praise, and gratitude, and troops of friends,

I must not look to have—but in their stead

Curfes both loud and deep—Oh Hecate, come

Thy faithful Sawney save, whose life—whose soul

Are truly thine!

Enter Hecate.

Hec. Come then, my gallant swain,

Since fate no longer will propitious prove

To all I venerate and all I love,

With gentle action, mount the beezom strait,

And I'll convey you safe to H—g—e.

(Macboote mounts the beezom.)

Both. Farewel, thou town ungrateful and uncivil;

Farewel, thou London, dwelling of the devil.

(Both fly off.)

ON THE DISMISSION

OF EARL TEMPLE FROM THE LIEUTENANCY OF THE
COUNTY OF BUCKS.

TO honour virtue in the lord of Stowe,
The pow'r of courtiers can no further go ;
Forbid him Court, from Council blot his name,
E'en these distinctions cannot raise his fame.
Friend to the liberties of England's state,
'Tis not to courts he looks to make him great ;
He to his much-lov'd country trusts his cause,
And dares assert the honour of her laws.

ON THE 30th OF NOVEMBER

BEING ST. ANDREW'S DAY, AND THE BIRTH-DAY OF
THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

HAIL black November, in whose foggy rear,
Rich Autumn lingers e'er he leaves the year,
The late ripe cath'rine peach adorns thy train,
And luscious medlars rot beneath thy reign.
And now while Andrew and Augusta smile,
Charming new suns to chear our gloomy isle,
In the same flow'ry bed fair union shows,
Beauteously twin'd, a thistle and a rose.

E P I G R A M.

SAY, when will England be from faction freed ?
When will domestic quarrels cease ?

Ne'er till that wish'd-for epitaph we read,

" Here lies the man that made the peace."

E. G.

A SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT
VERSIFIED.

TO THE GENTLEMEN, CLERGY, AND FREEHOLDERS
OF THE COUNTY OF GLOUCESTER.*

A Courtier profess'd, much esteem'd by the great,
As a weather-cock fixt to a point, or as *fate*,
I send my best compliments round the whole shire :
A steady old boy, and a young voluntier :

* To the gentlemen, clergy, and freeholders of the county of Gloucester.

GENTLEMEN;

THOUGH I am fixed as fate, to abide by the determination of the general meeting of the 13th instant, permit me to declare my wishes that lord COLERAINE may be the object of your choice, as I know him to be a man of honour and principle, and most obnoxious to the late convention of the 28th of March.

I have the honour to be,

Grosvenor-street,

Gentlemen,

April 4, 1763.

Your obliged and devoted servant,

N. BERKELEY.

Tho' as fate I am fixt, and resolv'd to abide,
 In turns, as it happens, by this or that side;
 Permit me, good people, to now recommend
 This very good lord, and my very good friend;
 Pray let him have *yours*, as I give him *my* voice,
 And make this *choice object* your object of choice.
 I know him—that's all—he will stick to his plan,
 Like a harmless, *obnoxious*, pretty sort of a man.
My merits you know, and you'll thank me, I'm clear,
 For thinking so much of your *cyder* this year:
 In behalf of which tax *I'd be proud to divide*,
 Tho' the *whole* house oppos'd, with my * friend on
 my side.

Obnoxious I am, and *obnoxious* is H E,
 And *obnoxious* this lord—so *obnoxious* all three.
 I rely on your favours—so grant me this suit,
 And depend on my service to tell my lord Bute.

ON A CERTAIN LAWYER'S

TAKING A PATENT OF PRECEDENCE IN 1764.

SEE! from his colours, turncoat Y—— retreat!
 And humbly cast himself at G——lle's feet;
 Warm from his heart, in copious music now,
 Prerogative's melodious accents flow;
 While tame servility with longing eyes,
 Courts, and would hope, a H—y's f—l the prize.

* Sir J--- D-----d.

Why

Why lives not Churchill's spirit to rehearse,
 Such prostitution in immortal verse;
 And, on the strong foundation of such shame,
 Erect a monument to Norton's fame?
 Tho' dead the muse, yet hist'ry still remains,
 And truth, to blush at such unmanly stains.

A N O D E, 1764.

WHence can arise these dread alarms?
 Why are the rabble up in arms?

And why this mighty faction?

No Mary Squires, no Cock-lane Ghost,
 No witch to drown, no priest to roast,
 No *Batteaux-plats* upon our coast,
 To keep their minds in action.

Nor Lord to hang, nor Chief to shoot,
 No bonfires now for Clive or Coote,
 No Indian spoils to share,
 That — distress'd our trade,
 How much his service was o'er-paid,
 And what a shameful peace we made,
 Is all an old affair.

Implore of heav'n some phantom new,
 'Till war shall be again in view,
 To keep the people quiet;
 Else shall we be at wond'rous pains,
 Since there's no foe abroad remains,
 To knock out one another's brains,
 In party-feuds and riot.

Who

Who then to seek in such a case
 But those true patriots out of place,
 Those *only* men of merit ;
 Not who from principle resign'd,
 But those not let to stay behind,
 They always can an object find
 That's worthy such a spirit.

Yes, when their hopeful schemes are crost,
 Their incense gone, their sal'ries lost,
 They've quite sufficient reason ;
 (So 't'as been judg'd, at least of late,)
 To set at variance K— and State,
 That perturbation to create,
 But little short of t——.

How oft in this unsteady realm,
 Shall headstrong —— seize the helm
 Through popular delusion !
 Confess no Sov'——n but the mob,
 And being each assign'd his job,
 Their c——nt——y thus combine to rob,
 And spoil its constitution.

C——, thy cause was sure the worst,
 Yet own'd in *ev'ry* cause the first
 For virtues as for birth ;
 Tears at thy death from *all* sides flow,
 But hadst thou died some years ago,
 The *public* had not honour'd so
 Thy *then* *unsullied* worth.

Is there no praise, no glory due,
 To GR—N— now, nor e'en to you
 When out of *opposition* ;
There S—— ——— is endear'd to fame,
There C—— ——— too a fav'rite name,
 Nor one nor t'other was to blame
 In fight or expedition.

These all are bless'd with wealth and parts,
 With knowing heads and honest hearts
 They love the Common-weal ;
 G——'s a p—— of vast renown,
 T—— owes nothing to the Crown,
 But cringing to a giddy town
 Displays a noble zeal.

S—— has judgment, L—— sense,
 B—— harangues in mood and tense,
 H—— shews both wit and reading,
 T—— stability and truth,
 P—— integrity and youth,
 Nor W—— nor B—— are uncouth
 In visage or in breeding.

Rare heroes these to brave their ——,
 So good, so wise, to every thing
 Great oracles of freedom ;
 Fit leaders of a clam'rous throng,
 'Gainst all in office, *right or wrong*,
 In hopes, no doubt, before 'tis long,
 That they shall supersede 'em.

Let's sift both parties *man* by *man*,
 For e'er since government began,
 E'en to this very hour,
 The nation's faith hath been abus'd,
 We've been too easily amus'd,
 With *cant* of *patriotism* us'd,
 To cover *lust* of *pow'r*.

Many there are both *out* and *in*
 Dispos'd to go through thick and thin,
 And so I end my story,
 Inscrib'd to H—— and to H——,
 Statesmen who often have been tried
 And always chuse the *strongest* side,
 Be't either *Whig* or *Tory*.

A N I N S C R I P T I O N

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE WINDSOR.

BY DR. AKENSIDE.

THOU who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
 While Thames among his willows from thy
 view
 Retires; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
 Around contemplate well. This is the place
 Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms,
 And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king,
 (Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
 The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on

Till

Till thou have bless'd their memory, and paid
 Those thanks, which God appointed the reward
 Of public virtue : And if chance thy home
 Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
 Go call thy sons ; instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors ; and make them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down entire
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

SENT WITH A

PIECE OF PAINTED FLOWERED SILK,

TO LADY CHARLES SPENCER, WHO SAID SHE WAS
 LOW IN POCKET.

BY THE RIGHT HON. COUNTESS TEMPLE.

SINCE the times are so bad, and are still growing
 worse,

You may call this your own without sinking your
 purse.

The nymphs and the fawns say the pattern is new,
 And that Flora's gay pencil design'd it, is true :
 It was finish'd and destin'd for beauty's fair queen ;
 So to whom it belongs is most easily seen.

Tho' flowrets soon wither yet these will not die,
 When fading, reviv'd by a beam from your eye ;
 If you only breathe on 'em they'll fill the whole room
 With sweets far surpassing Arabia's perfume.

Refuse not this trifle, your title is clear,
 And Spencer will vouch it, tho' married a year.

TO THE EARL TEMPLE,

ON GARDENING.

BY THE SAME.

BY commerce, Albion, and by arms refin'd,
 Sought for the charms of art and nature join'd ;
 Along the banks of her own Thames she stray'd,
 Where the gay sisters of the waters play'd,
 In many a soft meander wildly rov'd,
 And grac'd the meadows which their stream improv'd.
 She mark'd romantic Windsor's warlike pride,
 To learning's peaceful seat so near ally'd ;
 Where Temple's bosom early sigh'd for praise,
 Struck with th' inspiring fame of ancient days ;
 She came where silver *Thames* and *Isis* bright,
 Their friendly treasures in one stream unite ;
 Where princes, prelates, fir'd with patriot views,
 By generous gifts invited every muse ;
 Where every muse her grateful tribute brought,
 And virtue practis'd what sound learning taught ;
 At length her longing eyes and hallow'd feet,
 Reach verdant Stowe's magnificent retreat,
 Where fame and truth had promis'd she should find
 Scenes to improve and please her curious mind,
 Each step, invention, elegance display'd,
 Such, as when Churchill woos the Aonian maid,
 And joins in easy graceful negligence,
 Th' harmonious pow'rs of verse, with *sterling* sense ;
 Such, as when Poussin's or Albano's hand
 On glowing canvas the rich landscape plann'd,

And

And classic genius strove, by mimic art,
 Thro' the admiring eye to reach the heart.
 Amidst the wonders of each striking scene,
 High on the summit of a sloping green
 A solemn temple, in proportion true,
 Magnificently simple, courts the view ;
Concord and *victory* with pride proclaim
 This mansion sacred to Britannia's fame,
 Whose form majestic, from all hands, receives
 The various product ev'ry region gives,
 Pleas'd at her feet their choicest gifts to lay,
 And homage to her pow'r superior pay ;
 The sculptur'd walls her glories past declare,
 In proud memorials † of successful war.
 No factious sacrifice to France and Spain
 Those consecrated trophies can profane ;
 For public ‡ liberty her awful seat
 Here fixing, here protects her last retreat ;
 Where to the great and good in every shade,
 The fragrant tribute of just praise is paid :
 Where the prime beauties form'd by nature's hand
 Throughout her works in every distant land,
 Transplanted, flourish in their native ease,
 And as by magic charm collected, please——
 Here the fair queen of this heroic isle,
 Imperial Albion, with a gracious smile
 Confess'd, the lovely nature saw at last
 Unite with art, and both improv'd by taste.

* The alto relievo in the pediment.

† The medallions of the victories.

‡ The statue of public liberty placed in the middle niche of the temple.

I N T H E
A B O V E N O B L E L O R D ' S

B E A U T I F U L G A R D E N S A T S T O W E , I S T H E F O L L O W I N G
S I N G U L A R I N S C R I P T I O N .

To the memory
of
SIGNIOR FIDO,
an *Italian* of good extraction ;
who came into *England*,
not to bite us, like most of his countrymen,
but to gain an honest livelihood.
He hunted not after fame,
yet acquired it ;
regardless of the praise of his friends,
but most sensible of their love.
Tho' he liv'd amongst the great,
he neither learn'd nor flatter'd any vice.
He was no bigot,
Tho' he doubted of none of the 39 articles.
And, if to follow nature,
and to respect the laws of society,
be philosophy,
he was a perfect philosopher ;
a faithful friend,
an agreeable companion,
a loving husband,
distinguish'd by a numerous offspring,
all which he lived to see take good courses.

In his old age he retir'd
to the house of a clergyman in the country,
where he finish'd his earthly race,
And died an honour and an example to the whole species.

Reader,
This stone is guiltless of flattery,
for he to whom it is inscrib'd
was not a man,
but a
Grey-hound.

FEMALE CHARACTERS.

L--Y N-----D.

THE Crescent shines!—N—— is near!
Taste, grandeur, order, in her form appear!
Still affable, tho' of a warriour's race;
Peace in her breast, and plenty in her face.

L--Y H-----.

A beauty comes! a heroine in her air;
Behold her as a man, yet yielding as a fair:
On her soft breast the doves of Venus brood,
And fill her veins with Charles's am'rous blood.

L--Y P-----.

Affected wisdom has a woman made
To wear foul linen, and despise brocade!
How nobly did she with her statues part!
Tho' marble is the thing that's next her heart.

L--Y H--DW---E.

In riches, titles, honours, see her soar ;
 In all the attitudes of grandeur—poor ;
 Her spare desert is of forbidden fruit ;
 Her pastry—lasting as a Chanc'ry-suit.

D----- OF -----

A well-tim'd pr——cy has title gain'd :
 Who dares to say, the coronet is stain'd ?
 To ease love's wounds contributes all her pow'r ;
 A faithful clue to Rosamonda's bower.

L--Y C-V-NT-Y.

Behold the wonder of her sex and time !
 Dangerous, yet soft ; a mortal, tho' divine !
 Some little arts to raise her charms allow ;
 The force of nature cou'd no further go.

L--Y PL-M--TH.

A wife, as Pallas fair, without design ;
 Rules without noise, and makes her sway divine :
 No arts, no levity in her are seen,
 Tho' more inviting than the Cyprian queen.

L--Y W-LD-GR-VE.

Brighter than Phœbus in his fierce career,
 Fair W-ld-gr-ve glows in her exalted sphere ;
 She spreads her influence as she spreads her light,
 Blesses all nature, and is nature's night.

A S K E T C H.

WRITTEN ON THE CHANGE OF THE MINISTRY IN 1765.

Disce omnes.

HOW vain are hopes ! how changeable is man !
 Shall Whigs complete what Jacobites began ?
 Whigs do I call them ? Heav'ns ? how false the
 claim !

Ne'er let the *Slaves* profane that sacred name.
 Who is their leader ? Who directs the band ?
 By whom are all their feeble measures plann'd ?
 E'en by that haughty, timid, treacherous thing,
 Who fears a shadow,—yet who rules a k—.

Close to his standard, trembling, first appears,
 An hoary dotard, bent by weight of years ;
 The arch preceptor in corruption's school,
 In worth a bankrupt, and in sense a fool ;
 A would-be Jove to grasp the golden show'r,
 With hands unnerved scrambling still for pow'r ;
 True to no party, steady to no plan,
 'Three-score and twelve, and never yet a man.

Next comes the pale, unfledg'd, ill-tutor'd boy,
 Newmarket's glory, and the cock-pit's joy ;
 (None need I mention, for he shines at all,
 Except but one—the Cockpit at Whitehall)
 From honour's paths his wildness to restrain,
 A staunch, old Tory bears the stripling's train.

Let these contrasted specimens suffice,
 To place her guides before Britannia's eyes :

Then let her judge: and if the picture's just,
 Shall she trust them, who can't each other trust?
 Various as winds, in this they all agree,—
 To Aaron's golden calf to bend the knee.
 Their boasts of freedom let one line refute,—
 Dare they dismiss th' acknowledg'd friends of BUTE?

N. C. M. S. C.

TO THE LATE MINORITY.

WRITTEN ON READING THE HISTORY OF THEIR
 CONDUCT, ENTITLED "AN HISTORY OF
 THE LATE MINORITY, &c."

BY THE SAME.

Sunt certi denique fines.

AND does it gall you then, ye *venal* crew?
 Does *histry* wring your souls, because 'tis *true*?
 O worst of libels! Satire most severe;
 When truth convictive strikes the culprit's ear;
 When conscious *guilt* stands glaring in his eye,
 And his face owns it, tho' his words deny.
 Let *minions* rave, and *pension'd* creatures rail,
 Truth is all-pow'rful, and must still prevail.
 Look back, ye slaves, to that ill-omen'd day,
 When blushing *freedom* mark'd your treach'rous
 way,
 Fraught with *deceit*, and eager to *betray*:

Deserted

Deserted TEMPLE, foremost on the plain,
 Where wav'd her banners, call'd you back in vain ;
 PITT's voice in thunder warn'd you from a throne, }
 Where BUTE in splendid usurpation shone, }
 King-like, array'd with honours not his own !
 While all around his servile, cringing clan
 Pursued the traces of the *fav'rite's* plan ;
 And brainless heads, false hearts, and servile hands,
 Enforc'd obedience to his worst commands.
Freedom un plac'd, was robb'd of all her charms,
 And foul oppression won you to her arms.

Ye weak supporters of a desperate cause,
 Deserve for once your country's just applause ;
 Your bungling talents now can only suit
 The dark, insidious stratagems of BUTE ;
 Resign, retire, forego the dangerous field,
 Saul's armour leave to those who best can wield ;
 The pond'rous shield which TEMPLE's arm could
 bear,

Shall feeble Rockingham presume to wear ?
 The tow'ring helmet sure can never fit
 Richmond or Conway, which was made for PITT.
 Genius of England ! freedom's guardian ! rise :
 To save thy sons some glorious means devise ;
 To head thy pow'rs be some Great Chief explor'd,
 Nor let each *puny Whipster* seize thy sword.

THE MUSE AT A HORSE-RACE:

A BALLAD, ADDRESSED TO C---T AND COUNTRY
JOCKIES.

WHEN my Clio is gay,
It is always my way,
In my pleasures to give her a place :
So I ordered my chaise,
(For the muses love ease)
And I drove her away to a race.

All the lads far and near,
With their lasses were there,
Not a toast in the country was missing :
“ Young Phillis and Dolly,
“ And cherry cheek'd Molly,
“ And Peggy, so noted for kissing.”

When the clock had struck five,
The whole field grew alive,
And the drum gave a spring to each heart ;
But, alas ! not a horse
That had blood for the course,
Was enter'd, or ready to start.

What was then to be done,
For a race must be run,
That no blank may be left in the day ?
“ If merit won't venture,
“ And hackneys will enter,
“ Why hackneys must pocket the pay.”

To the post they repair'd,
 Each fearing and fear'd,
 Hoping all from each other's demerit ;
 When they started, their fame
 Was exactly the same,
 And 'twas hard to say which had most spirit.

To see poor jades so lash'd,
 So kick'd, spurr'd, and thrash'd,
 Was too sharp for soft nature, like mine ;
 Yet to give them their due,
 While a plate was in view,
 Their hearts were too great to repine.

They jostled and cross'd,
 Ran on both sides the post,
 Ev'ry stroke was the cause of some blunder ;
 Yet, the *knowing ones* said,
 (And they live by the trade)
 " That to see such *quick turns* was a wonder."

Not to spin out my ditty,
 The muse waxed witty,
 And rallied me thus with a sneer ;
 If races like these,
 Can amuse and can please,
 O, why left we town to come here !

At the end of Pall-mall,
 There's a spot you know well,
 Where the muses on birth-days resort ;
 For except on that day,
 When they sing for their pay,
 With G——le each muse fled the C——t.

Now hacks of all prices,
 All ages, and sizes,
 Are train'd for the race in July;
 When B--e, e'er he'll venture
 To let any enter,
In private their bottoms must try.

If he hits on a *breed*
 He can *manage full speed*,
 And *turn* at the top of their rate ;
 Tho' ponies or pacers,
 He puffs them for racers,
 And starts 'em to win the king's plate.

Since customs so base
 Sunk the name of this race,
 Good horses all pass to the leeward ;
 And trust me, my friend,
 Our C---t races won't mend
 As long as l— B—— is a Steward.

A P A R O D Y

UPON THE FAMOUS BATTLE OF CHEVY CHASE.

G O D prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safeties all ?
 What woeful discord once there did
 In Britain's isle befall !

To drive three kingdoms, hound and horn,
 Earl St——t took his way,
 The child may rue that was not born,
 A Scotsman on that day.

The stout earl of Northumberland
 A vow to God did make,
 A daughter of this Scottish peer's,
 His son to wife should take ;

The choicest honours of the land
 To win and bear away ;
 The tidings to earl Temple came,
 At Cotes's where he lay ;

Who sent lord Percy present word
 He would prevent his sport,
 The stately earl not fearing this,
 Did daily go to court,

With five and forty Bowman's * bold,
 All chosen men of might,
 Who knew full well in time of need,
 To cringe and bow aright.

These gallant heroes soon began
 To gain the —— ear,
 At Christmas they great places got,
 As plainly doth appear ;

* See Bowman in the farce of Lethe.

And, e'er the spring was o'er, they did
 A thousand boons obtain,
 Which once possess'd they shrewdly went
 To crave for more again.

The Bowman's muster'd at Whitehall *,
 Their votes were all secure ;
 And sixteen of the u--r h---e
 Each day were guarded sure.

Wild highlanders forsook their holds,
 Proud offices to take ;
 And commissaries from the dales,
 Did princely fortunes make.

To Sion-house earl P-rcy went,
 ('Twas in the gazetteer ;)
 Quoth he, lord B--- hath promised
 This day to meet me here :

If that I thought he would not come,
 No longer would I stay ;
 With that his lordship's gentleman,
 Did on the stair-case say,

“ Lo ! yonder doth lord B--- appear,
 “ I see his star so bright,
 “ Full twenty yeomen, clad in plaids,
 Are marching in our fight.

* The cockpit.

“ All men of pleasant Tiviotdale,
 “ Fast by the river Tweed ;
 Then call my son, (the C——s said)
 And sign the deeds with speed.

For now to the degree of duke
 My husband I'll advance ;
 And while he pranks it here at home,
 Why I'll parade in France.

The bridegroom spoke the lady fair,
 Then mounted on his horse,
 And so without his beaver rode,
 Like Charles of Charing-cross.

He wished for tilts and tournaments,
 That he might break a spear :
 The C——s, with a herald's voice,
 Proclaim'd it far and near.

Young Percy on his long-tail'd steed,
 Most like a warrior bold,
 Pranc'd foremost of the company,
 His housing fring'd with gold.

Now all the chiefs in pow'r agreed,
 That they might nothing fear,
 To send such terms to W—ll—m P--t
 As he might deign to hear.

The first that did the tender make,
 Was noble S——t, he,
 Who said, If thou wilt list with us,
 Thou pr—y f—l shalt be :

So we'll cajole the clam'rous throng ;
 Whilst I am still in play ;
 And half the charges of the state
 Thyself shalt give away.

Nay hear me, B—, the patriot cry'd,
 For e'er I hold with thee,
 I know thee well, an earl thou art,
 I too an earl must be.

Thy measures I will then adopt,
 And all employments fill,
 With Sh—lb—e, B——, and such folk,
 Tho' they had done me ill.

Let thou and I the burden try,
 And set rest the aside ;
 Mackenzie to his post restor'd,
 Nor C—md—n's suit deny'd.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'squire forth,
 Will B—ckf—d was his name ;
 Who said, I would not have it told
 On London 'Change, for shame ;

That e'er such treaty was on foot,
 While I stood looking on ;
 You are two earls, said Will B—ckf—d,
 And I a 'squire alone.

I'll do the best that do I may,
 This session—if you stand,
 And, for reward, I then shall claim
 A peerage of the land.——

Our new allies did such dismiss
 Were found not staunch and true,
 The Yorkshire and the Suffex whigs
 At once they overthrew.

To drive the city hound and horn,
 Lord Ch——m had the bent,
 To move addresses at Guildhall,
 In vain Hal. C——nw—— sent.

To quell a mob themselves had rais'd,
 Were new expedients found,
 Whilst many of our fairest laws
 Lay trampled on the ground.

O Lord ! it was a grief to see,
 And likewise for to hear,
 The dire reproaches Ch——m bore
 From t'other patriot p——r.

At last these two great ea--ls did meet,
 Like ministers of might,
 But for the nation's interest,
 Of that they made but slight.

They talk'd until they both did sweat,
 With an outrageous zeal;
 And hugely struggled which of them
 Should rule the commonweal.

Yield thou, earl Temple, C—— cry'd,
 In faith I will thee bring,
 Where thou shalt high advanced be
 By G—— our British ——.

The public good I'll freely give,
 And thus report of thee,
 Thou art by far the fittest man
 To head the tr--f--y.

To th' earl of Ch----- Tem---e said,
 Thy profers I do scorn ;
 I will not yield to any Scot
 That ever yet was born.

With that there came a statesman keen,
 Who long had lurk'd below ;
 And to earl Tem---e's firm resolve
 Did give the final blow.

Who never spoke more words than these,
 " No terms I'll have at all,
 " But with my gentle brother George
 " Will henceforth rise or fall."

Then stalking off, e--l C----- took
 The tall man by the hand,
 And said, e--l Tem---e, for thy ease,
 I'd give half Py---f---'s land.

O Lord ! my very heart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake ;
 For sure there's scarce a lord alive
 But would such bargain take.

A knight among the Scots there is,
Whom no one dare deny ;
 For him my cousin H-gl-y's wrath
 I must and shall defy.

Sir H---y R-ch-rt is he call'd,
 Of head and heart most bright ;
 Nor do I know so quick a man
 For parlance or for fight,

He led our expeditions all,
 Without or dread or fear,
 And is in war as politics,
 A hardy pioneer.

And there's a duke of force and might
 Is full a match for Go--r ;
 Nor did he treat like Ro—k——m,
 Who turn'd me from his door.

So thus did both these patriots jar,
 Whose virtue none could stain ;
 E—l Ch—— said, I still perceive
 We may be friends again.

He had a crutch beneath his arm,
 Made of a trusty tree ;
 A paper in his gouty hand,
 A cloth-yard long had he.

To this new list of pen——rs,
 Some friends of Stowe he set ;
 E—l T——e took and rubb'd them out,
 E'en while the ink was wet.

Their squabbles held till close of day,
 From the meridian sun ;
 And when they rung the dinner bell,
 The meat was overdone.

With

With the e—l Tem—e there remain'd
 The lord of L-ttl-t—n ;
 And with his Grace of Bloomsbury,
 R—gby that bold baron.

With stout Sir Fl-tch-r fell Sir C—les,
 A scribe of good account ;
 And D-dsw-ll the exchequer man,
 Whose prowess did surmount.

Now poor Sir John I needs must wail
 Like one in doleful dumps ;
 For, getting on the tr--f--y bench,
 He never stirr'd his stumps.

And with old Winc—— did fall
 The sturdy doctor H--y ;
 Nor New—— would quit the field
 While he had strength to stay.

Nor S---d---h, nor yet Hal———x,
 Could either saved be ;
 Lord Car--f--t was carried off,
 Against his will went he.

And the lord Eg---t in like wise
 Forsook the admiralty ;
 And twenty more, or knights or p---rs,
 Were shortly forc'd to fly.

Of fifty true-born Englishmen,
 Staid in but two or three ;
 The rest live at their country-seats,
 Under the green-wood tree.

Next month will many m-mb-s come,
 Their rashness to bewail ;
 And say if they are not restor'd,
 Why they must go to jail.

Their wives do play so much at cards,
 And throw such sums away ;
 Would serve to keep a score of w—s,
 If they were clad in clay.

The news was unto Paris brought,
 And eke the court of Spain ;
 Earl Tem— in the ministry
 Would scarce have weight again.

Oh heavy news ! John Wilkes did say,
 Churchill * can witness be,
 I have not any patron more
 Of such account as he.

Like tidings to St. J—s's came,
 Within a shorter space,
 That Richard Gr—v—e, lord of Stowe,
 Refus'd to take a pl--ce.

Then God be with him, said the court,
 Sith 'twill no better be ;
 We trust there is about the helm,
 Five hundred good as he.

* See Churchill's satires.

Yet shall not G——r nor W--tw--h say
 But we will vengeance take :
 And just revenge shall on them fall,
 For dearest St——'s sake.

This vow was then full well perform'd
 When —— came to town ;
 With P--s and P—— C——rs,
 Men but of fl——t renown.

And of the rest of true account,
 Why they were all p--t by ;
 To make a D—— of Sir H—— S——,
 Who m—e him--f P——y.

God save the king, and bless the land,
 In plenty, joy, and peace ;
 And grant henceforth that all regard
 To b——th and m-rit cease.

W. Y. W.

A NEW POLITICAL CREED,

FOR THE YEAR MDCCLXVI.

Quicunque vult.

WHoever will be saved: before all things it
 is necessary that he should hold the
 Chatham faith.

Which faith, except every man keep whole and
 undefiled, without doubt he shall sink into ob-
 livion.

And

And the Chatham faith is this: that we worship one minister in trinity, and the trinity in unity:

Neither confounding the persons, nor dividing the substance.

For the privy seal is a minister, the secretary is a minister, and the treasury is a minister.

Yet there are not three ministers, but one minister; for the privy seal, the secretary and the treasurer are all one.

Such as the privy seal is, such is the secretary, and such is the treasurer.

The privy seal is self-create, the secretary is self-create, and the treasurer is self-create.

The privy seal is incomprehensible, the secretary is incomprehensible, and the treasurer is incomprehensible.

The privy seal is unresponsive, the secretary is unresponsive, and the treasurer is unresponsive.

And yet there are not three incomprehensibles, three self-created, or three unresponsibles: but one incomprehensible, one self-create, and one unresponsive.

For like as we are compelled by the Christian verity, to acknowledge every person by himself to be God and Lord;

So are we forbidden by the articles of the Chatham alliance, to say there are three ministers:

So that in all things, the unity in trinity, and trinity in unity, are to be worshipped; and he who would be saved, must thus think of the ministry.

Furthermore it is necessary to elevation, that he also believe rightly of the qualities of our minister.

For the right faith is, that we believe and confess, that this son of man, is something more than man; as total perfection, though of an unreasonable soul, and gouty flesh consisting.

Who suffered for our salvation, descended into opposition, rose again the third time, and ascended into the house of peers.

He sitteth on the right hand of the ———, from whence he shall come to judge the good and the bad.

And they that have done good, shall go into patent places, and they that have done bad, shall go into everlasting opposition.

This is the Chatham faith; which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be promoted.

As he was in the beginning, he is now, and ever will be.

Then all the people, standing up, shall say,

O blessed and glorious trinity, three persons and one minister, have mercy on us miserable subjects.

AN INSCRIPTION

FOR THE STATUES SENT TO AMERICA.

In Memory of
W. P.

Who with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY, and
INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY OF LIFE,
perſiſted,
in Spite of many bodily INFIRMITIES,
in the *Practice* of every HUMAN ARTIFICE,
to raiſe HIMSELF and FAMILY,
from an *obſcure* *Obscurity*,
to LARGE POSSESSIONS, and
a moſt reſpectable TITLE and PLACE
in the State.

Very ſingular was he in the Choice of
ABLE and HONEST CONFEDERATES,
to aid him in his ambitious Deſigns;
and when *they* had *ſerved* his Turn,
UNGRATEFULLY DESERTED THEM
and *arrogantly* claimed their *Merit* to himſelf;
with *an* almoſt *uninterrupted* Enjoyment
for a long Series of Time,
of ſeveral LUCRATIVE PLACES in the State;
and by the Caprice of ſome,
and
the INSANITY of others,
(who were *bigotted* to his *pretended* Patriotiſm)
he at length ACQUIRED, or ATTRACTED,
a very large real and perſonal Eſtate,

He was the *only Person* of his Time,
 who with specious Pretences and Harangues,
could persuade the People
 their SERVICE only was the intended FRUIT of his
 Labours,
 when they had before their Eyes
 numberless Instances of his Actions, which indicated
 the contrary :

In fine,
 After a Life of near Sixty Years,
 Spent in PRETENDED PATRIOTIC Actions,
 the CLOVEN FOOT appeared
 from under the Robe of an Earl of G. B.

And with the Weight
 Of a PENSION, PLACE, and CORONET,
 he sunk into general Disgrace and contempt,
 on the 30th of July, 1766.

Oh indignant Reader !
 think not his Life useless to Mankind,
 PROVIDENCE connived
 At his Hypocrisy so long, to give to AFTER AGES
 A PROOF and EXAMPLE
 how the PRESENT AGE hath been
 DELUDED, CAJOLED, and DECEIVED,
under a Pretence
 of having their LIBERTIES and PROPERTIES only
 defended and protected.

AN APOLOGY FOR MR. P—.

THE Tories 'od rat 'em
 Abuse my lord Ch——m,
 For what —— for commencing a peer?
 But is it not hard
 He should lose his reward,
 Who has purchas'd a title so dear?

In every station
 Mr. P— serv'd the nation,
 With a noble disdain of her pelf:
 Then where's the great crime,
 When he sees a fit time,
 If a man, should for once, *serve himself*.

THE EARL.

AN ODE.

IMITATED FROM HORACE.

Icci beatis nunc Arabum invides Gazes, &c.

L. 1. Od. 29.

MY Lord! *great commoner* no more;
 You number your new titles o'er,
 Earl, Viscount, P—nt, Ch—th—m:
 Before you your supporters set,
 Your ermine robes, and coronet,
 And gaze in raptures at 'em.

What servile bard shall greet your ear
 With the enchanting sound of *peer*?
 Delightful name to mention!
 What chaplain shall inform mankind,
 With how much virtue you have join'd
 A *title* to a *pension*?

Who can unroll the book of fate,
 And tell what ministers of state
 May govern this great nation?
 Where is the prophet can disclose,
 What strange materials may compose
 Some new administration?

Jacob Henriques, born to guide,
 At privy council may preside,
 And rule the common weal:
 Hill, secretary we may see,
 Derrick lord chamberlain may be,
 And Buckhorse privy seal:

Since you, once emulous of fame,
 Have meanly barter'd your good name
 For scorn, contempt, and raill'ry;
 Broke every promise you have made,
 And shamefully together laid
 The Pitt and upper gallery.

THE CORONET:

A SONG.

HOW happy a state does lord C——m possess,
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less;
 On his *pension* and *place* he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

How blest has his time been! what days has he
 known!

How sweet with fair E——r the moments have flown!
 Since first in *dem. com.* his harangue he began,
 Which convinc'd *the whole house* he was more than
 a man.

He bullied Sir Robert — he censur'd the k—,
 He rail'd at the garter—and call'd it a string:
 He bellow'd and bawl'd, 'till his worship was hoarse
 “ He'd be damn'd ere he'd thus be a *cornet of horse*.

He thunder'd so long — and he thunder'd so well,
 They thought 'twas a fiend that had broke loose from
 hell;

He rais'd such a din, — and he made such a clatter,
 That Sir Robert, abash'd, quite forgot all his matter.

What's now to be done? or what's now to be
 said?

Quoth Sir Robert, I tremble, by God, for my head:
 But to silence his *clack*, and to hide my disgrace,
 I'll give *cornet P* — a vice treasurer's place.

No

No longer a cornet, no longer a slave,
 No longer the terror and scourge of a knave;
 He yields to C——n, at B——y winks,
 Now a *patriot* he rose, now a *placeman* he sinks.

In the van of dame fortune behold him advance,
 With a place for his target, his tongue for a lance;
 But depriv'd of his place, ambition was crost,
 And the cornet's gay hours in a moment were lost.

Now behold him a bellowing patriot again,
 Like Demosthenes, stemming the torrent in vain.
 See his eyes how they roll ! hark his diction how strong,
 Gods ! how mellow his voice ! his oration how long.

Thus oppos'd and opposing, the same tale he told,
 “ As he ne'er had been bought, so he ne'er would be
 sold ; ”

That his country (fine words) was far dearer than
 life !

Than the whole race of G——ll-s, than E——r his
 wife.”

How stubborn the trials which patriots endure !
 Yet to conquer their whims, you must gild well the
 lure ;

For we all know 'tis senseless, whate'er they may mut-
 ter,

To quarrel, like fools, with their bread and their but-
 ter.

To cut short my tale, and to close the last scene,
 Like a storm when 'tis hush'd, see the patriot serene;
 In a twinkling behold a bright coronet rise,
 How it ties up his tongue! how it dazzles his eyes.

With the hoard of mad Pynsent, a pension, a place,
 With a peerage, the badge of his lordship's disgrace;
 With a load of gold boxes, from boroughs and cities,
 With his blust'ring speeches, and half written ditties.

May he spend, yet unpitied, the rest of his days,
 Unambitious of sway, undeserving of praise;
 Unhuzza'd by a mob, unendear'd to his friends.
 Ever rack'd by the gout, ever tortur'd by fiends.

Ye chronicle wits, ministerially wise,
 Who to-morrow revere, what to-day ye despise,
 Be my sentence confirm'd -- since the die is now cast,
 "That a *coronet* damns every *patriot* at last."

A TRIFLER.

A N E P I S T L E

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

HAVING heard that your doggre's in mighty re-
 nown,

(For a great many people can read in this town)
 And not without some little cause to expect
 Such flatt'ry, as goes to one's heart to reject:

I have

I have dipp'd in the standish, intending to try
 My right-hand at verse—tho' the muse is but shy.
 You have heard of the wonderful works of one Pitt,
 Who so oft in Dom. Com. has brought forth a good
 hit :

Lord ! Sir, there was hardly a man of them all,
 If he wrestled with Will, but was sure of a fall.
 Since the days of Sir Richard, renowned in song,
 No mortal has e'er been so loud or so long,
 With large words and Latin, in patriot oration,
 He led by the nose many heads of this nation :
 And, t'enable his spirits and purse to hold out,
 He receiv'd a fine snuff-box at ev'ry good bout ;
 The lid and the rims were all lacquer'd with gold,
 And might, if they are not already, be sold.
 Mr. D——H——, and arms of the city,
 I dare say together look wonderful pretty.
 The deputy deals in profound allegory,
 And holds in his hand, a good * key for history :
 But as I was saying, or going to say,
 This Pitt was a marvellous man in his day :
 He made us like so many bees in a hive,
 Sweat and toil to pay taxes, that battle might thrive.
 And really, dear friend, do but give him his due,
 He made both the French and the Spaniards look
 blue.

Our soldiers most ardently pray'd for their foes,
 And then beat their brains out, as all the world knows.
 Our general once chanc'd to be slaughter'd—and then
 Pitt said he was sorry—said Beckford Amen.

* Vide speeches of common council.

It would do your heart good, should you e'er come to
town,

To hear how their parliament speeches go down :

There a party to swallow, a party to pour,
So the gulpers stand gaping for sense by the hour.

They're sure, honest souls ! he can ne'er be in jest,
Who harangues till he's hoarse, and knocks oft on his
breast.

In a winter or two, I suppose each oration,
Well chew'd, will again be spew'd out on the nation :
For the substance of matter continues the same,
As Newton avers, tho' it changes its name ;
So for aught one can tell, e'en this letter of mine
May make, turn'd to prose, a young senator shine.
Three mighty great things are time, manner, and
place,

To give both our laws and ourselves a good face !
But I stop—for digressions, when once they've the
rein,
Throw us off, tug as hard as we can at the mane.

A man that is gouty, or has a lame leg,
Elsewhere for self-int'rest, may set up to beg ;
Not so at Saint Stephen's—when cripples come }
there, }
All subscriptions requested, they solemnly swear,
Are for poor old Britannia, whose back is quite
bare. }

With one hand in flannel, and one on his side,
He would gently begin, like an infantine tide ;

And

How virtue and sense can reside in a Peer—
 And Pit is become my lord Chatham. ' I fear
 This vulgar opinion 'bout Lords is not true ;
 For since I've been from home, I have seen one or
 two,

Who were rul'd by their wives, and went in the
 rain,

Which shews wisdom and goodness I think very
 plain.

Not a maker of ballads in all this great town,
 But is priming his piece to knock poor Chatham
 down.

Nay, the ladies that traffic in love round the Garden,
 Drink his downfall in gin, to the very last farthing.

The news-papers all are as sly as they can be
 With W——'s and P——'s and * * * * * I hope
 you understand me.

For my part (for I think 'tis a shame to stand out,
 And see a poor lord so belabour'd about)

As I find upon trial, a knack to compose

A caustic in verse, ten times hotter than prose,

I'm resolv'd in some Chronicle soon to have at 'em,

Subscribing myself at the bottom Phil—Chatham,

I may do him much good, and one knows not for
 certain,

He may leave me a box, when he thinks of departing ;
 Or perhaps (which is more to be wish'd for by far)

He may make me Jackall in his next German war.

I am, dear friend, yours sincerely.

P R O P O S A L S

FOR PRINTING BY SUBSCRIPTION

(Taken from Mr. Hogarth's famous picture of Mr. Garrick, in the character of Richard the Third)

THE PRINT OF A LATE COMMONER.

This Print will be published before the opening of the next session of p——t.

A SPECIMEN OF THE WORK.

THE late G — t C — will be laying on his couch, dressed with his coronet and robes; and his hands and feet wrapped up in flannel, and starting at the ghosts that appear to him in his sleep, and address him in imitation of the ghosts in Shakespeare.

Enter the ghost of Sarah dutchess of Marlborough.

The first was I that help'd thee to be known,
But not the last that finds thee an apostate.
In the debate, O think on Marlborough,
And shrink in terror of thy guiltineis.

Enter the ghost of Robert earl of Orford.

When I was living, my fair character
By thee was punched full of deadly holes;
Think on the Tower and me, despair and die;
The injur'd Orford bids thee droop and die.

Enter

Enter the ghost of Ralph Allen, Esq;

Let me be laid within thy bosom, Ch——m,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame and sorrow ;
I thought thee once deserving of my friendship ;
But now a convert made by truth and justice
I join thy new pursuers, once thy friends :
If any pains can *adequate* thy crimes,
May they, thou arch impostor, now await thee.

Enter the ghost of Sir William Pynsent.

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow ;
Pynsent that raised thy fortune—not thy fame ;
Think on my wronged heirs, who now with justice
Curse the false *patriot* in their humble state,
And join with me to execrate his baseness ;
Let all their wrongs to-morrow be remembered,
And sink thy edgless tongue.

Chorus of English ghosts destroyed in Germany.

Awake, awake, inhuman murderer ;
Think how we bled to raise thy once-lov'd name,
Which now, alas ! lies bury'd in a title,
Bloody and guilty ; guilty, now awake,
To future *peers* a terrible example.

The ghost of William Earl of Bath.

Brother in guilt, remember me to-morrow :
Let not my fate o'erwhelm thy trembling soul !
I that was wasted to death by fulsome honours :

H

Poor

Poor Bath !

Unpitied and dishonoured, now appear
To warn thee of the danger of to-morrow ;
O think on me !

This print will be distributed *gratis* to the late G—t
C——r's remaining friends in the common council,
as few copies will now serve that purpose.

Subscriptions to be taken in at Mr. D—'s, at North-
End, at ald——n B———d's in Soho-Square, and
at the Peer's new friend, colonel W. B—e, V—e
T——r of I———d.

THE E—L OF C——M'S APOLOGY.

THE western sun had sought his ev'ning grave,
Deep in the bosom of th' Atlantic wave ;
The silver moon now reign'd with fainter pow'r,
And grac'd the horrors of the midnight hour ;
Thousands of spangled orbs combin'd their ray,
To cheer the absence of the god of day ;
Indulgent nature, hail'd the tranquil scene,
And lull'd to rest the drowsy race of men ;
Save *pow'r-craving P-tt*,—his full-blown soul,
Bursting to seize unlimited controul,
Ne'er knew the calm which smooths the ruffled breast,
Nor felt the joys that spring from even rest.

Wild

Wild with ambition, and with pride elate,
In thought he triumph'd in his car of state;
 Enjoy'd his fancied flight on eagle's wings,
 And form'd his footstool on the necks of kings;
 Saw northern potentates obey his nod,
 And Persia hail the *self-created* God.
 Phantoms like these amus'd the *patriot's* sight,
 When lo!—the clock pronounc'd the dead of night,
 Sudden the closet shook—the lights burnt blue,
 And gaudy fancy all her joys withdrew,
 A ghastly form before his table stood,
 Chill'd his pale cheek, and froze his vital blood;
 Conscious of guilt, he pray'd to be forgiv'n,
 And trembling in his chair, cry'd—Mercy heav'n!
 A verdant crown the horrid spectre wore,
 Blushing with fruit thy choicest orchards bore,
O ill-requited Pynsent! in his hand
 Thrice he produced that deed which gave his land;
 Thrice wav'd that guilty deed in wild despair,
 And thrice repentant wept his beggar'd heir;

G H O S T.

I rise, ungrateful man, the spirit said,
 From the dark mansions of the horrid dead;
 From shades, where wounded conscience ever grieves,
 Where *specious worth* no longer man deceives;
 Where station'd furies strip the *pension'd knave*,
 And lash the sinner, be he prince or slave;
 Where practis'd merit knows eternal bliss,
 And man appears the real man he is;

Where low ambition trembles at the rod,
 Worship'd an earth, an idol or a god.
Bath who can see, and not his fate deplore,
 Stript of those honours virtuous *Pult'ney* wore?
 In vain he weeps the incens'd patriot's name,
 In vain he struggles for reviving fame;
 Scorn and reproach for ever wound his ear,
 And shame reviles the mean ignoble peer.
 Such, such is *Bath*!—but know, the fates decree
 Pangs more severe, and sharper pains for thee;
 For thee, but yesterday thy monarch's choice,
 Thy country's bulwark, and her people's voice:
 Deluded youth thy brows with laurels grac'd,
 And echo'd, “ *long live Brutus,*” as you pass.
 Your manly speech inspir'd the breast of age,
 And taught new virtues to th' experienc'd sage;
 With softer flow, pathetic and refin'd,
 You taught their country's love to womankind;
 With grief like thine, expiring laws to see,
 And seek their great deliverer in thee.
 E'en * *Sarah*'s heart obdurate, cold as steel,
 Whose stubborn nature long had blush'd to feel,
 Dissolv'd like wax before thy magic tongue,
 And paid with gratitude th' enchanters song;
Ten thousand pounds, (nay! shrink not) was your fee,
To live unplac'd, unpension'd, and be free.
 How you deserv'd great Minos will descry,
 Your faith a prostitute, your fame a lie.

Skill'd in all tricks to varnish your intent,
 That art can spin, hypocrisy invent,

* *Sarah* duchess of Marlborough.

You borrow'd ev'ry form, and ev'ry dye,
 That Proteus wore to captivate the eye;
 Till by degrees credulity believ'd,
 And Britons heard——*again* to be deceiv'd.
 As latent sparks unwilling to expire,
 Break out at once, and burst into a fire;
 So your long-clouded glory blaz'd a-new,
 Darting its rays where England's genius flew,
 From pole to pole, from Paris to Peru.

Flush'd with *great words*, in readiness at call,
 At morn you destin'd *Hanover to fall*,
 Lamenting Britain with a filial care,
 Drain'd by the leeches of a German war.
 At noon, like speckled snakes you shed your skin,
 Retaining still your native craft within;
 By *German machinations won to grace*,
 You turn'd a *German advocate for place*;
 Loudly revok'd that known approv'd decree,
 Empire your object, tenderness your plea;
 Profusely lavish'd the Exchequer's store,
 And dy'd th'affrighted Elbe with British gore,
 Till numbers fail'd, and funds would yield no more.
 But oh! how vain, how futile is th'attempt
 To paint imposture's form! The world's contempt
 Displays a mirror to your conscious eye;
 Will sting your soul and give your heart the lie.
 Yet e'er th'approaching dawn, with gentle hand
 Raises the veil of night, the fates command
 My quick return, to cold and endless gloom,
 Where one day Ch—m must *unermind* come:

Time hurries on, few moments now remain
To tell my tale, my source of lasting pain.

Now Ch—m hear———I am the restless shade
Of *Pynsent*, lately call'd to join the dead ;
Varied with errors, but unknown to crime,
I pass'd the blushing years of nature's prime,
Till hast'ning on to life's cool ev'ning stage,
With my first crime, I stain'd my hoary age.
I lov'd (weak man !) not wisely, but too well,
My liberty, my rights, and country's weal ;
Deaf to th'endearing ties of lineal blood,
My patriot heart, intent on public good,
Insensibly forgot my ancient name,
And plung'd my heirs in poverty and shame ;
Frantic with zeal I thought *thee* all divine,
And Britain's darling son adopted mine ;
My progeny forgot, in *P-tt* alone,
I felt the friend, the kinsman and the son ;
Like saints enraptur'd, I ador'd his name,
And pledg'd my wealth and honour on his fame,
Compell'd my heirs to court their chosen lord,
And beg the scatter'd bounties of his board ;
Inhuman judgment ! sentence too severe !
Which harden'd criminals would weep to hear ;
But I with vanity completely curst,
I, of all slaves, the basest and the worst,
Cold and inflexible to nature's voice,
Worship'd my idol, and extol'd my choice ;
Happy ! thrice happy ! now my *P-tt* was free,
My country's welfare was a debt to me.

Say,

Say, Ch—m, if one faint, one feeble ray
 Of *P-tt's* late truth, still lives in Ch—m's clay;
 Say, if your heart don't dread to be sincere,
 What little passion lurks and governs there?
 What strange extravagant contempt of fame
 Seduc'd your wish to change it for a name?
 Did B——e again hang out his badge of grace
 To *fix* your doubts of coming into place?
 Will Scotch protection raise your drooping cause?
 Will Scotch alliance furnish lost applause?
 Or dwindled into childhood, by decay
 Of nature, did you doat on childish play,
 Pleas'd with a bubble at your close of day?
 Your city friends, so smooth in rhyme and wit,
 So copious in their flow and praise of *P-tt*,
 No more address, now *Ch——m's* at the steerage,
 Nor strain a panegyrick on your peerage!
 Oh! what a sudden falling off is here!
 No more the mob applauds, the wise revere!
 No more the th' admiring crouds your deeds unfold!
 Nor adulation sues with box of gold!
 Your shrine's eras'd, your day of glory set,
 Your popularity——as dead as *P-tt*!
Ch——m and pride may crimson trappings wear,
 But freedom's honest soul disdains the peer.

C H A T H A M.

Angels and ministers of grace above,
 And ye blest'd spirits of th' Elysian grove!
 If age and innocence deserve your care,
 Protect my tortur'd heart from mad despair;
 Dispell this scene of horror and dismay,
 And lead me safely to the verge of day.

Hear then, dread ghost, great *Pynsent's* awful shade,
 Living, my friend, my benefactor, dead;
 Hear and avert thy judgment too severe,
 And view thy *P-tt*, still triumph in the peer.
 Weary of *c——ts*, of *fav'rites*, and of *k——gs*,
 Still hoping better days, and better things;
 Foil'd in my plan to be supremely great,
 And guide alone the *c——l*, *c——b*, and *state*;
 My speech and effigy to *Boston* sent,
 For public worship, and the mob content;
 I steer'd my *little cock-boat* into port,
 The scourge of pirate ministers at *c——rt*;
 Well arm'd, well fitted, in my neutral state;
 To sail again, and share my country's fate,
 Should services so poor but free as mine
 Be call'd to *save her* in her last decline.
 This plan arrang'd, I sought that honour'd seat
 Which *Pynsent's* bounty chose for my retreat;
 Which gen'rous *Pynsent* sever'd from his line,
 O matchless publick worth! to graft on mine.
 Here, calm and gentle as the noon-tide breeze,
 Day follow'd day, and health return'd with ease:
 No more I felt the stings of projects cross'd,
 Of systems baffled, or of *questions lost*:
 Slave to no party, council to no plan,
 I thought, enjoy'd, and liv'd a private man:
 Wishful to feel, now glory's race was run,
 My ev'ning set, like a mild summer's sun,

Blest state of peace! but oh! the change how soon,
 My morning wish was clouded ere 'twas noon.
 Again my country courted me away,
 Woo'd me to act, and promis'd to obey;

With

With condescending bounty, next the th——ne
 Plac'd me the first, and bid me *guide alone*,
Omnipotent, responsible to none.

Courted, solicited, and sent for too,
 What man, to freedom, and his country true,
 What mortal man, tho' most averse to place,
 Could frown, refuse, and spurn his country's grace,
 Let *Pynsent*, virtuous *Pynsent*, judge my case?

By tender feelings mov'd for Britain's fate,
 Not dazzled with the pomp and pride of state,
 Sudden I wak'd from fancy's silken dreams,
 Of rural solitude, and languid streams;
 Of days, devoted to my friends and wife,
 And moral virtues form'd for private life;
 Gave in my plan, while fortune bless'd the day,
 And peerage strew'd her flowers in my way.
 Let malice inch by inch my conduct scan,
 And folly censure, e'er she knows my plan;
 Let rancour dive into the womb of time,
 In search of tales, to blacken me with crime;
 My youthful soul sprung early to one end,
 My riper years the same great course shall bend,
 Virtue my guardian, liberty my friend.
 Think not to scatter terrors on my head,
 By stale examples muster'd from the dead;
 With joy I saw, how virtuous *Pult'ney* shin'd,
 The brightest, bravest, weakest, of mankind!
 But when I saw my country drop a tear,
 I wept the patriot and curs'd the peer.
 But what had *Pult'ney's* glory, or decline,
 His fame, or peerage, to compare with mine;

Mankind is alter'd since the days of *Bath*,
 Tho' S—*dys* still puzzles in the same dull path.
 Freedom at length has fix'd her wav'ring seat,
 Ambitious to promote the good and great ;
 Studious to still the waves of party rage,
 And link in harmony, each rank and age ;
 Of vice's growth to lop the spreading root,
 That virtue's sickly plant may spring and shoot ;
 Bent to reform the canker'd mass of things,
 Till Britain's sons are free as British k—gs ;
 Till placemen seek the honour, not the fee,
 And scorn emoluments like *Pratt* and *me* ;
 Till each great l—d his country shall revere,
 And to the statesman join the patriot peer.

When these great systems shall refine our times,
 To the pure temper of Saturnian climes,
 (For now I see that blest auspicious day)
 Faction will sink, and party die away :
 The mob again *spontaneously* will join
 To deck my image, and adorn my shrine ;
 Forsaken, distanc'd T—*ple* will relent,
 S——h reform and L——n repent ;
 W——th his latent talents will display,
 And T—— fettle—— for perhaps a day ;
 B——d will buzz, too feeble then to sting,
 And G——ge lament in vain my soaring wing ;
 Whilst I, too great to dread a *future* fall,
 Rule and ordain from R—*chm*—d to Wh—te--H—ll ;
 Preside at ev'ry B——d, tho' nam'd to none,
 And nobly in my *closet* guide alone :

Such sweets of government can never fail
 When C——m *feers*, and B——e supplies the gale.
 O L——e thou injur'd new connected friend——

G H O S T.

Peace! ere thy tongue grows lavish to commend,
 And thy mean heart betrays thy secret end.
 Take back thy broken faith, which art in vain
 Strives to repair, to burnish and maintain:
 Take back thy flatt'ring tributes to the dead,
 And *know thy destiny* by fate decreed.
 " Ordain'd to act, a fav'rite *once remov'd*,
Sought but not dreaded, courted but not lov'd,
 Thou'lt find thy projects baffled, soon as plann'd,
 And thy large views of empire at a stand:
 Till lost, and sunk in popular disgrace,
 Thou'lt curse too late thy peerage and thy place;
 And when by slow disease and anguish torn
 Thy mortal frame is destin'd to the urn,
 Perhaps some pension'd friend *for shew may mourn*:
 Then, (for on earth ye trod one common path)
 Thy fleeting soul will meet its comrade *Bath*."
 But hark——the cock the harbinger of day,
 With morning song proclaims the dawning ray;
 Farewell—I slept in peace, while *P-tt* was free,
 Live and repent—farewell——remember me!

TO LORD C——M.

AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

FORgive, my lord, an homely muse,
Too plain by flatt'ry to amuse,

Too free to hope or fear ;

I come not with obsequ'ous bow,

To sooth, protest, recant, or vow,

Like temporising Cl——re

Nor meek and trembling with despair,

To drop a penitential tear,

And sue to be forgiv'n ;

Unfit to sneak about a court,

I live where freedom's sons resort,

Beneath an humbler heav'n.

Friend to the law, the church, and king,

As numbers flow, I boldly sing,

And praise where praise is due :

When laws enslave, I blot the plan,

When *Spendthrifts* guide, I brand the man,

Tho' great, or proud as you ;

There was a time, I must be plain,

Ere adulation turn'd your brain,

Ere pow'r unmask'd your pride ;

When you, my lord, diffus'd afar,

Your lustre, like the northern star,

Britannia's hope and guide.

But

But now these rays are over-cast,
 Your sun has now his zenith past,
 Declining are your fires ;
 No more Britannia meek and tame,
 Like a fond mistress fans your flame,
 Nor courts your wild desires.

Cast-off, impoverish'd, undone,
 She weeps, her health and fortune gone,
 Whilst your new love rejoices ;
 But her's is no uncommon state,
 'Tis but the just decree of fate,
 To dames who make such choices.

America, her rival flame,
 That rough, imperious, haughty dame,
 As dark in heart as feature ;
 With your opinions to comply,
 Forces all bonds of legal tie
 Of gratitude and nature.

Rais'd by the fondest mother's care,
 She wounds that mother to despair,
 Who gave her ease and wealth ;
 Tutor'd to serve your odious ends,
 For you she cheats herself and friends,
 With you intrigues by stealth.

Such is the nature of your sex,
 Regardless whom you please or vex,
 You change from one to t'other ;
 'Tis lustful passion tempts the man,
 When daughters give up all they can ;
 Like you to quit the mother.

This may be folly deem'd in youth,
 Ere constancy and social truth,
 Grow with the growth of time ;
 Yet sure in life there is a stage,
 When treachery's a stain to age,
 When want of faith's a crime.

In vain again you meanly fly,
 With golden promise, flatt'ring sigh,
 For refuge to her arms ;
 Wisely she shuns th'attractive flame,
 That blaz'd but to undo her fame,
 Her fortune, health and charms.

Britannia now has found a friend,
Active and able to defend,
 Accessible and true ;
 On *Grenville* she has cast her eye,
 From him expects that rich supply
 Of wealth, she *lost* by you.

From his abundant depth of mind,
 Resources flow of every kind,
 To ease, correct, or heal ;
 Frugal of treasures not his own ;
 He bribes no hungry courtier's frown,
 He dreads no foes appeal.

Averse to shed Britannia's blood,
 His ruling passion's public good,
 His liberty, her law ;
 Reviv'd by these salubrious pow'rs,
 She'll rest again on beds of flow'rs,
 And strength from plenty draw.

R H O G E B L A D Y D E

To William Pitt, sendethe greetynge.

MUCH wond'rous goode dothe founte dispense,
More wond'rous farre dothe flowe thyne elo-
quence.

My springes may aide some palsyed lymb to free:
Thy myghtier cure—must not compared be:
Britannia's self restor'd—to libertie.—

Ye kyndrede streams, O! keepe your wontede
course:

Let Ages probe your uncorrupted source.

May humble crutche bedecke poore Bladyde's
thyne:

Britannia's hearte be offerede uppe at thyne,

Bath, July 18, 1767.

IN the Old Foundling Hospital for Wit is inserted the double-fac'd letter of cardinal Richlieu. An invention of the like kind, is the Jesuits *Double-faced Creed*, which was published in the history of Popery, 1679, and which, according to the different readings, may suit either Papist or Protestant. 'Tis a true portrait of the followers of Ignatius Loyola, and worthy a place in the New Foundling Hospital for Wit.

THE JESUITS DOUBLE-FACED CREED.

I hold for faith What England's church allows,
 What Rome's church saith My conscience disavows.
 Where the king is head 'The flock can take no shame,
 The flock's misled Who hold the Pope supreme.
 Where the altar's drest The worship's scarce divine,
 The people's blest Whose table's bread and wine.
 He is an ass Who their communion flies,
 Who shuns the mass Is catholic and wise.

IN LATIN.

*Pro fide teneo sanâ Quæ docet Anglicana
 Affirmat quæ Romana Videnter mihi vana,
 Supremus quando rex est Tum plebs est fortunata,
 Erraticus tum Grex est Cum caput fiat papa,
 Altare cum ornatur Communio fit inanis,
 Populus tum beatur Cum mensa vino panis,
 Asini nomen meruit Hunc morem qui non capit,
 Missam qui deseruit Catholicus est & sapit.*

HINTS FOR A POLITICAL PRINT.

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER, 1767.

HIS E——y the L—— L—— of I—— is
 said to have a singular turn for portrait painting, which he willingly employs in the service of his friends. He performs gratis, and seldom gives them the trouble of setting for their pictures. But
 I be-

I believe the talents of this ingenious nobleman never had so fair an occasion of being employed to advantage as at present. It happens very fortunately for him, that he has now a set of friends, who seem intended by nature for the subjects of such a pencil. In delineating their features to the public, he will have an equal opportunity of displaying the delicacy of his hand, and, upon which he chiefly piques himself, the benevolence of his heart. But considering the importance of his present cares, I would fain endeavour to save him the labour of the design, in hopes that he will bestow a few moments more upon the execution. Yet I will not presume to claim the merit of invention. The blindness of chance has done more for the painter than the warmest fancy could have imagined, and has brought together such a group of figures as I believe never appeared in real life, or upon canvas before.

Your principal character, my lord, is a young d— mounted upon a lofty Phaeton; his head grows giddy; his horses carry him violently down a precipice, and a bloody carcase, the fatal emblem of Britannia, lies mangled under his wheels. By the side of this furious charioteer sits Caution without Foresight; a motley thing, half military, scarce civil. He too would guide, but let who will drive, is determined to have a seat in the carriage. If it be possible, my lord, giye him to us in the attitude of an orator eating the end of a period, which may begin with, *I did not say I would pledge myself*—The rest he eats.

I

Your

Your next figure must bear the port and habit of a judge. The laws of England under his feet, and before his distorted vision, a daggar, which he calls the law of nature, and which marshals him the way to murder the c—ft—n.

In such good company the respectable p— of the c——l cannot be omitted. A reasonable number of decrees must be piled up behind him, with the word *reversed* in capital letters upon each of them; and out of his decent lips a compliment *a la Tilbury, hell and d——n blast you all*. *N. B.* It would not be amiss to give him the air of farting at the decrees above mentioned.

There is still a young man, my lord, who I think will make a capital figure in the piece. His features are too happily marked to be mistaken. A single line of his face will be sufficient to give us the heir apparent of Loyola, and all the college. *A little more of the devil, my lord, if you please, about the eyebrows; that's enough; a perfect Malagrida, I protest!* So much for his person; and as for his mind, a blinking bull-dog placed near him, will form a very natural type of all his good qualities.

These are the figures, which are to come forward to the front of the piece. Your friendship for the—— of ——, will naturally secure a corner in the retirement for him and his curtain. Provided you discover him on a bed, with a magic wand in his hand, any one of Aretine's postures will suit him; for if fame be not too partial, there is certainly a bed, upon which he has exhibited with uncommon grace and activity in them all.

If

If there are still any vacancies in the canvas, you will easily fill them up with fixtures or still life. You may shew us half a paymaster for instance, with a paper stuck upon the globe of his eye, and a label out of his mouth, *No, Sir, I am of t'other side, Sir*. How I lament that sounds cannot be conveyed to the eye!

You may give us a C——r in Ch—— and a S—— at W—— seeming to pull at two ends of a rope, while a slipknot in the middle may really strangle three-fourths of the army; or a lunatic brandishing a crutch, or bawling through a grate, or writing with desperate charcoal a letter to North America; or a Scotch secretary teaching the Irish people the true pronunciation of the English language. That barbarous people are but little accustomed to figures of oratory, so that you may represent him in any attitude you think proper, from that of Sir G——t E—— down to Gov. J——ne. These however are but the slighter ornaments of composition, and so I leave them to the choice of your own luxurious fancy.

The back ground may be shadowed with the natural obscurity of Scotch clerks and Scotch secretaries, who may be *itched* out to the life with one hand grasping a pen, the other rivetted in their respective posteriors. Your southern writers are apt to rub their foreheads in the agony of composition; but with Scotchmen, the seat of inspiration lies in a lower place, which, while the FUROR is upon them, they lacerate without mercy. By this delectable friction, their imaginations become as prurient as their backsides, and the

latter are relieved from one sort of matter, while their brains are supplied with another. Every thing they write in short is polished *ad unguem*.

But amidst all the licence of your wit, my lord, I must intreat you to remember that there is one character too high, and too sacred even for the pencil of a peer, though your lordship has formerly done business for the family. Besides, the attempt would be unnecessary. The true character of that great person is engraven in the hearts of the Irish nation; and as to a false one, they need only take a survey of the person and manners of their chief governor, if, in the midst of their distresses, they can laugh at the perfect caricatura of a k—.

CORREGGIO.

ON THE

EXECUTION OF JOHN AYLIFFE, ESQ.

FOR A FORGERY RESPECTING LORD HOLLAND.

Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.

JUVENAL.

A Yliffe and —, when call'd, in days of old,
Their stinking carcases, like bunters, fold,
Each serv'd alternate, the lascivious * dame,
Alike their merits, poverty and fame;

* Mrs. H—r.

Alike

Alike their toils ! Ah ! why unlike their fate ?
 One villain hangs, the other robs the state,
 With ermin'd pride his father's livery lines,
 Power sprung from lust with endless wealth
 combines,
 And like to Bute in all a first rate patriot shines.

A NEW AND HUMOUROUS METHOD OF READING
 THE NEWS-PAPERS.

FOR several months past I have resided in the country, with a very agreeable family, about forty miles from London. The *environs* were most delightful, and we had plenty of shooting, fishing, walking, and riding. But as the weather was frequently such as obliged us to keep within doors, we then endeavoured to amuse ourselves with cards and news-papers. Cards to those who love play, are a vast fund of amusement. Every time the spots and pictures are shuffled, they afford fresh entertainment; but this is by no means the case with regard to news-papers; for when you have once perused the four pages of unconnected occurrences, and miscellaneous advertisements, the abrupt transitions from article to article, without the smallest connection between one paragraph and another, overload and confuse the memory so much, that, when you are questioned, you can never give a tolera-

ble account of what you have been reading. Hence it is, that one so often sees people peruse two or three news-papers, and throw them down, one after another, with the constant complaint of, *Not a syllable of news—Nothing at all in the papers*, to the great discredit of those daily vehicles of intelligence, and the great detriment of you, Sir, and the rest of your brethren. Now, this is extremely unjust; for the fault (as already hinted) is not in the news-papers, but in the readers having taken too copious a dose, consisting of an olio, or mixed composition of politics, religion, picking of pockets, puffs, casualties, deaths, marriages, bankruptcies, preferments, resignations, executions, lottery-tickets, India bonds, Scotch pebbles, Canada bills, French chicken-gloves, auctioneers, and quack-doctors. What a curious jumble is this, and what wonder is it, that four folio pages of it, consisting of four columns each, should prove too potent a dose for the memory of most readers? But in pursuing this matter, I had almost lost sight of the point I had originally in view, when I began this letter; which was to shew, that *news-papers*, as well as *cards*, were capable of affording a *variety* of entertainment. At present I shall only mention one improvement in reading the papers, which we practised in the country with great success; and that was, after we had read the paper in the old trite vulgar way, i. e. each column by itself *downwards*, we next read two columns together *onwards*; and by this *new* method found much more entertainment

than

than in the *common* way of reading, with a greater variety of articles, curiously blended, or strikingly contrasted. In short, *blind chance* brought about the strangest connections, and frequently coupled persons and things the most heterogeneous, things so opposite in their nature and qualities, that no man alive would ever have thought of joining them together.

—— *placidis coeunt immitia*, ——

Serpentes avibus geminantur, tigribus agii.

As I always carry a pencil in my pocket, I used to set down those that were most remarkable; and now send you a collection of them, to be inserted in your paper. I hope my very good friend and patron the public will receive this attempt with his usual candour and indulgence, as it tends to promote the practice of reading, and to enlarge the circle of innocent amusement,

PAPIRIUS CURSOR.

The sword of state was carried ——
before Sir John Fielding, and committed to
Newgate.

Last night, the princess royal was baptized
Mary, alias Moll Hacket, alias Black Moll.

This morning the Right Hon. the Speaker ——
was convicted of keeping a disorderly house.

This day his Majesty will go in state to
fifteen notorious common prostitutes.

Their R. H. the dukes of York and Gloucester
were bound over to their good behaviour.

At

At noon her R. H. the Princess Dowager was married to Mr. Jenkins an eminent taylor.

Lord Chatham took his seat in the house of
And was severely handled by the populace.

Friday a poor blind man fell into a saw-pit,
to which he was conducted by Sir Clement Cottrel—

'Tis said that a great opposition is intended
—— Pray stop it, and the party——

A certain commoner will be created a peer.

* * * No greater reward will be offered.

John Wilkes, Esq; set out for France,
being charged with returning from transportation.

Last night a m. A terrible fire broke out,
And the evening concluded with the utmost festivity.

At a very full meeting of common council
the greatest shew of horned cattle this season.

Removed to Marybone, for the benefit of the air,
The city and liberties of Westminster.

Lately came out of the country,
the Middlesex hospital, enlarged with a new wing.

The Free-Masons will hold their annual grand lodge
N. B. The utmost secrecy may be depended on.

Yesterday the new Lord Mayor was sworn in,
afterwards tossed and gored several persons.

When the honour of knighthood was conferred on him
to the great joy of that noble family.

A fine turtle, weighing upwards of eighty pounds,
was carried before the sitting alderman.

Sunday a poor woman was suddenly taken in labour,
the contents whereof have not yet transpired.

Whereas

Whereas the said barn was set on fire by
an incendiary letter dropped early in the morning.

The king of Prussia has wrote to our court,
“ If yow dant pote fife powns in a fartin plase”

This morning will be married the lord viscount
and afterwards hung in chains pursuant to his sentence.

He was examined before the sitting alderman,
and no questions asked.

The executors of the late Dr. Ward continue
At the horse infirmary near Knightsbridge.

By order of the commissioners for paving
An infallible remedy for the stone and gravel.

To be disposed of, greatly under prime cost,
Nothing under full price will be taken.

The creditors of Mary Jones are desired to meet
I will pay no debts of her contracting.

Any lady desirous of lying in privately
Will be delivered at any part of the town.

Colds caught at this season are
The companions to the playhouse.

Wants a place of all work
A strong-bodied mare, mistress of 16 stone,

Wanted an house-keeper to an elderly gentleman,
warranted sound, wind and limb, free from blemish.

Wanted, to take care of an elderly gentlewoman,
An active young man, just come out of the country.

To be let, and entered on immediately,
A young woman, that will put her hand to any thing.

To be sold to the best bidder,
My seat in parliament being vacated.

I have

I have long laboured under a complaint
For ready money only.

The Turk's-head bagnio is now opened,
Where may be had, price 5s. in sheets.

One of his majesty's principal secretaries of state
fell off the shafts, being asleep, and the wheels went
[over him.

'Tis said the ministry is to be new modell'd;
The repairs of which will cost the public a large sum
[annually.

This has occasion'd a cabinet council to be held
at Betty's fruit-shop in St. James's street.

Being St. Patrick's day, the tutelary saint of Ireland,
the *standing* committee will *fit* at twelve;

Aged 76 was married to a young girl of eighteen;
The reason of his committing this rash action is
[not known,

'Tis said that A——n B———d will *not* go to the
[South of France,
Another wild beast having appeared in the Gevaudan.

To be disposed of by private contract,
In the room of their late member created a peer;

'Tis thought the election will be warmly contested,
In order to preserve unanimity in the county.

He has just open'd a house for inoculation;
††† Be careful to have the right sort.

Genteel places in any of the public offices,
So much admired by the nobility and gentry.

THE ANALOGY

BETWEEN LEGISLATION AND HORSE-RACING

THE swift-pac'd hours convoke again
 Our senate on Newmarket's plain ;
 They mind not here who's out, who's in—
 Their contest is, who most shall win.
 Here too they drop all party rage—
 Far diff'rent heats their thoughts engage.

Once on the turf I'll boldly venture,
 My Pegasus the lists shall enter ;
 Jockies, his wings ye need not dread—
 They're weighted by his rider's lead.

I've heard there is a near alliance
 'Twixt ev'ry lib'ral art and science ;
 So the same features we may trace in
 Both legislation and horse-racing.

Good laws require good heads to make 'em :
 And so do bets, to lay, or take 'em.

Laws are design'd to keep rogues under ;
 To save your house and purse from plunder.
 And he whose noble genius aims
 To shine at these olympic games,
 And cannot, with superior sleight,
 Out-wit the knave, the biter bite,
 Must leave the turf, or ever curse
 The mis'ries of an empty purse.

I've heard it said, our senate shou'd
 Enact their laws for gen'ral good ;
 And therefore should have hearts that feel
 Most warmly for the common-weal.

And

And who can doubt but they inherit
 This noble and exalted spirit,
 That can consign their thousands o'er
 To wretches they ne'er saw before?
 When too (to heighten their deserving)
 Their wives and families are starving?

Does not the saddle represent |
 Taxes, clapt on by parliament?
 Nor has the nation shewn bad sport?
 We humbly thank their honours for't:
 Though some have made complaint of late,
 'Their backs were gall'd with over-weight;
 And that their sides had sorely felt
 The whip and spur full freely dealt;
 Yet hope these patriot-jockies will
 At length, to shew true sportsman's skill,
 Pull in their steeds, quite out of breath,
 Nor push the willing tits to death.

Proceed, ye two-fold legislators
 Of horses and your fellow creatures;
 Keep well your seats, nor vote, nor ride,
 On post's or ministry's wrong side;
 So shall the purse your pockets fill,
 And grooms and statesmen praise your skill.]

EXTRAORDINARY ADVERTISEMENTS

FROM THE LONDON EVENING POST OF DECEMBER 12,
AND 22, 1767.

December 6th, 1767.

WHereas a person, who stiles himself major Brereton, has falsly and scandalously aspersed the characters of several gentlemen, members of the *Jockey Club*; it is unanimously agreed, at a general meeting of the *Jockey Club*, held this day at the Star and Garter tavern, Pall Mall, that the said Brereton be expelled the new coffee-room at Newmarket; a society instituted purposely to exclude all persons, except those whose conduct and characters intitle them to be received into the company of gentlemen.

Grafton,	Robert Pigott, jun.
Ancafter,	Fr. Naylor,
Kingston,	C. Boothby Skrymsher,
Northumberland,	Bolingbroke,
Up. Offory,	T. Charles Bunbury,
Ashburnham,	Waldegrave,
G. Selwyn,	Robert Brudenell,
Tho. Penton, jun.	George Cavendish,
John Scot,	George Lane Parker,
Richard Cox,	Barrymore,
John Calvert,	Bridgewater,
March and Ruglen,	Gower,
Orford,	Granby,
Tho. Shirley,	J. S. Douglass.

Whereas

WHereas an advertisement has been published in this paper, signed by twenty-eight persons (many of whom are of high rank and distinction) to inform the world that they thought fit to expel me the new coffee-room of Newmarket, as unworthy to be received into the company of gentlemen, because I have (as some of them say) falsely and scandalously aspersed the characters of several members of the *Jockey Club* : I think it incumbent on me to declare (for the further information of the public) that the supposed false and scandalous aspersion therein alluded to, is my having told his grace the duke of Northumberland and lord Ossory, that certain members of that club had cheated them and me at cards, at the last meeting at Newmarket : I told them publicly, because I saw it with my own eyes. I told them so, not in secret, but in the presence of the accused, the same day in which they had cheated. I still insist upon the truth of what I have said, and am ready to attest it upon oath. I do not here mention the names of the persons who were guilty of cheating, because I should thereby incur a prosecution, which, I have no doubt, those gentlemen would take the advantage of : but being now in London, and finding it the only safe way of publishing my case, I take this method to declare, that I am ready to inform any gentlemen whom these persons are, together with all the circumstances of their behaviour.

WILLIAM BRERETON.

London, July 16, 1768.

PROPOSALS for printing A NEW BARONET-AGE of ENGLAND: containing an historical and genealogical account of the ENGLISH BARONETS, now existing, from the institution of that order, in the reign of King James the First, to the present time. With all the ARMS accurately and elegantly engraved.

To the P U B L I C.

A New Baronetage of England has for some years been much desired by the public; and indeed the obvious necessity of such a work sufficiently justifies their impatience for it: especially if we consider, that it is now near thirty years since the last compilation of that kind was published, and that the great number of respectable families advanced to this order since that period, and the still greater number of alterations, occasioned by deaths and other occurrences, have rendered the former Baronetages extremely inaccurate and imperfect. To supply the defects, therefore, of preceding publications of this nature, and to accommodate the public with a new and complete Baronetage of England, from the reign of king James I. to the present time, is the design of this performance: towards the perfecting of which several curious and valuable materials have been kindly furnished by some learned friends; many books have been consulted, which had escaped the notice of former editors; and many pedigrees and other authentic accounts examined, to which they had not been able to procure access. With these and the like helps, this Baronetage, it is presumed, will appear to greater advantage than any former

former work of the same kind; yet even with all these helps the editors are far from thinking it will be perfect, without the kind assistance of the Baronets themselves or their friends, especially those who have been created since the year 1740; and therefore it is most earnestly requested, that they would be so obliging, as well from a regard to their own honour and dignity, as in compliment to the public, to transmit an account of their families and arms, (or point out where they may be met with) to the publisher, J. ALMON, in Piccadilly, who will take care to forward them to the editors. By this means the work will be rendered accurate and perfect; and each family will have the satisfaction of appearing in the manner that is most agreeable to its wishes. The editors, therefore, cannot conclude without repeating their earnest solicitation to the several families, into whose hands these proposals may fall, to contribute their friendly and generous assistance towards compleating this useful and valuable design.

Printed for J. ALMON, opposite Burlington-House, in Piccadilly.

THE
NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL
FOR WIT.

BEING
A COLLECTION
OF
CURIOUS PIECES
IN VERSE AND PROSE.
BY SEVERAL EMINENT PERSONS.
PART THE SECOND.



L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year MDCCLXVIII.



C O N T E N T S.

T HE Offer of a Young Minister	—	1
The Present Age	—	3
To the P. of W. with a pair of doves	—	6
Epigram on the supposed retirement of the Favourite		7
On the King	—	8
An Ode	—	ibid.
Epigram	—	9
Another, by an Eton boy	—	ibid.
Upon St. George for England	—	10
Epigram on a Fast	—	11
The Loyal Pair	—	ibid.
On a Printing House	—	12
On the Scotch Pavement	—	ibid.
The Thane's Dance	—	ibid.
On a late promised Resignation	—	13
The Rats and the Cheese	—	14
Epigram	—	15
Dialogue between Ralph and Hodge	—	16
Political Death of a late Commoner	—	17
On a whimsical event at Marlborough inn	—	ibid.
On the death of Sir H. Bellendine	—	18
On Mr. Churchill's Death	—	19
Cure for the King's Evil	—	ibid.
Verses in a Cottage	—	ibid.
The E—l of N——n's toast	—	20
Elegy on Admiral Byng	—	ibid.
Imitation of Ode IX. Book IV. of Horace	—	22
Elegy on Lady Aberg--n--y	—	27
Mr. Garrick to a Gentleman	—	29
On the new buildings near the Royal Exchange	—	ibid.
The Mirror of Knighthood	—	30
Curse of Avarice	—	32
Epigram	—	33
A 2		The

The honest Confession	_____	_____	34
The Morning Visit	_____	_____	ibid.
Dialogue at Lady Ramble's	_____	_____	38
A modern Glossary	_____	_____	40
On the Ladies Head-dress in 1768	_____	_____	44
Song for the Mall	_____	_____	46
On the Templars	_____	_____	48
Answer	_____	_____	ibid.
Description of Dublin	_____	_____	49
Sketch of Paris	_____	_____	50
Batchelor's Choice of a Wife	_____	_____	51
Female Complaint	_____	_____	52
On a Lady's reading Rubies for B--bb--s	_____	_____	53
Miss Courtney to Miss Conolly	_____	_____	54
Ruins of Pomfret-Castle	_____	_____	57
Humorous Advertisements	_____	_____	61 to 67
The City Farce	_____	_____	67
British Ambassadors's Speech	_____	_____	74
On L. B's being appointed G. of Virginia	_____	_____	77
Manners. By P. Whitehead, Esq;	_____	_____	77
Honour. By the same	_____	_____	90
State Dunces. By the same	_____	_____	102
Hit or miss	_____	_____	116
Scots Decree	_____	_____	117
Modern Plaid-wearers	_____	_____	120
Epigram	_____	_____	121
On losing to Lady H---n at Loo	_____	_____	ibid.
Way to be wise. By Soame Jenyns, Esq;	_____	_____	122
To any Minister or Great Man	_____	_____	123
Advice to Lord Rockingham	_____	_____	125
Fables for grown Gentlemen	_____	_____	127
Lyric Epistles. By the same	_____	_____	152 to 164
Appendix. Another Lyric Epistle	_____	_____	1

THE
NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL
FOR WIT.

PART THE SECOND.

THE OFFER OF A YOUNG MINISTER
TO THE PUBLIC,

IN THIS TIME OF NECESSITY.

SInce the state is in want of some bold forward
youth,

Who can guide with discretion, with spirit and
truth ;

With a view, my good people, our measures to
mend,

Permit me to point out my young hearty friend ;

He is resolute, easy, obedient and clear,

And I think, if I know him, he'll *do for a year*.

He's form'd *cap à piè* in the best modern way ;

And—as long as he's pleas'd—is too true to betray ;

His wit is so striking, he'll dare to engage

Great M—f—d the wonder and gem of the age ;

B

So

So shrewd—that, if factions surround him, he'll
trick 'em

As ably as R——m, G——n, or W——m.

As Apelles selected from each Grecian face,
To paint his fam'd Venus, some beauty or grace,
So he, from each statesman who shines at this time,
To make himself perfect, has skim'd off the cream.
From B——e he learnt courage, intrigue from his
brother,
And craft from 'em both, for they're shades to each
other.

From Ch——m he learnt to harangue and dispute
For American rights, ere he crept to lord B——e :
From C——n's *kind, liberal, generous* soul,
To give the C——n pow'r 'bove legal controul :
Lord C——re taught him friendship, lord S——ys
ready wit,
And Ch——s when to yield to the spur and the
bit.

With H——d he studied the passions of men,
And knows all their price from one hundred to ten :
All the arts of stock-jobbing each broker could
bring,
He poss'esses, improv'd by l——d H——t——d this spring ;
And, to sum up this prodigy all in one line,
“ My friend in political merit's a mine ;”

A mine,

A mine, that if work'd, large resources will yield,
 To the C—t, to the S—te, the C——l, and field ;
 As he sprung from the dirt, so in dirt he'll live on,
 And will perish in sin—for the good of the C—n.
 If these are not qualities worthy to rule,
 Ye may take B—e and H——d, with all the
 Scotch school.

THE PRESENT AGE.

NO more, my friend ! of vain applause,
 Nor complimentary rhymes :
 Come, Muse, let's call another cause,
 And sing about the times.

For, of all ages ever known,
 The present is the oddest ;
 As all the men are honest grown,
 And all the women, modest.

No lawyers now are fond of fees,
 Nor clergy of their dues,
 Few people at the play one fees,
 At church, what crowded pews !

No courtiers now their friends deceive
 With promises of favour :
 For what they make 'em once believe,
 They faithfully endeavour.

Our nobles!—Heav'n defend us all!

I'll nothing say about 'em :

For they are great, and I'm but small,

So, Muse, jog on without 'em.

Our gentry ! what a virtuous race !

Despising earthly treasures :

Fond of true honour's glorious chace,

And quite averse to pleasures.

The ladies dress so plain, indeed,

You'd think 'em quakers all :

Witness the wool-packs on their head,

So comely ! and so small !

What tradesman now forsakes his shop,

For politics, or news ?

Or takes his dealer at a hop,

Through interested views ?

No soaking sot his spouse neglects

For mugs of mantling nappy ;

Nor madly squanders his effects,

To make himself *quite happy*.

Our frugal taste the state secures,

Whence, then, can woe begin ?

For lux'ry's all turn'd out of doors,

Frugality took in.

Hence

Hence all the plenty of the times !

Hence all provisions cheap !

Hence dearth of follies and of crimes ?

Hence all complaints asleep !

Vile cuckold-making is forgot ;

No ladies now in *keeping* ;

No debtors in our prisons rot !

No creditors a weeping !

(So frequent once) the French disease

Is grown near out of knowledge ;

And doctors take but mod'rate fees

In country, town, or college.

No pleasure-chaifes fill the streets,

Or crowd the roads on Sunday :

So, horses lab'ring through the week,

Obtain a respite one day.

See ! gamesters, jugglers, swearers, lyars,

Despis'd, and out of fashion ;

And modern youth, grown self-deniers,

Fly all unlawful passion.

Happy the nation thus endow'd !

So void of want and crimes !

All zealous for their neighbour's good ;

Oh these are glorious times !

Your character ! (with wond'ring stare !
 Says Tom,) is mighty high, Sir !
 But pray forgive me, if I swear,
 I think 'tis all a LYE, Sir !

Ha ! think you so ? my honest clown !
 Then take another light on't ;
 Just turn the picture *upside-down*,
 I fear you'll see the right on't.

O. W.

AN ARTICLE HAVING BEEN IN THE PAPERS,

OF THE EARL OF BUTE PRESENTING A PAIR OF
 UNCOMMON FINE DOVES AND A PARROT
 TO THE P--- OF W---;

THE FOLLOWING LINES APPEARED SOON AFTER.

A Pair of doves, and sent me by my Bute ;
 Dear birds, how well the tender wish you suit ;
 A pair of am'rous doves, both highly bred,
 And one of love's own colour, flaming red.
 Dear birds ! repeats the fair, and heaves a sigh,
 Congenial fondness kindling in her eye.
 Poll screams : Away, thou art no bird for me,
 She cries ; you parrots talk, as well as see.

AN

A N E P I G R A M

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE,

ON READING A PARAGRAPH IMPORTING THE RETIREMENT OF A CERTAIN GREAT FAVOURITE.

AS the devil and B— were conversing of late,
Of the *Ins* and the *Outs*, and the care of the
state;

I fancy, cry'd Satan, my worthy old friend,
You and I shall go downward before we ascend:
My honest colleague, reply'd B—, that's a shock,
Ascend I can *all-ways*—(perhaps to the b—.)
You know, answer'd Lucifer, long I've been true;
But if party's too pow'rful! what can we do?
Ken me reecht, says my l—, it admits nae dispute,
Aw the laddies in Scotland will screen Janny E—.
You're a fool! answer'd Lucifer, balance the
scales;

Your own country detests you, Go—run into
Wales.

POLLY CLARK.

O N T H E K I N G

DECLARING THAT HE WOULD HAVE NO MONEY
SPENT ON ELECTIONS,

BUT THAT "HE WOULD BE TRIED BY HIS COUNTRY."

TRied by your country ! To your people's love,
Amiable prince, so soon appeal !
Stay, till the tender sentiments improve,
Ripening to gratitude from zeal.

Years hence (yet ah ! too soon) shall Britain see
The trial of thy virtues past ;
Who could foretel that your first wish would be,
What all believe will be your last ?

A N O D E.

HOW vain are guards when guilty fear
Distracts the conscious tyrant's breast ?
When empty sounds disturb his ear,
And fancy'd murd'ers break his rest ?

While he who rules with peaceful sway,
Whose safety does from virtue flow ;
Nor fears the battle's dread array,
Nor treach'rous poignard's fatal blow.

No

No danger innocence can move ;
 Secure by power divine it's led :
 Impending ruin from above,
 Still waits upon the guilty head.

A N E P I G R A M.

WHEN Samson, full of wrath, devis'd,
 Vengeance on false Philistia's race,
 Three hundred foxes scarce suffic'd
 To blaze destruction o'er the place.

Three hundred, says his grace, and smiles,
 Alas, in my administration
 One single F— alone had wiles
 Sufficient to destroy a nation.

E P I G R A M.

BY AN ETON BOY.

AS, on a board well-pois'd, boys sink and rise,
 As scales, one falling, t'other upward flies,
 The sons of Westminster, and Eton school
 Hold, in affairs of state, divided rule.

P—ltn—y

† P—ltn—y was down, and envying || Walpole's
height,

Strove long, in vain, to rise above the knight.

The † P—lh—ms next rose up to high renown,
But cunningly they first pull'd Walpole down.

† Gr—nv—lle aloft was, like a meteor, seen,
He blaz'd one morn, and disappear'd at e'en.

|| F—x in his bold attempt was soon laid sprawl-
ing,

Just on his rise, he fell, for fear of falling.

Quick, † H—ll—s mounted, ever in a hurry,
And on the rising side up started † M—rr—y.

That scale is sinking now : 'tis tit for tat :

Beware ye Westminster of || P—tt and || P—tt.

† Bred at Westminster.

|| Bred at Eton.

UPON ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

ST. George, to save a maid, the dragon slew ;

A pretty tale, if all that's said be true ;

Some say there was no dragon ; and 'tis said,

There was no George ; I wish there was a maid.

E P I G R A M.

ON A FAST, FEB. 1758.

TO fast for our sins!--why 'tis decent enough;
 But to fast for success on our arms, is mere
 stuff;
 It may likewise be healthy,--set the stomach quite
 right,
 But I wish it wou'd give us a stomach to *fight*.

THE LOYAL PAIR.

AN EPIGRAM.

I'LL *list* for a soldier, says Robin to Sue,
 T' avoid your eternal disputes.
 Aye, aye, cries the termagant, do, Robin, do,
 I'll *raise*, the mean while, fresh recruits.

R. J.

ON

ON A PRINTING-HOUSE.

THE world's a printing-house; our words,
our thoughts,

Our deeds, are characters of sev'ral sizes :
Each soul is a compos'tor; of whose faults
The Levites are correctors; heav'n revives :
Death is the common press; from whence being
driv'n,
We're gather'd sheet by sheet, and bound for
heav'n.

ON THE SCOTCH PAVEMENT.

HAD paving London streets in taste
Been left to me alone,
On Scotchmen's heads we might have trod,
And B— the corner stone.

THE THANE'S DANCE.

LEAD up, join Hands,
Then turn about;
The thane commands,
Ye now go out.

Another

Another sett

The dance begin ;
The thane, in pet,
Takes others in.

Another still

The thane employs ;
Obey my will,
The tyrant cries.

“ Mind that ye prance
Just as I play,
Or ye shan’t dance
Another day.”

ON A LATE PROMISED RESIG- NATION.

WILL Ch—m resign, or continue in place ?
Is a question of doubtful dispute.

Peace, blockheads ! there can be no doubt in the
case,

He’s already resign’d—to lord B—.

THE RATS AND THE CHEESE.

IF bees a government maintain,
 Why may not rats of stronger brain,
 And greater pow'r, as well be thought
 By Machiavelian axioms taught ;
 And so they are, for thus of late
 It happen'd in the rats free state.

Their prince (his subjects more to please)
 Had got a mighty Cheshire cheese,
 In which his ministers of state
 Might live in plenty, and grow great.

A pow'rful party strait combin'd,
 And their united forces join'd,
 To bring their measures into play,
 For none so loyal were as they ;
 And none such patriots to support,
 As well the country as the court.
 No sooner were those dons admitted,
 But (all those wond'rous virtues quitted)
 Regardless of their prince, and those
 They artfully led by the nose,
 They all the speediest means devise
 To raise themselves and families.

Another

Another party well observing
 These pamper'd were, while they were starving,
 Their ministry brought in disgrace,
 Expell'd them, and supply'd their place :
 These on just principles were known
 The true supporters of the throne,
 And for the subject's liberty,
 They'd (marry wou'd they) freely die ;
 But, being well fix'd in their station,
 Regardless of their prince and nation,
 Just like the others, all their skill
 Was how they might their paunches fill.

On this, a rat not quite so blind
 In state-intrigues as human kind,
 But of more honour, thus reply'd ;
 Confound ye all on either side ;
 All your contentions are but these,
 Whose arts shall best secure the cheese.

E P I G R A M.

SAYS great Will—m P--t, with his usual
 emotion,

The peers are no more than a drop in the ocean.†
 The city adore him, how charming a thing !
 To pull down the peers, and to humble the k--g ;
 But summon'd to court, he reflects on his words,
 And to balance the state, takes a seat with the
 lords.

† Vide the wisest speech he ever made.

A D I A-

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN RALPH AND
HODGE.

RALPH.

A Dzooks ! master Hodge, you are welcome to
How fares all our friends in the west ? [town,
Is Cic'ly alive, and Thomas and Joan,
And Margery and Kate and the rest ?

HODGE.

Aye, aye, they're all well, and desires their love,
And good wishes to you and to aunt ;—
But I heates to be plagued with their nonsense
above

All things, but this cursed long jaunt.
I longs for the news—Is 'squire Wilkes come to
town ?

May we hope to be guided by P—t ?
We're hugely dismay'd to hear 'un run down—
Zouns ; I thought the town-folks had more
wit.

RALPH.

As to Wilkes, my old friend, he remains where
he was ;

And as to his friends,—why plague rat 'em :
But poor 'squire P—t (*all flesh is but grass*)
Lies decently buried in Chatham.

ON

ON THE POLITICAL DEATH OF THE LATE GREAT COMMONER.

HERE dead to fame lies patriot Will,
His monument his feat,
His titles are his epitaph,
His robe his winding sheet.

ON A LATE WHIMSICAL EVENT

THAT BEFEL SIR ----- AT THE CASTLE INN
AT MARLBOROUGH,

IN THE MONTH OF FEB. 1767.

AT Marlbro' inn oblig'd to stop,
My tir'd mare, and bait her;
While eating of my mutton chop,
I thus address'd the waiter:

Who's on my right? I hear a moan:

— In state Sir Robert lying.

Who's on my left? I hear a groan:

— In state L— C—— dying.

C

Then

Then prithee tell me what's to pay,
 (Deuce take your introduction)
 For I no longer here will stay
 Between *death* and *destruction*.

S.

A N A C R E O N T I C :

ON THE DEATH OF SIR HARRY BELLENDINE.

BY LORD MIDDLESEX.

Y E sons of Bacchus, come and join
 In solemn dirge, while tapers shine
 Around the grape-embossed shrine
 Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Pour the rich juice of Bourdeaux wine,
 Mix'd with your falling tears of brine,
 In just libations, o'er the shrine
 Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Your brows let ivy chaplets twine,
 While you push round the sparkling wine,
 And let your table be the shrine
 Of honest Harry Bellendine.

ON)

ON MR. CHURCHILL'S DEATH.

PRose-driving dunces, waddling fools in rhyme,
 Scoundrels of ev'ry kind, by vengeance led;
 Spit forth your venom, poison all our clime,
 Churchill, who scourg'd you to your holes, is
 dead! J. C.

A CURE FOR THE KING'S EVIL.

BY AN ENGLISH SURGEON.

A MÂN there liv'd at L—— hall,
 Of muckle weight i'th' state;
 Who always had an *itchy* palm,
 And eke an *Evil* pate.

This *Sov'reign* remedy I've found,
 To cure this curs'd disease;
 Lop off the head, the limbs will fade,
 The nation be at ease.

THE FOLLOWING COPY OF VERSES

*are to be seen on a small cottage or building, in the
 rustic taste, intended as a place of retirement, built
 by — Powis, Esq; in a grove by the river
 Severn, about a mile from Little Walcot, in the
 county of Salop.*

S TAY passenger, and tho' within,
 Nor gold nor glitt'ring gems are seen,
 To strike thy dazzl'd eye,
 Yet enter, and thy ravish'd mind
 Beneath this humble roof shall find
 What gold will never buy.

Within

Within this solitary cell,
 Calm thought and sweet contentment dwell,
 Parents of bliss sincere :
 Peace spreads around her balmy wings,
 And banish'd from the courts of kings,
 Has fix'd her mansion here.

THE E—L OF N——'S TOAST,
 ON THE SEVERAL CHANGES IN THE MINISTRY.

WHAT that Rogue loses, this Rogue wins ;
 Both are birds of a feather ;
 “ Here's damn the Outs, and damn the Ins,
 “ And damn them all together.”

E L E G Y,

ON THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BYNG.

Fatal vicissitude !

WAS it for this that fortune grac'd thy birth,
 Bestow'd thee titled honour, pomp, and place,
 And pointed out the way that led to worth,
 To make thy death conspicuously base ?

Grant me, just heavens ! to breathe in desert air,
 And mourn my days in solitude forlorn,
 Rather than seat me in ambition's chair,
 If I must live and die my country's scorn.

Yet from the smallest to the greatest crimes,
 Some little share of gentle pity's due :
 Britons ! if 'tis with-held in other climes,
 The poor offender claims the debt from you.

'Tis

'Tis yours to follow radiant truth, to poise,
 The scales of justice with an even hand :
 But then 'tis great, 'tis just to sympathize—
 Else wherefore breathe ye in a christian land.

Since he has paid the forfeit of the laws,
 Indulge his friends the tribute of a sigh ;
 It will not wrong a suff'ring nation's cause ;
 Heav'n loves the drops that gush from *pity's* eye.

No longer let revenge pursue its blow,
 Nor scandal strive his mem'ry to degrade ;
 Let deep oblivion bury all his woe,
 And o'er his foibles spread her friendly shade.

Oh ! then (if ye can grant a boon so great)
 Forgive the muse, if o'er his mould'ring bier,
 In kind condolance for his hapless fate,
 She gen'rous drops the sympathetic tear.

But if, emerging forth from time's dark womb,
Truth should exculpate his inglorious name ;
 Will not each Briton reverence his tomb,
 And future bards immortalize his fame ?

Thy foes must own, and while they own, admire,
 O Byng, thy calm composure at thine end ;
 Too late (thou victim to thy country's ire)
 Unbiafs'd reason shews herself thy friend.

BENEVOLUS,

IMITATION OF THE IXth ODE OF THE
IVth BOOK OF HORACE.

TO A FRIEND.

THO' born where Devon's hills arise,
Where tempests sweep along the skies,
And spoil the face of day :
Yet shall this verse in future times
Be read with those of happier climes,
Climes where the muses stray.

Tho' Milton's brows with bays we twine,
And stile him wonderful ! divine !
Th' immortal, and the bard !
Yet Pope, with ev'ry grace replete,
In sense, and harmony complete,
Still claims our just regard.

Still Dryden's nervous numbers charm,
Equal, majestic ; full, and warm,
He bears his fire along :
By turns the various verse he tries,
And bids each passion fall or rise
Just as he shifts the song.

Nor

Nor even Waller we disdain,
 Nor Cowley's pensive, moral strain,
 Nor Shakespeare's magic art ;
 Shakespeare, like Sophocles, sublime,
 Subdues the soul, in spite of time,
 And searches ev'ry heart !

Sedley, tho' loose, and light as air,
 Still cheers the gay, and fires the fair,
 So free his fancy roves !
 Behn breathes her love-sighs still around,
 Still from her harp the notes resound,
 Soft as the down of doves.

Nor gentle Rosamond alone,
 Admir'd the tinsel of a throne,
 Or felt th'enliv'ning glow :
 Nor first the desp'rate Henry made
 The pointed pike a palisade
 To stop th' impetuous foe.

Britain had felt the hand of war,
 Before she saw the Julian star,
 Within her regions rise :
 Brave Caractacus did no more,
 Than many men had done before,
 To win bright honour's prize.

Before bold Bonduca became,
 Th' avenger of a daughter's fame,
 The scourge of lawless lust :
 Before great Alfred wore the crown,
 Liv'd others of as much renown,
 As noble, wise, and just.

But all in sad oblivion sleep ;
 No muse had they their worth to weep,
 Or to record their lot :
 In vain they fought, in vain they bled ;
 Their names unfung, their acts unread,
 They died, and are forgot.

Vice fares like virtue in the grave ;
 The master there is like the slave ;
 No characters remain :
 No marks of all the sons of men,
 Unless sage history lends her pen,
 Or poetry her strain.

Then let me not leave thee to lie
 In silence and obscurity,
 My patron, and my friend !
 But let the God of verse inspire
 My bosom now with all his fire,
 Thy worth to recommend !

With

With steady head, with tender heart,
 With conduct void of fraud or art,
 With temper firm and free,
 You seem in ev'ry scene the same,
 Nor fortune court, nor fortune blame,
 But judge as ought to be.

Discerning, uncorrupt, and bold,
 Unaw'd by pow'r, unhurt by gold,
 That tamer of the mind :
 Deceitful av'rice shall no more
 Ensnare the rich, or crush the poor,
 While you befriend mankind.

Nor yet for once you act aright,
 Or steal, like meteors, on the sight,
 That glare, and pass away :
 But constant, equal, good, and true,
 You charm alike at ev'ry view,
 And charm alike each day.

Humanity shall boast her son,
 Shall tell the triumphs he has won,
 The wretched he has blest :
 Shall tell how oft the lenient care
 Hath sooth'd the terrors of despair,
 And set the soul at rest.

Should fortune from her flowing hand
 Increase your wealth, enrich your land,
 And pour her gifts profuse :
 Absurd 'twould be if we should call
 You happy, tho' possess'd of all,
 Without a will to use.

He only feels the joy sincere
 Who acts with moderation here,
 Unsway'd by love or hate ;
 Who wisely uses what is giv'n ;
 Or bravely bears the will of Heav'n ;
 Resign'd in ev'ry state.

Who dreads not death so much as shame ;
 Who stands unfully'd in his fame ;
 Uncheck'd in virtue's race :
 Such, such a one is not afraid
 To perish in his country's aid,
 Or share his friend's disgrace.

AN ELEGY ON LADY ABERG--N--Y.

BY THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. P. ESQ.

SHall she whose charms inspir'd each sprightly
lay,

Now want the last sad tribute we can pay?
Think not the muse can so ungrateful prove,
She deems it no such crime to fall by love;
Dido still lives in Virgil's sacred song,
E'en Addison has wept his Rosamond;
And can we see thy shade unpitied go,
To join th' unhappy fair in those fam'd fields of
woe,

Where plaintive echo thro' th' immortal grove,
Repeats the tale of some disastrous love:
No more shall frantic Cleopatra wail,
Nor soft Monimia her sad error tell,
No more Calista her Lothario name,
Nor call on the dear cause of all her pain:
Each shade thy sad pre-eminence shall own,
And list'ning to thy woes, forget themselves to
moan.

Born on the soaring wing of gay desire,
High plac'd as young ambition could aspire,
You sunk, at once depriv'd of fame and breath,
Like falling stars, thy beauty's set in death;

Yet

Yet there no female malice wounds thine ears,
 Which unrelenting here thine honour tears ;
 No foe to beauty, clamorous and loud,
 Of an involuntary virtue proud,
 There blasts thy name, for joys she longs to prove,
 And into brutal lust misconstrues gentle love.
 No prude reform'd by wrinkles and threescore,
 Branding that passion she inspires no more,
 Does with malicious joy thy story tell,
 And curse the crime she better could conceal.
 Such are the virtuous patterns of the town,
 Who speak thy guilt but to disguise their own.
 Friends to the vice, tho' desperate foes to shame,
 Pant for, each night, what, ev'ry day they blame.
 Still would the muse, at thy loud grief's command,
 (Faint though her voice, and though unskill'd
 her hand)

From base reproach thy mangled fame retrieve,
 And what she dare not justify, forgive.
 She saw with pity Howe's † untimely doom,
 And shed a tear on hapless Kingston's || tomb.
 So shall she now the softest colours choose
 To paint thy fate, and shadow out thy woes ;
 Call it a tender, though a lawless flame,
 Think on thy beauties, and forget thy shame.

† Maid of honour to the queen.

|| D---b---d, by lord S---b---gh.

MR. GARRICK SENT THE FOLLOW-
ING LINES TO A NOBLEMAN,

WHO ASKED HIM IF HE DID NOT INTEND BEING IN
PARLIAMENT.

MORE than content with what my labours
gain,
Of *public favour* though a little vain ;
Yet not so vain my mind, so madly bent,
To wish to *play the fool* in parliament ;
In each dramatic unity to err ;
Mistaking *time*, and *place*, and *character* !
Were it my fate to quit the mimic art,
I'd " strut, and fret," no more in any part ;
No more in *public scenes* would I engage,
Or wear the *cap* and *mask* on any stage.

ON CERTAIN NEW BUILDINGS NEAR
THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

WHEN Israel's impious sons forgot
The God, who their deliv'rance wrought,
And fell before a calf of gold ;
Or when they sham'd the sacred use
And worship of Jehovah's house
Built tables there and bought and sold ;

To ours, theirs were but puny crimes,
 The christian jews of modern times
 Outdo the deeds of all their race :
 They boldly tumble temples down,
 And then, th' impiety to crown,
 Set up their idol in the place.

THE MIRROR OF KNIGHTHOOD.

A TRUE TALE---WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1734.

Ribbons and stars, and courtly toys,
 Attract the wond'ring vulgar's eyes,
 Who an implicit homage pay
 To ev'ry thing that's glitt'ring gay ;
 A dunce, or what's inanimate,
 A golden ass, or coach of state :
 But the discerning few, the wise,
 Trust not intirely to their eyes.
 For they consider honour's badges
 Are not true merit's constant wages.
 Examples in all lands abound,
 Except our own, where few are found :
 And therefore, to avoid reflection,
 A foreign tale is my election.

An English merchant*, who for trade
 His residence Oporto made,

† The late Sir Robert Godschall,

Liv'd in a house of structure odd,
 One wing extending to the road,
 Which made a nook, where people stood,
 The fountains of a briny flood,
 Sol here intensely darts his beams,
 And raises suffocating steams.

Our merchant, who could not endure
 The nuisance, studied for a cure.
 Should he desire them to forbear;
 A show'ry sky as soon would hear:
 For they but small regard would show
 A foreigner, their church's foe.
 This brought to mind their superstition;
 (A lucky thought in his condition)
 With that he for a workman sends,
 Bids him forthwith the corner cleanse,
 And in it then a *cross* erect,
 (Object of catholicks respect)
 'Tis done; the passengers no more
 Infest the corner as before;
 But kneeling there the *cross* adore.

}

Their king soon after hapt to dub,
 With knighthood, a notorious scrub:
 (Ye Britons take my story right
 'Twas Portugal that own'd the knight)
 So ill-bestow'd a grace, became
 Of conversation general theme:
 When at our merchant's table one,
 On the same subject thus begun;

' I must

' I must confess, I'm at a loss,
 ' How the king came to give the cross
 ' To such a wretch, the public scorn !'
 (The cross there badge of knighthood worn)
 Our merchant with a smile replies,
 ' 'Tis done with reason. Kings are wise
 ' The same I've to my corner done,
 ' That it might not be pifs'd upon.'

THE CURSE OF AVARICE.

A SONG.

WHAT man in his wits had not rather be poor,
 Than for lucre his freedom to give ?
 Ever busy the means of his life to secure,
 And so ever neglecting to live.

[Environ'd from morning to night in a croud,
 Not a moment unbent or alone ;
 Constrain'd to be abject, tho' never so proud,
 And at every one's call but his own.

Still repining, and longing for quiet each hour,
 Yet studiously flying it still ;
 With the means of enjoying his wish in his
 pow'r,
 But accurs'd in his wanting the will.

For

For a year must be pass'd, or a day must be come
 Before he has leisure to rest ;
 He must add to his store this or that pretty sum,
 And then, will have time to be blest.

But his gains, more bewitching the more they
 increase,
 Only swell the desires of his eye :
 Such a wretch let mine enemy live, if he please,
 Let not even mine enemy die.

Λ Ο Υ Κ Ι Α Λ Ι Ο ' Τ .

MΥΝ Ασκληπιαδης ὁ φιλαργυρος εἶδεν ἐν οἰκῳ :
 Καὶ τι ποιεῖς, φησὶν, φιλῆσαι μὲ παρ' ἐμοῖ ;
 Ἦδὺ δ' ὁ μὲν γελάσας, μὴδὲν φίλε, φησι, φοβηθὸς :
 Οὐχὶ τροφῆς παρὰ σοὶ χερῶμεν, ἀλλὰ μόνης.

E P I G R A M.

A *miser* spy'd a mouse about his house ;
 What do you here, says he, my pretty mouse ?
 Smiling replies the mouse, You need not sweat,
 I come for *lodging*, friend, and not for *meat*.

THE HONEST CONFESSION.

IT happen'd in a healthful year,
 (Which made provision very dear,
 And phyfic mighty cheap ;)
 A doctor, fore opprefs'd with want,
 On business turning out so scant,
 Was one day seen to weep.

A neighbour ask'd him, why so sad,
 And hop'd no dangerous illness had
 To any friend befall —
 O Lord! you quite mistake the case,
 (Quoth Blister) Sir, this rueful face
 Is 'cause my friends are well.

THE MORNING VISIT.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN LADY RATTLE AND
 LADY PAM.

L. R. **G**OOD morning, dear cousin, pray how
 do you do ?

I hope you was fortunate last night at loo.

L. P. No, trust me, I ne'er had such ill luck
 before,

I lost a hundred sweet pieces or more ;

The

The clock juſt ſtruck five as I went to my bed,
Which cauſes a ſort of an ach in my head.

But prithee what news?——

L. R. —— Oh ! ſurprizing indeed !

L—— Razorface ſain would perpetuate his breed,
And therefore he's married——

L. P. —— Heav'n grant me repoſe !

'Tis ſome little wretch, ſure, that nobody knows;
For no one of any diſtinction would be
United to ſuch a poor reptile as he.

His recent behaviour muſt bar his purſuit ;
By all he's conjectur'd a fool or a brute ;
And beſides he's no L——, 'tis all a mere fiction,
Of that in the *caſe* we have thorough conviction.

L. R. I have let you run on ; to enhance your
ſurprize,

Take this paper, and ſee !—believe your own eyes.

L. P. Is't poſſible ? No. Let me read it again ;
Such folly, ſure, never infected a brain !

The poor am'rous lady was at her laſt pray'rs
To wed an impoſtor—I'd wait till white hairs
Had grizzled my pate o'er, ere I wou'd unite
With one whoſe connections would ſhame me
outright.

L. R. The new-marry'd couple laſt Friday
appear'd

At Ranelagh——Lord ! how the company ſneer'd,

To see his mock L—— supporting his bride,
 Who hung with a languishing air by his side.
 I vow and protest 'twas diverting to hear
 How often she fondly repeated, My dear !
 Her female companion, as puffer, oft cry'd,
 Lord ! where's lady Razorface ? where is the bride ?
 Did you see lady Razorface ? it was her care
 To buzz the new title about ev'ry where.

L. P. 'Twas farcical, truly, but tell me, my
 dear,
 If lady Fannilia, her rival, was there ?

L. R. She was ; and look'd charming ;——
 I cannot express
 The pleasing effect of her innocent dress.
 But what is more wonderful still, you must know,
 A lady that died, as he said, long ago ;
 The daughter of him that, you know, made a
 noise :
 Lord bless me ! what makes me forget ?——the
 great cause !

L. P. Is it A——ys ?

L. R. —Yes ! you have hit it—the same—
 She, that very night, sure to Ranelagh came ;
 And nature so lavish has been to the fair,
 You'd have sworn that an angel was habitant
 there.

The bridegroom, in spite of his ignorant boast,
 Seem'd really as tho' he perceived a ghost ;

His

His colour grew wan,—tho' 'tis nat'rally so,
 But he was, I believe, unprepar'd for the blow.
 She met him,—he turn'd—but too soon, in the
 round,

She darted a glance—brighter sense might confound ;

And then, in a tone quite ironical, cry'd,
 I, two years ago, of a consumption died.

But pray don't I look very well for a shade ?

The malady was in my purse tho' display'd ;

[But now I'm recover'd, you see I'm grown fat,
 And D-n-v-n there shall experience that :

My cousin Dorinda and I will unite,

Then see if our forces won't conquer him quite. .

Confounded, he quitted the place with his bride,
 While Wh—l—r, with fond admiration was ey'd,

L. P. I thank you, my dear, for your news ;
 but you'll stay

And dine here to-day, in a family way ;

Then at night repair with us to lady Bragg's
 rout,

And circulate what we've been talking about.

PHILO.

T O T H E E D I T O R .

S I R,

DINING at lady Ramble's the other day, it was proposed, after dinner, by her ladyship's sister, to hear Miss, who is a fine girl of about eleven years of age, concerning some points she had been instructed in relative to her duty in life; which being agreed to, her ladyship desired Miss to stand up, and then asked the questions, and received the answers following; and as they may be of service to other young ladies of quality, I have transmittted them to you,

SOCRATISSA.

L. R. My dear! pray tell me what you was brought into the world for?

MISS. A husband.

L. R. O my dear! you should say, to be admired.

AUNT. Well, I vow I think my niece has given a better answer; as she came to the point directly, and brought the matter home at once.

L. R.

L. R. What is the duty of an husband ?

Miss. To please his wife.

L. R. What is the duty of a wife ?

Miss. To please herself.

L. R. What are the principal objects on which
a fine lady should fix her attention ?

Miss. Dress and Admiration.

L. R. What is the chief use of a fine lady's eyes ?

Miss. To stare and ogle at the men.

L. R. What is the business of a fine lady ?

Miss. To play at cards, go to routs, balls,
plays, operas, &c. and carry on in-
trigues.

L. R. What is the religion of a fine lady ?

Miss. To pay her devotions at court, and make
her curt'sies in the drawing-room.

L. R. May a fine lady ever go to church ?

Miss. Very seldom ; and then she must be sure to
sleep there, or to talk very loud, and
slander some of her acquaintance.

L. R. Which is the best book in the world ?

Miss. Hoyle on quadrille.

L. R. From whence come the politest fashions,
and the best silks ?

Miss. From France.

L. R. Who make the best servants ?

MISS. The French.

L. R. Very well, my dear! you don't forget I find.

AUNT. I vow my niece is very perfect in her education, and will make a fine accomplished woman.

A MODERN GLOSSARY.

ANGEL. The name of a woman, commonly of a very bad one.

AUTHOR. A laughing stock. It means likewise a poor fellow, and in general an object of contempt.

BEAR. A country gentleman; or indeed, any animal upon two legs that doth not make a handsome bow.

BEAUTY. The qualification with which women generally go into keeping.

BEAU. With the article A before it, means a great favourite of all women.

BRUTE. A word implying plain-dealing and sincerity; but more especially applied to a philosopher.

CAPTAIN.	{	Any stick of wood with a head to it, and a piece of black ribbon upon that head.
COLONEL.		

CREATURE.

CREATURE. A quality expression, of low contempt, properly confined only to the mouths of ladies who are right honourable.

CRITIC. Like *homo*, a name given to all the human race.

COXCOMB. A word of reproach, and yet at the same time, signifying all that is most commendable.

DAMNATION. A term appropriated to the theatre: though sometimes more largely applied to all works of invention.

DEATH. The final end of man; as well of the thinking part of the body, as of all the other parts.

DRESS. The principal accomplishment of men and women.

DULNESS. A word applied by all writers to the wit and humour of others.

EATING. A science.

FINE. An adjective of a very peculiar kind, destroying, or, at least, lessening the force of the substantive to which it is joined, as fine gentleman, fine lady, fine house, fine cloaths, fine taste!—in all which, fine is to be understood in a sense somewhat synonymous with useless.

FOOL.

FOOL. A complex idea, compounded of poverty, honesty, piety, and simplicity.

GALLANTRY. Fornication and adultery.

GREAT. Applied to a thing, signifies bigness : when to a man, often littleness, or meanness.

GOOD. A word of as many different senses as the Greek word *ἔχω*, or as the latin *Ago* ; for which reason it is but little used by the polite.

HAPPINESS. Grandeur.

HONOUR. Duelling.

HUMOUR. Scandalous lyes, tumbling and dancing on the rope.

JUDGE. } An old woman.
JUSTICE. }

KNAVE. The name of four cards in every pack.

KNOWLEDGE. In general, means knowledge of the town ; as this is, indeed, the only kind of knowledge ever spoken of in the polite world.

LEARNING. Pedantry.

LOVE. A word properly applied to our delight in particular kinds of food ; sometimes metaphorically spoken of the favourite objects of all our *appetites*.

MARRIAGE. A kind of traffic carried on between the two sexes, in which both are constantly

Flantly endeavouring to cheat each other, and both are commonly losers in the end.

MISCHIEF. Fun, sport, or pastime.

MODESTY. Aukwardness, rusticity.

NO-BODY. All the people in Great Britain, except about 1200.

NONSENSE. Philosophy, especially the philosophical writings of the antients, and more especially of Aristotle.

OPPORTUNITY. The season of cuckoldom.

PATRIOT. A candidate for a place at court.

POLITICS. The art of getting such a place.

PROMISE. Nothing.

RELIGION. A word of no meaning; but which serves as a bugbear to frighten children with.

RICHERS. The only thing upon earth that is really desirable, or valuable.

ROGUE. } A man of a different party from
RASCAL. } yourself.

SERMON. A sleepy dose.

SUNDAY. The best time for playing at cards.

SHOCKING. An epithet which fine ladies apply to almost any thing. It is, indeed, an interjection (if I may so call it) of delicacy.

TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE. Want of spirit.

TASTE. The present whim of the town, whatever it be.

TEASING. Advice; chiefly that of a husband.

VIRTUE. } Subjects of discourse.
VICE. }

WIT. Prophaneness, indecency, immorality, scurrility, mimicry, buffoonery. Abuse of all good men, and especially of the clergy.

WORTH. Power, rank, wealth.

WISDOM. The art of acquiring all three.

WORLD. Your own acquaintance.

STANZAS TO THE LADIES,

ON THEIR HEAD-DRESS FOR THE YEAR 1768,

*Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Ædificat caput; Andromachen a fronte videbis,
Post minor est, aliam credas.*

HAVE ye never seen a net
Hanging at your kitchen door,
Stuff'd with dirty straw, beset
With old skewers o'er and o'er?

If

If ye have—it wonder breeds
 Ye from thence should steal a fashion,
 And should heap your lovely heads
 Such a deal of filthy trash on.

True, your tresses wreath'd with art
 (Bards have said it ten times over)
 Form a net to catch the heart
 Of the most unfeeling lover.

But thus robb'd of half your beauty,
 Whom can ye induce to sigh?
 Or incline for love to suit t'ye
 By his nose, or by his eye?

When he views (what scarce I'd credit
 Of a sex so sweet and clean,
 But that from a wench I had it,
 Of all Abigails the queen)

When he views your tresses thin,
 Tortur'd by some French friseur,
 Horse-hair, hemp, and wool within,
 Garnish'd with a di'mond skewer.

When he scents the mingled steam
 Which your plaster'd heads are rich in,
 Lard and meal, and clouted cream,
 Can he love a walking kitchen?

SQUOXAM.

A SONG

A SONG FOR THE MALL.

A PARODY ON WHITEHEAD'S SONG FOR RANELAGH.

BY A LADY.

YE foplings and prigs, and ye *wou'd-be* smart
things,

Who move in wide commerce's round,
Pray tell me, from whence this absurdity springs,
All orders of rank to confound?

What means the bag-wig, and the soldier-like
air,

On the tradesman obsequious and meek?
Sure sabbaths were meant for retirement and pray'r,
To amend the past faults of the week.

The youth, to whom battles and dangers belong,
May call a fierce look to his aid;

Lace, bluster, and oaths, and a sword an ell long,
Are samples he gives of his trade:

But you, on whom London indulgently smiles,
And whom *counters* should guard from all ills,
Should flily invade with humility's wiles,

Left *splendor* deter us from *bills*.

Old Gresham, whose statue adorns the Exchange,
 Displays the grave cit to our view,
 And silently frowns at a conduct so strange,
 So remote from your int'rests and you :
 Then learn from his gesture, grave, decent, and
 plain,
 To copy fair *prudence's* rules ;
 For frugality's garb will conceal your vast gain,
 And secure ye the plunder of fools.

The ease of a court, and the air of a camp,
 Are graces no cit can procure ;
Monsieur Jourdain † still plods in the Spital-field
 tramp,
 Nor can Hart ‖ the grown aukwardness cure :
 Thus if, apes of the fashion, St. James's you
 crowd,
 And press onwards, in spite of all stops,
 The mall you may *fill*, and be airy and loud,
 But, trust me, you'll ne'er *fill* your shops.

† Vide Moliere's Gentleman Citizen,

‖ A dancing-master in the city.

ON THE TEMPLARS.

AS by the templars holds you go,
 The horse and lamb display'd,
 In emblematic figures shew
 The merits of their trade.

The clients may infer from thence,
 How just is their profession ;
 The lamb sets forth their innocence,
 The horse their expedition.

O happy Eritons, happy isle,
 Let foreign nations say,
 Where you get justice without guile,
 And law without delay.

THE ANSWER.

Deluded men, these holds forego,
 Nor trust such cunning elves ;
 These artful emblems tend to shew
 Their clients, not themselves.

'Tis all a trick, these all are shams,
 By which they mean to cheat you ;
 But have a care, for you're the lambs,
 And they the wolves that eat you.

Nor

Nor let the thoughts of no delay,
 To these their courts misguide you ;
 'Tis you're the shewy horse, and they
 The jockeys that will ride you.

DESCRIPTION OF DUBLIN : †

MASS-houses, churches, mixt together ;
 Streets unpleasant in all weather.

The church, the four courts, and hell contiguous ;
 Castle, College green, and custom-house gibbous.

Few things here are to tempt ye :
 Tawdry outsides, pockets empty :
 Five theatres, little trade, and jobbing arts ;
 Brandy, and snuff-shops, post-chaifes, and carts.

Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid ;
 Masters of their servants afraid ;
 Rogues that daily rob and cut men ;
 Patriots, gamesters, and footmen.

Lawyers, Revenue-officers, priests, physicians ;
 Beggars of all ranks, age, and conditions ;
 Worth scarce shews itself upon the ground ;
 Villainy both with applause and profit crown'd.

E Lawyers,

† See a curious description of London, in the first volume of
 the New Foundling Hospital for Wit, page 28.

Women, lazy, dirty, drunken, loose ;
 Men in labour flow, of wine profuse :
 Many a scheme that the public must rue it :
 This is Dublin, if ye knew it.

A SKETCH OF PARIS.

LADIES, whose dress, wit, sprightliness, and air,
 Charm, till their plaister'd cheeks like spectres
 scare ;

Men, learn'd, polite, and yet so much the prig,
 Their genius seems quite center'd in their wig ;
 Ferries and ferrymen, begrim'd like Charon,
 Plump, chuckling priests, dress'd gorgeously as
 Aaron ;

Pulpit enthusiasts, foaming like mad Tom ;
 Coarse vixens, ogling lewd in Notre Dame ;
 Pert, fallow, slip-shoed damsels, loosely dress'd,
 As risen from bed, and panting to be press'd ;
 Shades, which the gazer for Elysium takes,
 'Till his stung nose suspects the neighb'ring jakes ;
 Nuns joking now, now sighing, " Fless is grass ;"
 Friars who catches roar, and toast a lass ;
 An opera-house, large as our city halls,
 Fine action, words, scenes, dresses—dismal squalls !
 Round from Pont Neuf, the view superb and rich ;
 Grand keys ; the river a genteel Fleet-ditch ;

Lame

Lame hackney horses, as their drivers lean ;
 Figures unnumber'd, anti's to the spleen ;
 Old, wither'd cronies, in gaudy silks display'd :
 Monks with toupees, and tonsors in brocade ;
 Tawdry, patch'd sempstresses, besmear'd with snuff ;
 Long-rapier'd pigmies, hid behind a muff ;
 Shoe-boys with ruffles ; lacqueys, dress'd like
 qual—;

Such oddities ! the town seems all a droll :
 Turn where we will, our eyes new splendors greet,
 Whilst half the city glares a Monmouth-street.
 Still motlier, vanity, had been thy fair,
 If the fam'd painter Bunyan had been there.

THE BACHELOR'S CHOICE OF A WIFE.

IF e'er I wed, my wife shall not be old,
 Deform'd, nor ugly, handsome, nor a scold ;
 She sha'n't be pale, nor red, nor shall she paint ;
 Shall be religious too, but not a saint :
 She shall have sense ; if not a wit, I'll take her ;
 Give such a wife, ye gods, I'll ne'er forsake her.

THE FEMALE COMPLAINT.

CUSTOM, alas! does partial prove,
 Nor gives us even measure;
 A pain it is to maids to love,
 But 'tis to men a pleasure.

They freely can their thoughts disclose,
 But ours must burn within;
 Tho' nature eyes and tongues bestows,
 Yet truth from us is fin.

Men to new joys and conquests fly,
 And yet no hazards run;
 Poor we are left, if we deny;
 And, if we yield, undone.

Then equal laws let custom find,
 Nor thus the sex oppress;
 More freedom grant to woman-kind,
 Or give to mankind less.

ON A YOUNG LADY,

BY A WILFUL MISTAKE READING "RUBIES" FOR
"B---BB---S."

WHEN wise philosophers explain
How gravity attracts,
The weighty pow'r they still maintain,
All in the center acts.

Thus tho' of earth the smallest part,
The heavy impulse owns,
Poize but the middle point with art,
You balance all the zones.

Hence fages, when of spheres they write,
At centers fix a letter,
And wisely call the body by't,
Take A, or chuse a better.

If then on things we fix a name
We borrow from the middle,
How Mira's reading's not to blame
No longer is a riddle.

For tho', that white as hills of snow
A b---bby is, most true be,
Peep sily thro' the gauze, 'twill shew
The middle is a ruby.

E. L.

MISS COURTNEY TO MISS ANNE CONOLLY, MAY 1753.

THO' kind your words—how full of sorrow !
 “ Adieu ! dear Bell—we part to morrow !”

Farewell ! dear sister of my youth,
 Ally'd by honour, love and truth ;
 Farewell our visits, sports and plays,
 Sweet solace of our childish days ;
 Farewell our walks to park and mall,
 Our jaunts to concert, route or ball ;
 Farewell our dish of sprightly chat,
 Of, —who said this—and who did that ;
 Critiques on scissars, needles, pins,
 Fans, aigrettes, ribbands, capuchins.
 A long farewell ! Conolly flies
 To distant suns, and diff'rent skies !

A muse in tears moves slow and dull,
 How weak the head, the heart so full !
 Slight sorrows find an easy vent,
 And trifling cares are eloquent ;
 Sad silence only can express
 The genuine pains of deep distress ;
 Yet I cou'd rave in darken'd chamber
 On seas of milk, and ships of amber,
 Like frantic Belvidera when is
 Perform'd the tragedy of Venice

Preserv'd

Preserv'd—Oh! as I hope to marry,
 Cibber is parted from her Barry;
 This, by the by, may serve as news
 To-morrow on your way t'amuse,
 It causes great, great speculation—
 Part of the bus'ness of the nation.

But hang digressions—to return;
 And must I three long winters mourn?
 That tedious length spun out and past
 We meet—but how improv'd your taste?
 Your figure, manner, dress and wit,
 With all things for a lady fit:
 For, *entre nous*, my dear, our faces
 Shou'd be the least of all our graces;
 If nought but beauty wings the dart
 We strike the eye, but miss the heart;
 But hush!—and till we meet again
 Pray keep this secret from the men;
 Should the weak things this truth discover,
 How few coquettes would keep a lover!
 And yet, so plain (tho' blind you know)
 Milton could see it years ago:
 Thus has the bard our sex attackt,
 “Fair outward, inward less exact.”
 But you a strong exception stand,
 With wit and beauty hand in hand,
 A part how weak! combin'd how strong!
 They'll sweep whole ranks of hearts along;
 Before such pow'rs each foe will fly,
 That *principal*, and this *ally*.

Lovers you then will stay in plenty,
 Like Bobadil each day your twenty ;
 Then will you grow the topic common,
 ‘ How soon (they’ll say) shot up to woman !
 ‘ What eyes ! what lips ! how fine each feature !
 ‘ Fore gad ! a most delicious creature !—
 This from the beaux—mean time each belle, in
 Mere spite, my dear, at your excelling,
 Stung to the heart, and dev’lish jealous
 Of homage paid by pretty fellows,
 Shall flirt her fan, and toss, and snuff,
 And cry—‘ The thing is well enough—
 ‘ But for my soul, to say what’s true t’ye,
 ‘ I can’t find out where lies her beauty.’
 Mean time you smile with sweet disdain,
 Like Dian ’midst her meaner train.
 Thus my prophetic soul foreknows
 What time shall more anon disclose.
 Swift move that time on rapid wing,
 And news of dear Conolly bring :
 Yet let not those who love complain,
 If thus to part is killing pain,
 ’Tis still to make the bliss more dear
 When the sweet hour of meeting’s near.
 So streams are sever’d in their course
 To join again with double force.

ON THE RUINS OF POMFRET CASTLE.

*Fatal and ominous to noble peers,
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the second, here, was back'd to death;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.*

SHAKESPEARE.

Earl Rivers speech in Richard the Third.
Scene, Pomfret Castle.

LOOK round this vast, and venerable place,
Whose ruin'd pile yet shines with awful grace,
Majestick still 'midst all its faded charms:

See the wide waste of all-consuming age,
The wreck of ruthless wars and hostile rage,
And all the dire effects of more than civil arms.

View savage time with cankering tooth devour
The solid fabrick of yon mould'ring tower,
That now in undistinguish'd chaos lies:

Where erst the noble Lacey's & Norman line
Plann'd the wide work, and form'd the vast
design,

And bid with Gothick grace the stately structure rise:

& The family of Lacey, earls of Lincoln and Hereford, came in
with the conqueror, and were the greatest subjects of those days.

When

When lo ! on high the vaulted domes suspend,
 On lofty columns the wide arches bend,
 And massive walls the vast domain enclose :
 In vain the hostile warrior's nervous art
 With missive force directs the barbed dart,
 Or with gigantick strength the pond'rous jav'lin
 throws.

For many an age, the Lacey's noble race,
 With arts, and arms adorn'd the splendid place,
 As heroes triumph'd, or as patriots shone :
 Till with the great Plantagenet's fair bride†,
 In nuptial dower, these antient honours glide,
 The seat of future kings, that grac'd the English
 throne.

On yonder hill, as ancient annals tell,
 The holy hero, and the martyr fell,
 Which still, great Lancaster, thy mem'ry bears‡:
 There, 'midst the saints enroll'd, with rites
 divine,
 The pious pilgrim sought the sacred shrine,
 And bath'd thy hallow'd tomb with sympathizing
 tears :

With holy zeal, and patriot graces arm'd,
 With all the powers of conscious virtue warm'd,
 Midst death's sad scenes, the pious martyr smiles ;

† Blanche, the heiréss of Lacey, married the duke of Lancaster, with whom came the honour of Pomfret.

‡ Thomas duke of Lancaster was beheaded on the hill, which is now called St. Thomas Hill, by the intrigues of Mortimer and the queen of Edward the second, and was afterwards canonized.

In vain, proud Mortimer, the hoary sage
 Bleeds the sad victim of thy brutal rage,
 Lost by thy lawless love, and all a woman's wiles.

Look there, where erst yon mould'ring turret
 stood,
 Whose moss-grown stones are ting'd with royal
 blood,
 'Midst civil broils, the hapless Richard bled || :
 There cruel Exton's dark, assassin dart,
 With bloody treason, pierc'd the monarch's
 heart,
 And fix'd the tottering crown on haughty Henry's
 head :

Here, vaulting Bolingbroke, thy feeble foe
 Felt in each whispering breeze the fatal blow,
 Or heard death's herald in each guilty stone :
 Short is the date of captive monarch's doom,
 'Twixt the dark prison, and the yawning tomb,
 For bold ambition bears no rival to the throne.

See yonder tower, still blush with crimson
 stains,
 That flow'd in plenteous streams from noble
 veins
 Where Vaughan and Gray by Gloucester's arts
 expir'd ;

|| Richard the second was murdered in Pomfret Castle, by Sir
 Piers Exton, by order of Bolingbroke. afterwards Henry the
 fourth.

Where

Where Rivers § fell, and with his latest breath,
 These mournful mansions dignify'd in death,
 With patriot virtues warm'd, and dawning science
 fir'd.

'Midst the wide flames that civil discord spread,
 When by base arts the royal martyr bled,
 Still loyal Pomfret spurn'd the tyrant's hate :
 Last in these northern † climes, that scorn'd to
 pay

A servile homage to his lawless sway,
 And in inglorious case survive their monarch's fate :

Long, haughty Lambert, did thy veteran
 powers,
 With iron tempest shake these solid towers,
 And round the walls the missive murder send :
 In vain, brave Morrice, did thy martial train,
 With loyal zeal the hostile flocks sustain,
 And 'gainst rebellion's sons these royal domes
 defend.

§ Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Richard Lord Gray, half brother to the queen of Edward the Fourth, with Woodville lord Rivers, own brother to the same queen, were all beheaded here at the same time, by the intrigues of the duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third. Earl Rivers was the great patron of learning, and introduced Caxton to Edward the Fourth, who first brought printing into England. See *Walpole's noble authors*.

† Pomfret Castle was the last fortress in the north of England that surrendered to the parliament's forces, after the murder of king Charles ; and was besieged and destroyed by general Lambert.

Hark !

Hark! the loud engines tear the trembling
 walls,
 And from its base the massive fabrick falls,
 And all at once these ancient honours fade:
 This princely pile with all its splendid spoils,
 Sinks 'midst the havock of intestine broils,
 In prostrate ruins lost, and dark oblivion laid.

Humourous Advertisements.

In the Press,

T H E P A R A L L E L :

O R,

T H E T W O J O H N S, D U K E S O F
 B E D F O R D ;

J O H N, R E G E N T O F F R A N C E,

A N D

J O H N, T H E E M B A S S A D O R :

With LETTERS and ANECDOTES.

Right tall he made himself to show,

Though made full short by God :

And when all other Dukes did bow,

This Duke did only nod.

SWIFT.

To which is added,

A S U P P L E M E N T.

Which continues the story to the present time.

WHEREAS

WHEREAS a person, who stiles himself Esquire Ketch, has falsely and scandalously aspersed the characters † of several gentlemen, members of the black-leg club, it is unanimously agreed, at a meeting of the Black-leg club, held this day, at the Pillory and Tumbrel tavern, Tyburn, that the said Ketch be expelled the old Hazard-room called Hell, at Newmarket, a society instituted purposely to exclude all persons, except those whose *conduct* and *characters* entitle them to be received into the company of gentlemen.

Mat o' the Mint.

Nimming Ned.

Jack Bagshot.

Jemmy Twitcher.

John Buckhorse.

Henry Trigger.

Timothy Shuffle.

Cogging Jack.

Anthony Sweepstakes.

Timothy Diver.

John Filch.

Will. o'the Turf.

Anthony Win-all.

Pious George.

John Blueskin.

Tricking Tom.

Jonathan Wild.

Thomas Dupe.

Crook-finger Jack.

John Peachum.

Henry Mac Heath.

Will. of Paddington.

Knowing Will.

Timothy Skull.

John Thieftaker.

Blaspheming Ned.

Will. Desperate.

George Slug.

† See the first volume of the New Foundling Hospital for Wit,
page 135.

IT being mutually resolved to dissolve the partnership account subsisting between John and Mary Spindle, husband and wife, in the parish of —, and to carry on the business of matrimony on each separate account. If any gentleman or lady has any claim of love or affection on either of the said partners, they are desired to bring the same to be satisfied; and whoever is indebted to them, are hereby required to pay the said debts to either of the partners, on account of the said separation, as soon as is convenient.

THE members of the society corresponding with the incorporated society in Dublin for propagating the human species in foreign parts, are desired to take notice that a monthly meeting of their standing committee will be held at —, on Friday next, at Twelve o'clock precisely.

M I S S I N G,

SUpposed to be stolen from a boarding-school near —, a beautiful young lady, aged seventeen, daughter of the late earl of —, and heiress to thirty thousand pounds, independent of her mother. She was observed to walk
in

in the back garden after dinner with Mr. Macmulla the dancing-master, and is supposed to have made her escape with him through the yew hedge. She took nothing with her but a bottle of aqua vitæ from her governess's china closet; the second volume of Pamela, and the marriage-service torn out of her common-prayer book.

If offered to be married to Mr. Macmulla; pray stop her.

STOLEN OR STRAYED,

FROM Miss Trolly and Co's lace-shop, in Duke's-court, a small bay filley, coming fifteen this grass; she has a black spot just under her left eye, a cock'd tail, goes well upon her legs, and is fit for any weight.

She had been some time in training for a colonel of the guards, but is supposed to have been rode away with by an attorney's clerk, going on the western circuit.

Whoever brings her to Mrs. Trolly's above-mentioned, or to the guard-room at Whitehall, shall have fifty guineas reward, and no questions asked.

TO BE SEEN AT THE COVENTRY
CROSS,

A CAST of the Grecian Venus, in plaster of Paris. It has been greatly admired by the curious, is allowed to be the work of a masterly hand, and the completest model in the universe.

NOW SELLING OFF AT PRIME COST,

THE remainder of the stock in trade of an eminent clergyman leaving off business, and retiring to a B——k ; consisting of a complete set of manuscript sermons for the whole year, with the fasts and festivals, including a deification of king Charles for the 30th of January ; a culverin charged and primed for the 5th of November, with a rod for the whore of Babylon ; the sins of the nation described, in a discourse fit for the next solemn fast ; charity, accession, antigallican, and small-pox sermons, some half-finished tracts against the Athanasian Creed, the marriage act, and the thirty-nine articles, with several other curious particulars ; the whole to be viewed till the time of sale, which will begin punctually at twelve o'clock.

F

LOST,

L O S T,

IN the dark walk at Vaux-hall, on Tuesday the 24th instant, two female reputations : one of them had a small spot occasioned by some dirt thrown upon it last week in the road to Ranelagh ; the other never soiled. Whoever will bring them back to the owners, shall receive five thousand pounds, with thanks.

D R O P P E D,

FROM a lady's tongue in the left-hand stage-box, at Drury-lane play-house, on Saturday last, five severe inuendoes concerning lady C—— ; four bitter reflections on the duchess of H—— ; some abuse of Miss Maria W—— ; a panegyric on S——'s beauty ; two small oaths, and a white lye about Spanish paint.

If the above should be offered to be retailed, or repeated by any who overheard, pray stop them, and give notice to Mr. F——, at his register-office in the Strand, and you shall have half a guinea reward.

MUST

MUST BE SOLD,

THE owner being a bankrupt; a vote for a member of ———, for the borough of ———, at the next general election. To prevent trouble, the price is fourscore pounds.

THE CITY FARCE.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT GUILD-HALL, IN THE
MONTH OF APRIL 1757.

William the fourth *solus*.

AND am I then dismiss'd?—bid to resign
The seals of office?—what is oratory?
Could I have held my place, I then indeed
Had led a glorious life,——but now for ever
Farewell the morning levee —— oh! farewell
The smiling train who came to kiss my toe,
And wonder at each word my tongue let fall!
Farewell the royal closet, and each circumstance
Of ministerial power! —— for ever now farewell;
For oh! great William's occupation's gone.

Enter alderman Sugar-cane.

William.

Come hither Sugar-cane — there — kifs my toe —
Now rise up king of Negro-land — now tell me,
Have you much interest in the city?

Sugar-cane.

Mighty fir,
I have : they're all my negroes — such indeed
I've ever thought 'em — do you then command,
Not to obey shall be in me remorse,
What factious work soever.

William.

There broke forth
The great creolian soul. ——— But Sugar-cane
Let's lose no time — the common council
Are now at busy meeting in the Guild,
At th' Half-moon tavern, and at Vintner's-hall,
Where I so oft have shook th' astonish'd room
With declamation, heaping tropes upon 'em
'Till the strong patriot fire that burnt within
Singeing my pate up like the torrid zone,
Made my tongue like a wart : but to the point —
The cits are now all meeting in Guild-hall —
Thither I'd have thee haste immediately,
And at your meetest vantage of the time,

Improve

Improve those hints I gave you late to speak of —
 But above all infer the criminality
 Of Anf—n and N——tle — and lord H——ke—
 Unkennel me the fox too ——— talk of Germany,
 Of German measures, and that damn'd Hanover;
 Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:
 Tell 'em, that when my mother went with child
 of me,

She dreamt she was deliver'd of a trope,
 That sav'd this sinking land; which signified
 That I should rule by words, and in some hour
 Of black distress redeem our sinking credit.
 Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
 Because, you know, the money is not rais'd.

Sugar-cane.

Doubt not, great sir, I'll play the incendiary
 As if myself might gain the hundred pound
 The box will cost.

William.

If you thrive well; bring 'em to see me here;
 Where you shall find me seriously employ'd
 In canvassing th' enquiry.

Sugar-cane.

I'll fly to serve you.

William.

To serve thyself.

For look, when I am secretary, claim of me

The government of Jamaica, together with
Those high emoluments, of which the admiral
Late stood possessed.

William.

So; — I've secur'd the creol : this same govern-
ment

Will never let his brains have rest till done.

Ev'n all mankind to some lov'd ills incline,
Great men chuse greater sins, ambition's mine.

End of Act I.

A C T II.

Enter Will. and Sugar-cane.

William.

So Sugar-cane — what say the citizens ?

Sugar-cane.

I urg'd all those who lov'd their country's good
To do you right, and cry long live William the
fourth.

William.

And did they so ?

Sugar-cane.

Their hesitating fear had struck 'em dumb;
Which when I saw I reprehended them

And

And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful
silence.

His answer was, the people were not us'd
To be spoken to by a creolian.

I then induc'd a bookseller to rise ;

Who told them history was the key of sense,

Touchstone of truth, and folio volume

Of all experience, the last edition

In neat Italics of soundest policy,

With more such jargon, all mere common place

But nothing urg'd in warrant from himself :

At which some 'pothecaries and attorneys

Help up their hands and cried long live great Will.

William.

Will not the mayor then and his brethren come ?

Sugar-cane.

They're here at hand — feign you the gout,

And be not spoke to but by mighty suit.

William.

We cannot fail while Sugar-cane's the pilot.

A little perfidy sometimes does well. [Exit.

Enter the Citizens.

Sugar-cane.

You're welcome, gentlemen :

I'm afraid great Will will not be spok- withal.

See where he lies : this Will is not an Holles ;
 He is not lolling, eating, drinking, laughing,
 But tortur'd with the gout —

Citizen.

And see ! — th' enquiry in his hand.

Sugar-cane.

Would he again were secretary.
 Methinks I wish it for the love he bears his
 country.

Well, who knows, he may be won.

Enter William.

William.

Nor do I fear I've done some strange offence
 That looks disgracious in the city's eye.

Citizen.

Most humbly on our knees we do beseech you
 Take this tobacco box.

William.

I can not, will not, must not yield to you.

Sugar-cane.

O make them happy, grant their lawful suit.

William.

William.

Alas ! why will you heap this care on me :
I am unfit for figs and raisins, nor deserve
Now to be made a grocer.

Citizen.

If you deny us, all the land will rue it.

William.

You will enforce me to a world of cares,
I am not made of stone, but love my country —
Tho' heav'n knows, as you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

Citizen.

Long live our orator and brother grocer.

William.

Indeed your words have touch'd me nearly, fir,

Citizen.

If it so please you, fir, the common council
To-morrow shall give orders for the cavalcade.

William.

Even when you please, for you will have it so.
My friends farewell ———
I must to th' enquiry again.

[*Exeunt.*

William

William *solus*.

Thus far we run before the wind —
 My fortune smiles, and gives me all
 That I dare ask : Sarah the dowager
 Has bid this world good-night, and I have got
 Ten thousand pounds, and now am made a grocer.
 Henceforth I'll be a tribune of the people ;
 A factious tribune, till I sieze the helm,
 And blast the schemes of that too wily fox,
 Who thwarts me in the golden time I look for.
 — For this I'll join with Holles — I can say
 To save appearance, he's an honest man,
 Unjustly call'd destroyer of his country :
 This cement will bind fast the league : that done,
 Heav'n take the good old ——— unto his mercy,
 Make me the guardian of his youthful heir,
 Then leave the world for me to bustle in.

THE BRITISH AMBASSADRESS'S SPEECH † TO THE FRENCH KING,

SOON AFTER THE PEACE OF UTRECHT.

HAIL ! tricking monarch, more successful far
 In arts of peace, than glorious deeds of war :
 As Anna's great ambassadress I come,
 With news that will rejoice both you and Rome.
 Ne'er

† Du---ss of Shrewsbury.

Ne'er did the French affairs so gaily smile
 This hundred years, as now in Britain's isle;
 For there the rage of blind delusion reigns,
 And spreads her fury o'er the stupid swains.
 The L——s, the C——s, with the priests, conspire
 To raise your pow'r, and their own ruin hire.
 The queen herself, with qualms of conscience
 prest,
 Seems to advance your cause above the rest:
 Her gen'rous temper can't forget so soon
 The royal favours you have always done,
 Both to her father and his injur'd son. }
 And, therefore, is contriving every day
 This mighty debt of gratitude to pay:
 For you she ceas'd the thunder of the war,
 Laid up her fleet, and left the channel bare:
 For you, the fighting Marlborough's disgrac'd,
 And in his room a peaceful general plac'd:
 For you she broke her word, her friends betray'd,
 With joy look'd on, and saw them victims made.
 She knows she has no right the crown to wear,
 And fain would leave it to the lawful heir.
 In order to effect this grand design,
 And baffle all the Hanoverian line;
 A set of ministers she lately chose,
 To honour, and their country, equal foes:
 Wretches! whose indigence has made them bold,
 Who would betray their native land for gold.
 Oxford's the chief of this abandon'd clan,
 Him you must court, for he's your only man.

Dartmouth

Dartmouth and Bolingbroke are friends to you ;
 But 'tis not in their power much hurt to do.
 But Oxford reigns prime minister of state,
 Ruling the nation at a mighty rate :
 He, like a conjurer with his magic wand,
 Doth both the queen and Parliament command.
 Keep but that wily trickster still your friend,
 He'll bring your wishes to a prosp'rous end ;
 Give him but gold enough, your work is done ;
 He'll bribe the senate, and then all's your own.
 Now is your time to push for Britain's crown,
 And fix king James the third upon the throne.
 A pow'rful fleet prepare ; you need no more
 But land the exile on his native shore :
 They'll soon depose the present reigning thing,
 And in her room proclaim your fav'rite king.

Thus spake the gay ambassadrefs, when straight
 Up rose the tyrant from his chair of state ;
 With love transported, and a joyous air,
 Within his trembling arms embrac'd the fair.
 That night, as fame reports, and some have heard,
 A pompous bed was instantly prepared,
 Wherein the monarch and the heroine lay,
 And spent their time in politicks—and play.
 The duke, o'erjoy'd that his Italian dame
 Could in so old an hero raise a flame,
 With an ambitious pleasure, as 'tis said,
 Led her himself unto the royal bed.

ON L—BO—T'S BEING APPOINTED
GOVERNOR OF V—A,

IN THE ROOM OF SIR J----Y AM-----T, DISMISSED.

NOW tremble colonists! your time is come:
From *matchless* genius wait your settled dome.
C-nw-y no more shall weave your silken chains;
Play with your bit, or trifle with your reins.
Fame sends his son to curb your flaming state;
'Tis B——t, and *he is fix'd as fate* †.

L. V.

† See the first part of the New-Foundling Hospital for Wit,
page 65.

M A N N E R S.

A SATIRE. BY PAUL WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

Paulus vel Cossius vel Drusus MORIBUS esto. JUVENAL.

“ WELL — of all plagues which make man-
kind a sport,
“ Guard me, ye heav'ns! from that worst plague
—— a court.
“ 'Midst the mad mansions of Moorfields, I'd be
“ A straw-crown'd monarch, in mock majesty;
Rather

“ Rather than sovereign rule Britannia’s fate,
 “ Curs’d with the follies and the farce of state.
 “ Rather in Newgate-walls, O ! let me dwell,
 “ A doleful tenant of the darkling cell,
 “ Than swell in palaces the mighty store
 “ Of fortune’s fools, and parasites of pow’r.
 “ Than crowns, ye Gods ! be any fate my doom :
 “ Or any dungeon ; but —— a drawing room.

“ Thrice happy *patriot*, whom no courts debase,
 “ No titles lessen, and no stars disgrace.
 “ Still nod the plumage o’er the brainless head ;
 “ Still o’er the faithless heart the ribband spread.
 “ Such toys may serve to signalize the tool,
 “ To gild the knave, or garnish out the fool ;
 “ While, you, with Roman virtue arm’d, disdain
 “ The tinsel trappings and the glitt’ring chain :
 “ Fond of your freedom, spurn the venal fee,
 “ And prove he’s only *great* —— who dares be *free*.

Thus sung Philemon in his calm retreat,
 Too wise for pow’r, too virtuous to be great.

But whence this rage at courts ? reply’d his
 Grace ;

Say, is the mighty crime, to be in place ?
 Is that the deadly sin, mark’d out by heav’n,
 For which no mortal e’er can be forgiv’n ?
 Must all, all suffer, who in courts engage,
 Down from lord Steward, to the puny page ?

Can

Can courts and pages be such sinful things?
The sacred gifts and palaces of kings.

A place may claim our rev'rence, Sir, I own;
But then the man its dignity must crown:
'Tis not the truncheon, or the ermine's pride,
Can screen the coward, or the knave can hide.
Let Stair and † *** head our arms and law,
The judge and gen'ral must be view'd with awe:
The villain then would shudder at the bar;
And Spain grow humble at the sound of war.

What courts are sacred? when I tell your Grace,
MANNERS alone must sanctify the place.
Hence only each its proper name receives;
Haywood's a brothel; ‖ White's a den of thieves:
Bring whores and thieves to court, you change
the scene,
St. J——s's turns the brothel, and the den.

Who would the courtly chapel holy call,
Tho' the whole bench should consecrate the wall?
While the trim chaplain, conscious of a fee,
Cries out, my king, "I have no God but thee:"
Lifts

† It is to be lamented that the barrenness of the present times, obliges the author to trust to posterity for the supply of a proper character in this place.

‖ Dr. Swift says, 'That the late earl Oxford, in the time of his ministry, never passed by White's Chocolate-house (the common rendezvous of infamous sharpers and noble cullies) without bestowing a curse upon that famous academy, as the bane of half the English nobility.'

Lifts to the royal seat the asking eye,
 And pays to George the tribute of the sky;
 Proves sin alone from humble roofs must spring,
 Nor can one earthly failing stain a king.

Bishops and kings may consecrate, 'tis true;
 Manners alone claim homage as their due.
 Without, the court and church are both profane,
 Whatever prelate preach, or monarch reign;
Religion's rostrum, *virtue's* scaffold grows,
 And crowns and mitres are mere raree-shows.

In vain behold yon rev'rend turrets rise,
 And Sarum's sacred spires salute the skies:
 If the lawn'd *Levite's* earthly vote be sold,
 And God's free gift retail'd for *mammon* gold;
 No rev'rence can the proud cathedral claim,
 But Henley's shop, and Sherlock's are the same.

Whence have St. Stephen's walls so hallow'd
 been?

Whence? From the virtue of his sons within.
 But should some guileful serpent, void of grace,
 Glide in its bounds, and poison all the place;
 Should e'er the sacred voice be set to sale,
 And o'er the heart the golden fruit prevail;
 The place is alter'd, Sir, nor think it strange,
 To see the senate sink into a change.

Or court, or church, or senate-house, or hall,
 Manners alone beam dignity on all.

Without

Without their influence, palaces are shells ;
+ Crane-court a magazine of cockle-shells ;
The solemn bench no bosom strikes with awe,
But Westminster's a warehouse of the law.

These honest truths, my lord, deny who can ;
Since all allow that "*Manners make the Man.*"
Hence only glories to the great belong,
Or peers must mingle with the peasant throng.

Tho' strung with ribbands, yet behold his grace
Shines but a lacquey in a higher place :
Strip the gay liv'ry from the courtier's back,
What marks the difference 'twixt *my lord and Jack*?
The same mean, supple, mercenary knave,
The tool of power, and of state the slave ;
Alike the vassal heart in each prevails,
And all his lordship boasts is larger vales.

Wealth, manors, titles may descend, 'tis true,
But ev'ry heir must *merit's* claim renew.
Who blushes not to see a C—— heir
Turn slave to sound, and languish for a || play'r?
What piping, fiddling, squeaking, quav'ring,
bawling,
What sing-song riot, and what eunuch-squawling:
C——,

† The Royal Society.

|| That living witness of the folly, extravagance and depravity of the English, Farinello, who is now at the court of Spain triumphing in the spoils of our nobility ; as their pyrates are in those of our injured merchants.

C——, thy worth all Italy shall own,
A statesman fit, where † Nero fill'd the throne.

See poor Lævinus anxious for renown,
Through the long gallery trace his lineage down,
And claim each hero's visage for his own. }
What tho' in each the self-same features shine,
Unless some lineal virtue marks the line,
In vain, alas ! he boasts his grandfire's name,
Or hopes to borrow lustre from his fame.
Who but must smile, to see the tim'rous peer
Point 'mong his race our bulwark in the war ?
Or in sad English tell how senates hung
On the sweet music of his father's tongue ?
Unconscious, tho' his fires were wise and brave,
Their virtues only find him in a grave.

Not so with § Stanhope ; see by him sustain'd
Each hoary honour which his fires had gain'd.
To him the virtues of his race appear
The precious portion of five hundred year ;
Descended down, by him to be enjoy'd,
Yet holds the talent lost, if unemploy'd.
From hence behold his gen'rous ardour rise,
To swell the sacred stream with fresh supplies :
Abroad the guardian of his country's cause ;
At home a Tully to defend her laws.
Senates with awe the patriot sounds imbibe,
And bold corruption almost drops the bribe.

Thus

† A Roman emperor remarkable for his foolish passion for music.

§ The right honourable, the earl of Chesterfield.

Thus adding worth to worth, and grace to grace,
He beams new glories back upon his race.

Ask ye what's honour? I'll the truth impart,
Know, honour, then, is honesty of heart.
To the sweet scenes of social || Stow repair,
And search the master's breast,—you'll find it there.
Too proud to grace the sycophant or slave,
It only harbours with the wise and brave;
Ungain'd by titles, places, wealth, or birth:
Learn this, and learn to blush, ye sons of earth!
Blush to behold this ray of nature made
The victim of a *ribband*, or *cockade*.

Ask the proud peer, what's honour? he displays
A purchas'd patent, or the herald's blaze;
Or if the royal smile his hopes has blest,
Points to the glitt'ring glory on his breast:
Yet, if beneath no real virtue reign,
On the gay coat the star is but a stain:
For I could whisper in his lordship's ear,
Worth only beams true radiance on the star.

Hence see the garter'd glory dart its rays,
And shine round E— with redoubl'd blaze:
Ask ye from whence this flood of lustre's seen?
Why E— whispers, votes, and saw Turin.

Long Milo reign'd the minion of renown,
Loud his eulogiums echo'd thro' the town;
Where'er he went still crouds around him throng,
And hail'd the patriot as he pass'd along.

See the lost peer, unhonour'd now by all,
 Steal thro' the street, or skulk along the mall;
 Applauding sounds no more salute his ear,
 But the loud Pæan's sunk into a sneer.

Whence you'll enquire could spring a change so
 sad?

Why the poor man ran military mad :
 By this mistaken maxim still misled,
 That men of honour must be cloath'd in red.
 My grandfire wore it, Milo cries — 'tis good :
 But know the grandfire stain'd it red with blood.
 First 'midst the deathful dangers of the field,
 He shone his country's guardian and its shield ;
 Taught Danube's stream with Gallic gore to flow ;
 Hence bloom'd the laurel on the grandfire's brow :
 But shall the son expect the wreath to wear
 For the mock triumphs of an Hyde-Park war ?
 Sooner shall Bunhill Blenheim's glories claim,
 Or Billers rival brave Eugene in fame ;
 Sooner a like reward their labours crown,
 Who storm a dunghill, and who sack a town.

Mark our bright youths how gallant and how gay,
 Fresh plum'd and powder'd in review array.
 Unspoil'd each feature by the martial scar,
 Lo ! A — assumes the god of war :
 Yet vain, while prompt to arms by plume and pay,
 He claims the foldier's name from foldier's play,
 This truth, my warriour, treasure in thy breast,
 A standing foldier is a standing jest.

When

When bloody battles dwindle to reviews,
 Armies must then descend to puppet-shews ;
 Where the lac'd log may strut the soldier's part,
 Bedeck'd with feather, tho' unarm'd with heart.

There are who say --- " You lash the sins of
 men !

" Leave, leave to Pope the poignance of the pen ;
 " Hope not the bays shall wreath around thy
 head,

" Fannius may write, but Flaccus will be read."

Shall only one have privilege to blame ?

What then, are vice and folly royal game ?

Must all be poachers who attempt to kill ?

All, but the mighty sovereign of the quill ?

Shall Pope, alone, the plenteous harvest have,

And I not glean one straggling fool, or knave ?

Praise, 'tis allow'd, is free to all mankind ;

Say, why should honest satire be confin'd ?

Tho' like th' immortal bard's, my feeble dart

Stains not its feather in the culprit heart ;

Yet know, the smallest insect of the wing

The horse may tease, or elephant can sting :

Ev'n I, by chance, a lucky shaft may pour,

And gall some great leviathan of pow'r.

I name not W—e ; you the reason guess ;

Mark yon fell harpy hov'ring o'er the press.

Secure the muse may sport with names of kings,

But ministers, my friend, are dang'rous things.

Who would have † P—n answer what he writ?
Or special juries, judges of his wit?

Pope writes unhurt---but know, 'tis different
quite

To beard the lion, and to crush the mite.
Safe may he dash the statesman in each line,
Those dread his satire, who dare punish mine.

Turn, turn your satire then, you cry, to praise,
Why praise is satire, in these sinful days,
Say, should I make a patriot of Sir Bill;
Or swear that G—'s duke has wit at will,
From the gull'd *knight* could I expect a place?
Or hope to lye a dinner from his grace?
'Tho' a reward be graciously bestow'd
On the *soft satire* of each *birth-day ode*.

The good and bad alike with praise are blest;
Yet those who merit most, still want it least:
But conscious vice still courts the cheering ray,
While virtue shines nor asks the glare of day,
Need I to any Pult'ney's worth declare?
Or tell him, Cart'ret charms, who has an ear?
Or, Pitt, can thy example be unknown,
While each fond father marks it to his son?

I cannot truckle to a slave in state,
And praise a blockhead's wit, because he's great;
Down,

† A famous solicitor,

Down, down, ye hungry garretteers, descend,
 Call † W—— Burleigh, call him Britain's friend;
 Behold the genial ray of gold appear,
 And rouse, ye swarms of Grub-street and Rag-fair.

See with what zeal yon § tiny insect burns,
 And follows queens from palaces to urns :
 Tho' cruel death has clos'd the royal ear,
 The flatt'ring fly still buzzes round the bier :
 But what avails, since queens no longer live ?
 Why kings can read, and kings you know may
 give :

A mitre may repay his heav'nly crown ;
 And while he decks her brow, adorns his own.

Let laureat C—— birth-day sonnets sing,
 Or Fanny crawl, an ear-wig on the king ;
 While one is void of wit, and one of grace,
 Why should I envy either song or place ?
 I could not *flatter*, the rich butt to gain ;
 Nor sink a slave, to rise V——e C——n.

Perish my verse, whene'er one venal line
 Bedaub's a duke, or makes a king divine.

G 4

What

† See these two characters compar'd in the gazetteers ; but lest none of those papers should have escap'd their common fate, see the two characters distinguished in the Craftsman.

§ A certain court chaplain, who wrote, or rather stole a character of the late queen from Dr. Burnet's character of queen Mary,

First bid me swear, He's found who has the plague,
Or Horace rivals Stanhope at the Hague.

What, shall I turn a pander to the throne,
And list with † B—li, to roar for half a crown?
Sooner T—r—l shall with 'Tully vie:
Or W—n—n in senate scorn a ——
Sooner Iberia tremble for her fate
From M—h's arms, or Ab—n's debate.

Tho' fawning flattery ne'er shall taint my lays,
Yet know, when virtue calls, I burst to praise.
Behold || yon temple rais'd by Cobham's hand,
Sacred to worthies of his native land:
Ages were ransack'd for the wise and great,
'Till Barnard came, and made the groupe com-
plete.

Be Barnard there——enliven'd by the voice,
Each busto bow'd, and sanctify'd the choice.

Pointless all satire in these iron times,
Too faint are colours, and too feeble rhimes.
Rise then, gay fancy, future glories bring,
And stretch o'er happier days thy healing wing.

Wrap'd

§ A noted agent to a mob-regiment, who is employed to reward their venal vociferations on certain occasions, with half-a-crown each man.

|| The temple of British worthies in the gardens at Stow, in which the lord Cobham has lately erected the busto of Sir John Barnard.

Wrap'd into thought, Lo ! I Britannia see
 Rising superior o'er the subject sea ;
 View her gay pendants spread their silken wings,
 Big with the fate of empires and of kings :
 The tow'ring barks dance lightly o'er the main,
 And roll their thunder thro' the realms of Spain.
Peace, violated maid, they ask no more,
 But waft her back triumphant to our shore ;
 While buxom *plenty*, laughing in her train,
 Glads every heart, and crowns the warrior's
 pain.

On fancy, on ; still stretch the pleasing scene,
 And bring fair *freedom* with her golden reign ;
 Cheer'd by whose beams ev'n meagre want can
 smile,
 And the poor peasant whistle 'midst his toil.

Such days, what Briton wishes not to see ?
 And such each Briton, FREDERICK, hopes from
 thee,

HONOUR,

H O N O U R;

A SATIRE.

BY THE SAME.

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim;
 Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis. HOR.

“LOAD, load the pallet, boy! hark! Hogarth
 cries,

“Fast as I paint fresh swarms of fools arise!

“Groups rise on groups, and mock the pencil’s
 pow’r,

“To catch each new blown folly of the hour.”

While hum’rous Hogarth paints each folly dead,
 Shall vice triumphant rear its Hydra head?

At satire’s sov’ reign nod disdain to shrink

New reams of paper, and fresh floods of ink?

Oh then, my muse! Herculean labours dare,

And wage with virtue’s foes eternal war;

Range thro’ the town in search of ev’ry ill;

And cleanse th’ Augean stable with thy quill.

“But what avails the poignance of the song;

“Since all (you cry) still persevere in wrong;

“Would

“ Would courtly crimes to Mulgrave’s muse
submit ?

“ Or blush’d the monarch tho’ a † Wilmot writ ?

“ Still pander peers disgrac’d the rooms of state,

“ Still Cæsar’s bed sustain’d a foreign weight ;

“ Slaves worship’d still the golden calf of pow’r,

“ And bishops, bowing, bless’d the scarlet whore.

“ Shall then thy verse the guilty great reclaim,

“ Tho’ fraught with Dryden’s heav’n-descended
“ flame ?

“ Will harpy H—e, from his mould’ring store,

“ Drag forth one cheering drachma to the poor ?

“ Or H——n, unfaithful to the seal,

“ Throw in one suffrage for the public weal ?

“ Pointless all satire, and misplac’d its aim,

“ To wound the bosom, that’s obdur’d to shame :

“ The callous heart ne’er feels the goad within ;

“ Few dread the censure, who can dare the sin.”

Tho’ on the culprit’s cheek no blush should
glow,

Still let me mark him to mankind a foe :

Strike but the deer, however slight the wound,

It serves at least to drive him from the sound.

Shall reptile sinners frowning justice fear,

And pageant titles privilege the peer ?

So falls the humbler game in common fields,

While the branch’d beast the royal forest shields.

On,

On, satire, then ! pursue thy gen'rous plan,
 And wind the vice, regardless of the man.
 Rouze, rouze th' ennobl'd herd for public sport,
 And hunt them thro' the covert of a court.

Just as the play'r the mimic portrait draws,
 All claim a right of censure or applause :
 What guards the place-man from an equal fate,
 Who mounts but actor on the stage of state ?
 Subject alike to each man's praise and blame,
 Each critic voice the *fiat* of his fame ;
 Tho' to the private some respect we pay,
 All public characters are public prey :
 P——m and G——k, let the verse forbear
 What sanctifies the treasurer or play'r.

Great in her laurel'd sages Athens see,
 Free flow'd her satire while her sons were free ;
 Then purpl'd guilt was dragg'd to public shame ;
 And each offence stood flagrant with a name ;
 Polluted ermine no respect could win,
 No hallow'd lawn could sanctify a sin ;
 'Till tyrant pow'r usurp'd a lawless rule :
 Then sacred grew the titled knave and fool ;
 Then penal statutes, aw'd the poignant song,
 And slaves were taught that *kings can do no wrong*

Guilt still is guilt, to me, in slave or king,
 Fetter'd in cells, or garter'd in the ring ;

And

And yet behold how various the reward,
 Wild falls a felon, † W——e mounts a lord.
 The little knave the law's last tribute pays,
 While crowns around the great one's chariot blaze.
 Blaze meteors, blaze ! to me is still the same,
 The cart of justice and the coach of shame.

Say, what's nobility, ye gilded train?
 Does nature give it, or can guilt sustain?
 Blooms the form fairer, if the birth be high;
 Or takes the vital stream a richer dye?
 What ! tho' a long patrician line ye claim,
 Are noble souls entail'd upon a name?
 Anstis may ermine out the lordly earth,
 Virtue's the herald that proclaims its worth.

Hence mark the radiance of a Stanhope's star,
 And glow-worm glitter of thine D——r :
 Ignoble splendor ! that but shines to all,
 The humble badge of a court hospital.
 Let lofty L——r wave his nodding plume,
 Boast all the blushing honours of the loom,
 Resplendent bondage no regard can bring,
 'Tis Methuen's heart must dignify the string.

Vice levels all, however high or low;
 And all the diff'rence but consists in show.

Who

† Tho' the person here meant, has indeed paid the debt of nature, yet, as he left that of justice unsatisfy'd, the author apprehends that the public are indisputably entitled to the assets of his reputation.

Who asks an alms, or supplicates a place,
 Alike is beggar, tho' in rags or lace :
 Alike his country's scandal and its curse,
 Who vends a vote, or who purloins a purse ;
 Thy gamblers Bridewell, and St. J—s's bites,
 The rooks of Mordington's, and sharks at White's.

“ Why will you urge, Eugenio cries, your
 fate ?

“ Affords the town no sins but sins of state ?

“ Perches vice only on the court's high hill ?

“ Or yields life's vale no quarry for the quill ? ”

Manners, like fashions, still from courts descend,
 And what the great begin, the vulgar end.

If vicious then the mode, correct it here ;

He saves the peasant, who reforms the peer.

What Hounslow knight would stray from ho-
 nour's path,

If guided by a brother of the B—h ?

Honour's a mistress all mankind pursue ;

Yet most mistake the false one, for the true :

Lur'd by the trappings, dazzl'd by the paint,

We worship oft the idol for the saint.

Courted by all, by few the fair is won,

Those lose who seek her, and those gain who
 shun :

Naked she flies to merit in distress,

And leaves to courts the garnish of her dress.

The million'd merchant seeks her in his gold ;
 In schools the pedant, and in camps the bold ;
 The courtier views her with admiring eyes,
 Flutter in ribbands, or in titles rise :
 Sir Epicene enjoys her in his plume ;
 M—d in the learned wainscot of a room :
 By various ways, all woo the modest maid ;
 Yet lose the substance, grasping at the shade.

Who, smiling, sees not with what various
 strife,
 Man blindly runs the giddy maze of life ?
 To the same end, still diff'rent means employs,
 This builds a church, a temple that destroys ;
 Both anxious to obtain a deathless name,
 Yet erring, both mistake *report* for *fame*.

Report, tho' vulture-like the name it bear,
 Drags but the carrion carcass thro' the air ;
 While *fame*, Jove's nobler bird, superior flies,
 And, soaring, mounts the mortal to the skies.
 So † Richard's name to distant ages borne,
 Unhappy Richard still is Britain's scorn :
 Be Edward's wafted on *fame's* eagle wing,
 Each patriot mourns the long departed king ;
 Yet thine, O Edward ! shall to ——'s yield,
 And Dettingen eclipse a Cressy's field.

Thro'

Thro' life's wild ocean, who would safely roam,
 And bring the golden fleece of glory home,
 Must heedful shun the barking Scylla's roar,
 And fell *Charybdis*' all-devouring shore ;
 With steady helm an equal course support,
 'Twixt faction's rocks, and quicksands of a court ;
 By virtue's beacon still direct his aim,
 Thro' honour's channel to the port of *fame*.

Yet, on this sea, how all mankind are tost,
 For one that's fav'd, what multitudes are lost !
 Misguided by *ambition*'s treach'rous light,
 Thro' want of skill, few make the harbour right.

Hence mark what wrecks of virtue, friendship,
 fame,
 For four dead letters added to a name !
 Whence dwells such syren music in a word,
 Or sounds not Brutus noble as *my lord* ?
 Tho' cor'nets, P—y, blazon on thy plate,
 Adds the base mark one scruple to its weight ?
 Tho' sounds patrician, swell thy name, O S—ds !
 Stretches one acre thy plebeian lands ?
 Say, the proud title meant to plume the son,
 Why gain by guilt, what virtue might have
 won ?

Vain shall the son his herald honours trace,
 Whose parent *peer*'s but *patriot* in disgrace.

Vain

Vain, on the solemn head of hoary age,
 Totters the mitre, if *ambition's* rage,
 To mammon pow'r, the hallow'd heart incline,
 And titles only mark the *priest* divine.
 Blest race ! to whom the golden age remains,
 Ease without care, and plenty without pains ;
 For you the earth unlabour'd treasure yields,
 And the rich sheaves spontaneous crown the fields ;
 No toilsom dews pollute the rev'rend brow ;
 Each holy hand unhardened by the plow ;
 Still burst the sacred garners with their store,
 And flails, unceasing, thunder on the floor.

O bounteous heav'n ! yet heav'n how seldom
 shares,
 The titheful tribute of the *prelate's* pray'rs !
 Lost to the stall, in S—s still they nod,
 And all the *monarch* steals them from the *god* ;
 Thy praises, B-w-k, every breast inspire,
 The throne their altar, and the court their choir ;
 Here earlier incense they devoutly bring,
 Here everlasting hallelujahs sing ;
 Thou ! only thou ! almighty to ——— *translate*,
 Thou their great golden deity of state.

Who seeks on merit's stock to graft success,
 In vain invokes the ray of pow'r to bless ;
 The stem, too stubborn for the courtly soil,
 With barren branches mocks the virtuous toil.

More pliant plants the royal regions suit,
 Where knowledge still is held *forbidden fruit*.
 'Tis these alone the kindly nurture share,
 And all Hesperia's golden treasures bear.

Let folly still be fortune's fondling heir,
 And science meet a step-dame in the fair.
 Let courts, like fortune, disinherit sense,
 And take the idiot charge from providence.
 The idiot-head, the cap and bells may fit,
 But how disguise a L——n and P——t?

O! once lov'd youths! Britannia's blooming
 hope,
 Fair freedom's twins, and once the theme of Pope;
 What wond'ring senates on your accents hung,
 E'er flatt'ry's poison chill'd the patriot tongue;
 Rome's sacred thunder awes no more the ear,
 But P——m smiles, who trembled once to hear.

Say, whence this change, less galling is the
 chain,
 Tho' W——e, C——t, or a P——m reign?
 If S——s still the poisoner's *bane* imbibe,
 And ev'ry palm grows callows with the bribe.
 If sev'n long years mature the venal voice,
 While freedom mourns her long defrauded choice;
 If justice waves o'er fraud a lenient hand,
 And the red locust rages thro' the land.

Sunk in these bonds, to Britain what avails,
 Who wields her swords, or balances her scales.
 Veer round the compass, change to change suc-
 ceed,
 By every son, the mother now must bleed :
 Vain all her hosts, on foreign shores array'd,
 Tho' lost by W—h, or preserv'd by W—e.
 Fleets once which spread thro' distant worlds her
 name,
 Now ride inglorious trophies of her shame ; †
 While fading laurels shade her drooping head,
 And mark her Burleighs, Blakes, and Marlbro's
 dead !

Such were thy sons, O happy isle ! of old,
 In counsel prudent, and in action bold :
 Now view a P—m puzzling o'er thy fate,
 Lost in the maze of a perplex'd debate :
 And sage N——e, with fraternal skill,
 Guard the nice conduct of a nation's quill.
 See truncheons trembling in the coward hand,
 Tho' bold rebellion half subdued the land ;
 While ocean's God, indignant, wrests again
 The long deputed trident of the main. ‡

H 2

Sleep

† Alluding to the ever-memorable No-Fight in the Mediter-
 ranean :----As the nation was unluckily the only victim on that
 occasion, the *lenity* of our aquarian judicature has, I think, evi-
 dently proved, that a *court-martial* and a *martial-court* are by no
 means synonymous terms.

‡ The reader will easily conclude these lines were written be-
 fore our worthy admirals Anson and Warren had so eminently
 distinguished themselves in the service of their country.

Sleep our *last* heroes in the silent tomb ?
 Why spring no future worthies from the womb ?
 Not nature sure, since nature's still the same,
 But education bars the road to fame.
 Who hopes for wisdom's crop must till the soul,
 And virtue's early lesson should controul :
 To the young breast, who valour would impart,
 Must plant it by example in the heart.

Ere Britain fell to mimic modes a prey,
 And took the *foreign polish* of our day,
 Train'd to the martial labours of the field,
 Our youth were taught the massy spear to wield ;
 In Halcyon peace, beneath whose downy wings
 The merchant smiles, and lab'ring peasant sings,
 With civil arts to guard their country's cause,
 Direct her counsels, and defend her laws :
 Hence a long race of ancient worthies rose,
 Adorn'd the land, and triumph'd o'er our foes.

Ye sacred shades ; who thro' th' Elysian grove
 With Rome's fam'd chiefs, and Grecian sage
 rove,
 Blush to behold what arts your offspring grace,
 Each sopping heir now marks his sire's disgrace ;
 An embrio breed ! of such a doubtful frame,
 You scarce could know the sex but by the name
 Fraught with the native follies of his home,
 Torn from the nurse, the babe of birth must roan

Thro

Thro' foreign climes, exotic vice explore,
 And cull each weed, regardless of the flow'r ;
 Proud of thy spoils, O Italy and France !
 The soft enervate strain, and cap'ring dance ;
 From Sequan's streams, and winding banks of Po,
 He comes, ye Gods ! an all-accomplish'd beau !
 Unhumaniz'd in dress, with cheek so wan !
 He mocks God's image in the mimic man :
 Great judge of arts ! o'er toilets now presides,
 Corrects our fashions, or an *opera* guides ;
 From tyrant Handel rends th' imperial bay,
 And guards the *magna charta* of — *sol-fa*.

Sick of a land where virtue dwells no more,
 See liberty prepar'd to quit our shore,
 Pruning her pinions, on yon beacon'd height
 The goddess stands, and meditates her flight ;
 Now spreads her wings, unwilling yet to fly,
 Again o'er Britain casts a pitying eye ;
 Loth to depart, methinks I hear her say,
 “ *Why urge me thus, ungrateful Isle, away !*
 “ For you, I left Achaia's happy plains,
 “ For you resign'd my Romans to their chains ;
 “ Here fondly fix'd my last lov'd favourite seat,
 “ And 'midst the mighty nations made thee
 great ;
 “ *Why urge me then, ungrateful Isle, away !*”
 Again she sighing says, or seems to say.

O Stanhope ! † skill'd in every moving art,
 That charms the ear, or captivates the heart !
 Be your's the task, the goddess to retain,
 And call her parent virtue back again ;
 Improve your power, a sinking land to save,
 And vindicate the servant from the slave :
 O ! teach the vassal courtier how to share
 The royal favour with the public pray'r :
 Like Latium's ‡ Genius stem thy country's doom,
 And, tho' a Cæsar simile, remember Rome ;
 With all the *patriot* dignify the *place*,
 And prove at least one statesman may have grace.

† Earl of Chesterfield.

‡ Brutus.

THE STATE DUNCES.

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE.

BY THE SAME.

I from my soul sincerely hate
 Both ----- and M-----s of state.

SWIFT.

WHILE cringing crowds at faithless levees
 wait,
 Fond to be fools of fame, or slaves of state,
 And others, studious to encrease their store,
 Plough the rough ocean for Peruvian ore ;

How

How blest thy fate whom calmer hours attend,
 Peace thy companion, fame thy faithful friend;
 While in thy Twick'nham bow'rs devoid of care,
 You feast the fancy, and enchant the ear;
 Thames gently rolls her silver tide along,
 And the charm'd Naiads listen to thy song.

Here peaceful pass the gentle hours away,
 While tuneful science measures out the day!
 Here happy bard, as various fancies lead,
 You paint the blooming maid, or flow'ry mead!
 Sound the rough clangour of tumultuous war, †
 Or sing the *ravish'd tendrils* of the fair! ‡
 Now melting move the tender tear to flow,
 And wake our sighs with Eloisa's woe. ||
 But chief to dulness ever foe decreed,
 The apes of science with thy satire bleed; §
P—rs, poets, panders, mingle in the throng,
 Smart with thy touch, and tremble at thy song ¶.

Yet vain, O Pope! is all thy sharpest rage,
 Still starv'ling dunces persecute the age;
 Faithful to folly, or enrag'd with spite,
 Still *tasteless* Timons build, and Tibbalds write;
 ||| Still Welfstead tunes his beer inspired lays,
 And Ralph, in metre, howls forth Stanhope's praise:

H 4

Ah!

† Homer. ‡ Rape of the lock. || Eloisa to Abelard.

§ Dunciad. ¶ Epistles.

||| Still Welfstead, and Ralph) Two authors, remarkable for
 nothing so much as the figure they make in the *dunciad*, where

Mr.

Ah ! hapless victim to the poet's flame,
While his eulogiums crucify thy fame.

Shall embryo wits thy studious hours engage,
Live in thy labours, and *prophane* thy page;
While virtue, ever-lov'd, demands thy lays,
And claims the tuneful tribute of thy praise?
Can Pope be silent, and not grateful lend
One strain to sing the patriot and the friend;
Who nobly anxious in his country's cause,
Maintains her honours, and defends her laws?
Could I, my bard, but equal numbers raise,
Then would I sing —— for oh ! I burst to praise:
Sing how a Pult'ney charms the list'ning throng,
While *senates* hang enraptur'd on his tongue;
With Tully's fire how each oration glows,
In Tully's music, how each period flows!
Instruct each babe to lisp the patriot's name,
Who in each bosom breathes a Roman flame.

So when the genius of the Roman age
Stem'd the strong torrent of tyrannic rage,
In freedom's cause each glowing breast he warm'd,
And like a Pult'ney, then a Brutus charm'd.

How

Mr. Pope has condescended to drag them from obscurity, and *damn* them with *immortality*; yet they have both ventured out in print since they were entered dunces on record; the one in a few bad verses against Mr. Pope's *taste*, the other in a dull epistle to lord *Chesterfield*; but both these pieces are entirely lost to fame and memory, as their authors are to modesty and common sense.

How blest, while we a *British* Brutus see,
 And all the Roman stands confest in thee !
 Equal thy worth, but equal were thy doom,
 To save Britannia as he rescu'd Rome ;
 He from a Tarquin snatch'd the destin'd prey,
 Britannia still laments a W——'s sway.

Arise, my tuneful bard, nor thus in vain
 Let thy Britannia, whom thou lov'st, complain :
 If thou in moanful lays relate her woe,
 Each heart shall bleed, each eye with pity flow ;
 If to revenge you swell the sounding strain,
 Revenge and fury fire each British swain :
 Obsequious to thy verse each breast shall move,
 Or burn with rage, or soften into love.

O let Britannia be her poet's care !
 And lash the *spoiler*, while you save the *fair*.
 Lo ! where he stands amidst the *servile crew* ;
 Nor blushes stain his cheek with crimson hue,
 While dire *corruption* all around he spreads,
 And ev'ry *ductile conscience* captive leads :
 Brib'd by his boons, behold the *venal* band,
 Worship the *idol* they could once command :
 So Britain's now, as Judah's sons before,
 First raise a golden calf, and then adore.

Let dull Parnassian sons of rhyme, no more
 Provoke thy satire, and employ thy pow'r ;
 New objects rise to share an equal fate,
 The *big, rich, mighty, dunces* of the state.

Shall

Shall *Ralph, Cooke, Welfstead*, then engross thy rage,
 While courts afford a H——, Y——, or G——;
Dulness no more roosts only near the sky,
 But *senates, drawing-rooms*, with garrets vye;
 Plump p—rs, and beardless bards alike are dull,
 St. James's and Rag-fair, club fool for fool.

Amidst the *mighty dull*, behold how great
 An Appius swells the Tibbald of the state;
 Long had he strove to spend his lawless sway
 O'er Britain's sons, and force them to obey;
 But blasted all his blooming hopes, he flies
 To vent his woe, and mourn his lost *ex—se*.

Pensive he sat, and sigh'd, while round him lay
 Loads of dull lumber, all inspir'd by *pay*:
 Here, puny pamphlets, spun from *prelates* brains,
 There the smooth jingle of Cook's lighter strains;
 Here, Walsingham's soft lulling opiates spread;
 There gloomy Osborn's quintessence of lead:
 With these the *statesman* strove to ease his care,
 To sooth his sorrows, and divert despair;
 But long his grief sleep's gentle aid denies,
 At length a slumb'rous *Briton* clos'd his eyes.

Yet vain the healing balm of downy rest,
 To chase his woe, or ease his lab'ring breast;
 Now frightful forms rise hideous to his view,
 More, Strafford, Laud, and all the headless crew;
Daggers and *halters* boding, terror breeds,
 And here a *Dudley* swings, there Villers bleeds.

Now

Now goddess *dulness*, watchful o'er his fate,
 And ever anxious for her child of state,
 From couch of down, slow rais'd her drowsy head,
 Forsook her slumbers, and to Appius sped.

Awake, my son, awake, the goddess cries,
 Nor longer mourn thy darling lost *ex-se* ;
 (Here the sad sound unseal'd the statesman's eyes) }
 Why slumbers thus my son, oppress'd with care,
 While *dulness* rules, say, shall her sons despair ?
 O'er all I spread my universal sway,
K—gs, P—tes, P—rs, and *rulers* all obey :
 Lo ! in the *church* my mighty pow'r, I shew,
 In pulpit preach, and slumber in the pew ;
 The *bench* and *bar* alike my influence owns,
 Here prate my *magpies*, and there doze my *drones*.
 In the grave dons, how formal is my mien,
 Who rule the gallipots of Warwick-lane :
 At court behold me strut in *purple-pride*,
 At Hockley roar, and in Crane-court preside.
 But chief in thee, my mighty pow'r is seen,
 'Tis I inspire thy mind, and fill thy mien ;
 On thee, my child, my duller blessings shed,
 And pour my opium o'er thy fav'rite head ;
 Rais'd thee a ruler of Britannia's fate,
 And led thee blund'ring to the helm of state.

Here bow'd the statesman low, and thus address'd ;
 O Goddess, sole inspirer of my breast !

To

To gall the *British* neck with *Gallic* chain,
 Long have I strove, but long have strove in vain ;
 While Caleb, rebel, to thy sacred pow'r,
 Unveils those eyes which thou hast curtain'd o'er ;
 Makes Britain's sons my dark designs foresee,
 Blast all my schemes, and struggle to be free.
 O had my projects met a milder fate,
 How had I reign'd a bashaw of the state !
 How o'er Britannia spread my 'mperial sway !
 How taught each free-born *Briton* to obey !
 No smiling freedom then had cheer'd her swains,
 But Asia's desarts vy'd with Albion's plains :
 Turks, Vandals, Britain, then compar'd with thee,
 Had hugg'd their chains, and joy'd that they were
 free ;

While wond'ring nations all around had seen
 Me rise a great Mogul, or Mazarin :
 Then had I taught Britannia to adore,
 Then led her captive to my lawless pow'r.
 Methinks I view her now no more appear
 First in the train, and fairest 'midst the fair ;
 Joyless I see the lovely mourner lye,
 Nor glow her cheek, nor sparkle now her eye ;
 Faded each grace, no smiling feature warm ;
 Torn all her tresses, blighted ev'ry charm ;
 Nor teeming plenty now each valley crowns,
Slaves are her sons, and *tradeless* all her towns.
 For this, behold yon *peaceful* army fed ;
 For this, on *senates* see my bounty shed :

For

For this, what wonders, goddess, have I wrought !
 How bully'd, begg'd, how treated, and how fought ;
 What wand'ring maze of error blunder'd thro',
 And how repair'd old blunders still by new !
 Hence the long train of never-ending jars,
 Of *warful peaces*, and of *peaceful wars*,
 Each *mystick treaty* of the mighty store,
 Which to explain, demands *ten treaties* more :
 Hence *scarecrow navies*, *floating raree-shows*,
 And hence Iberia's pride, and Britain's woes.
 These wond'rous works, O Goddess, have I
 done,
 Works ever worthy *dulness*' fav'rite son.

Lo ! on thy sons alone my favours show'r,
 None share my bounty that disdain thy pow'r :
 Yon *feathers*, *ribbands*, titles light as air,
 Behold ! thy choicest children only share ;
 Each views the *pageant* with admiring eyes,
 And fondly grasps the visionary prize ;
 Now proudly spreads his *leading-string* of state,
 And thinks to be a *wretch* is to be *great*.

But turn, O goddess, turn thine eyes, and view,
 The darling *leaders* of thy gloomy crew.

Full open-mouth'd N——e there behold,
 Aping a Tully, swell into a *scold*,
 Grievous to mortal ear ;——As at the place
 Where loud-tongu'd virgins vend the scaly race,
 Harsh

Harsh peals of vocal thunder fill the skies,
 And stunning sounds in hideous discord rise ;
 So when he tries the wond'rous pow'r of noise,
 Each hapless ear's a victim to his voice.

How blest, O Chesebourn ! whose art can mend
 Those ears N——e was ordain'd to rend.

See H——n secure in silence sit,
 No empty words betray his want of wit ;
 If sense in hiding folly is express'd,
 O H——n, thy wisdom stands confess'd.

To *dulness* sacred cause for ever true,
 Thy darling Caledonian, goddess view,
 The pride and glory of thy Scotia's plains,
 And faithful leader of her *venal* swains,
 Loaded he moves beneath a servile weight,
 The dull laborious *packhorse* of the state ;
 Drudges thro' tracks of infamy for *pay*,
 And hackneys out his conscience by the day :
 Yonder behold the busy *peerless* peer,
 With aspect meagre and important air ;
 His form how Gothic, and his looks how sage !
 He seems the living Plato of his age.

Blest form ! in which alone thy merit's seen,
 Since all thy *wisdom* centers in thy *mien* !

Here E——, A—b——le (for senates fit)
 And —by the wise in council sit :
 Here Looby G—n, Gr—m ever dull,
 By birth a *senator*, by fate a *f—l*.

While

While these, Britannia, watchful o'er thy state,
 Maintain thine honours, and direct thy fate.
 How shall admiring nations round adore,
 Behold thy greatness, tremble at thy pow'r.
 How Sheba's come, invited by thy fame,
 Revere thy wisdom, and extol thy name !

Lo ! to yon *bench* now, goddess, turn thine eyes,
 And view thy sons in solemn dulness rise,
 All doating, wrinkled, grave, and gloomy, see
 Each form confess thy dull divinity ;
 True to thy cause, behold each *trencher'd sage*
 Increas'd in folly, as advanc'd in age :
 Here Ch——r, learn'd in mystic prophecy,
 Confuting Collins, makes each prophet lie :
 Poor Woolston by thy Smallbrook there assail'd,
Gaols sure convinc'd him, tho' the *prelate* fail'd.

But chief Pastorius, ever grave and dull,
 Devoid of sense, of zeal divinely full,
 Retail his squibs of science o'er the town,
 While *charges, past' rals*, thro' each street resound ;
 These teach a heav'nly Jesus to obey,
 While those maintain an earthly Appius' sway.
 Thy gospel truth, Pastorius, crost, † we see
 While *God* and *mammon's* serv'd at once by thee.

Who

† A prelate noted for writing spiritual pastorals and temporal charges ; in the one he endeavours to serve the cause of christianity, in the other the mammon of a ministry.

Who would not trim, speak, vote, or conscience
 pawn,
 To lord it o'er a fee, and swell in lawn ?
 If arts like these, O S——k, honours claim,
 Than thee none merits more the prelate's name :
 Wond'ring behold him faithful to his fee,
 Proves parliaments *dependent* to be free ;
 In senates blunder, flounder, and dispute,
 For ever reas'ning, never to confute.
 Since courts for this their fated gifts decree,
 Say what is reputation to a *fee* ?

Lo ! o'er yon flood H—e cast his low'ring eyes,
 And wishful sees the rev'rend turrets rise.
 While Lambeth opens to thy longing view,
 Hapless ! the *mitre* ne'er can bind thy brow :
 Tho' courts should deign the gift, how wond'rous
 hard

By thy own doctrines still to be debar'd ;
 For if from *change* † such mighty evils springs,
Translations sure, O H—e ! are sinful things.

These rulers see, and nameless numbers more,
 O goddess, of thy train the choicest store,
 Who ignorance in gravity entrench,
 And grace alike the *pulpit* and the *bench*.

Full plac'd and pension'd see H—r—o stands ;
 Begrim'd his face, unpurify'd his hands ;

To

† A noted sermon preached on the 30th of January on this text,
Woe be unto them that are given to change, &c.

To decency he scorns all nice pretence,
 And reigns firm foe to cleanliness and sense.
 How did H—r—o BRITAIN's cause advance !
 How shine the *sloven* and *buffoon* of France.
 In senates now, how scold, how rave, how roar,
 Of *treaties* run the tedious train-trow o'er !
 How blunder out whate'er should be conceal'd,
 And how keep secret what should be reveal'd !
 True child of *dulness* ! see him, goddess, claim
 Pow'r next myself, as next in birth and fame.

Silence ! ye senates, while enribban'd Y——e
 Pours forth melodious nothings from his tongue !
 How sweet the accents play around the ear,
 Form'd of smooth periods, and of well-tun'd air !
 Leave, gentle Y——e, the senate's dry debate,
 Nor labour 'midst the labyrinths of state ;
 Suit thy soft genius to more tender themes,
 And sing of cooling shades, and purling streams ;
 With modern sing-song murder ancient plays †,
 Or warble, in sweet ode a Brunswick's praise :
 So shall thy strains in purer *dulness* flow,
 And laurels wither on a C—bb—r's brow.
 Say, can the statesman wield the poet's quill,
 And quit the senate for Parnassus' hill ?

I

Since

† This gentleman, with the assistance of Roome, Concanen, and several others, committed a barbarous murder on the body of an old comedy, by turning into a modern ballad opera ; which was scarce exhibited on the stage, before it was thought necessary to be contracted into one act.

Since there no venal vote a pension shares,
Nor wants Apollo lords commissioners.

There W—— and P——, goddess view,
Firm in thy cause, and to thy Appius true:
Lo! from their labours what reward betides!
One pays my army, one my navy guides.

To dance, dress, sing, and serenade the fair,
‡ Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair,
O'er baleful tea with females taught to blame,
And spread a slander o'er a virgin's fame;
Form'd for these softer airs shall H——ey strain
With stubborn politicks his tender brain!
For ministers laborious pamphlets write,
In senates prattle, and with patriots fight!
Thy fond ambition, *pretty youth*, give o'er,
Preside at balls, old fashions lost restore;
So shall each toilet in thy cause engage,
And H——ey shine a P——re of the age.

Behold a star emblazon C——n's coat,
Not that the knight has merit, but a vote.
And here, O goddess, num'rous wrongheads trace,
Lur'd by a *pension*, *ribband*, or a *place*.

To murder science, and my cause defend,
Now shoals of Grub-street Garreteers descend;
From

‡ As this is the only living instance of the surprizing genius and abilities of these wits, I could not forbear mentioning it.

From *schools* and *desks* the writing insects crawl,
Unlade their dulness, and for Appius bawl.

Lo ! to thy darling Osborne turn thine eyes,
See him o'er politics superior rise ;
While Caleb feels the venom of his quill,
And wond'ring ministers reward his skill :
Unlearn'd in logic, yet he writes by rule,
And proves himself in syllogism ——— a fool ;
Now flies obedient, war with sense to wage,
And drags th' idea through the painful page :
Unread, unanswer'd, still he writes again,
Still spins the endless cobweb of his brain ;
Charm'd with each line, reviewing what he writ,
Blesses his stars, and wonders at his wit.

Nor less, O Walsingham, thy worth appears !
Alike in merit, tho' unlike in years :

Ill fated youth ! what stars malignant shed
Their baneful influence o'er thy brainless head,
Doom'd to be ever writing, never read !

For bread to libel liberty and sense,
And damn thy patron weakly with defence.
Drench'd in the fable flood, O hadst thou still
O'er skins of parchment drove thy venal quill,
At Temple alehouse told an idle tale,
And pawn'd thy credit for a mug of ale ;
Unknown to Appius then had been thy name,
Unlac'd thy coat, unsacrific'd his fame ;

Nor vast unvended reams would Peelè deplore,
As victims destin'd to the common-shore.

As dunce to dunce in endless numbers breed,
So to Concanen see a Ralph succeed,
A tiny witling of these writing days,
Full fam'd for tuneless rhimes, and short-liv'd plays:
Write on my *luckless* bard, still unasham'd,
Tho' burnt thy journals, and thy dramas damn'd;
'Tis bread inspires thy politicks and lays,
Not thirst of *immortality* or *praise*.

These, goddess, view the choicest of thy train,
While yet unnumber'd *dunces* still remain,
Deans, critics, lawyers, bards, a motley crew,
To *dulness* faithful, as to Appius true.

Enough, the goddess cries, enough I've seen,
While these support, secure my son shall reign.
Still shalt thou blund'ring rule Britannia's fate,
Still Grubstreet hail thee *minister of state*.

HIT OR MISS, LUCK'S ALL.

OLD 7—, to show his most elegant taste,
In improving his gardens, purloin'd from the
waste ;

Bid his gardener one day to open his views
By cutting a couple of grand avenues.

No particular prospect his lordship intended,
But left it to chance how his walk should be
ended.

With a transport and joy he beheld his view end
In a favourite prospect, a church that was ruin'd.
But alas ! what a sight did the next cut exhibit ?
At the end of the walk hung a rogue on a gibbet—
He beheld it and wept, for it caus'd him to muse
on

Full many a Campbell who died with his shoes
on——

All amaz'd, and aghast at the ominous scene, }
He order'd it quick to be clos'd up again }
With a clump of Scotch firs, by way of a screen. }

THE SCOTS DECREE.

IN *Scotland* once a king they had,
The first that there did reign,
Tho' no man ever knew his dad,
Yet Fergus was his name.

This muckle monarch on a day,
To shew his *Scottish* pride,
Did to his nobles proudly say
As they stood by his side ;

“ Ken ye the man, or king, quo’ he,
 “ So great or wise as I?
 “ His wit and strength I fain would see,
 “ For I the world defy.”

His muckle lairds stood in amaze,
 And durst no answer make,
 For fear his passion they should raise,
 And he their craggs should break.

But one, much wiser than the rest,
 Had heard religion’s fame,
 Told him, that, he, at his request,
 Would tell a monarch’s name.

At which the haughty monarch rose,
 All fire, like a true *Scot*,
 Bid him the secret then disclose,
 Or he should go to pot.

His name, quo’ he, *Jehovah* is,
 The king of kings is he,
 The fountain of all happiness,
 The supreme deity.

“ De’il fau me, if e’er I heard
 “ Of sike a king before,
 “ Or ever ken’d I sike a laird,
 “ By sea or on the shore.

“ Gang

- “Gang yer’e ways, gud man, to that fame king,
 “And let him understand,
 “That you from me this message bring,
 “And that it’s my command,
 “You tell him, he acknowledge must,
 “That I’m the greater laird,
 “Or I’ll his cities lay in dust,
 “His people put to th’ sward.”

This wonder of the *Scottish* court,
 Did for a while retire,
 To use his harmless rural sport,
 And quench his monarch’s fire.

Some time he staid, then came to court,
 And kenn’d was by-the king,
 “Weell man, quo’ he, did’st reach the port?
 “What message dost thou bring?

“Troth have I, sir, and thus he says,
 “This message he does send,
 “If you will love, and trust always
 “In him, he’ll be your friend.

“Do’s he, gud truth, then deel ’a me,
 “If any *Scottish* man,
 “From this day e’er his kingdom see,
 “Or e’er invade his land.”

Thus, by a wise decree at first,
 The *Scotsmen* lost their heaven,
 But to employ them, (thus accurs'd)
 The itch was to them given.

ON THE MODERN PLAID-WEARERS.

WHAT do I see! ridiculously clad
 Our *English* beaus and belles in *highland* plaid?
 The dress of rebels! by our laws forbid!
 No matter—why should friends or foes be hid?
 By this distinctive badge are traitors shown,
 Sure as free masons by their signals known.
 Come to the muster, *Perkin*, take thy roll,
 And of thy slaves in liv'ry sum the poll.

Yet say, ye dastards, who in peaceful days
 Look big, drink healths, and hope a traitor's praise,
 In what dark corner did ye lurk, when late
 To the last crisis *Edward* push'd his fate?
 Sculking behind the laws ye wish'd to break,
 Ye dar'd risk nothing for your *prince's* sake,
 Tamely ye saw his promis'd succours fail,
 And *William's* arms like *Aaron's* rod prevail.
 True to no side, ye bats † of human kind,
 Despis'd by both, for public scorn design'd,
 Still by your dress distinguish'd from the rest,
 Be *James's* sorrow, and be *George's* jest.

EURYALUS.

† See *Æsop's* fables.

AN EPIGRAM.

SEE *Natta's* coach along the village runs,
 Drawn by four scrubs, pursued by thrice four
 duns:

Landskips and arms adorn the gay machine,
 Without all vanity, all vice within.

The mob the gaudy pageant strikes, they gaze,
 And, * *B—ll*, thy wond'rous art profusely praise:
 In diff'rent views thy merit I explore;
 Thy *works* surprize me, but thy *faith* much more.

* The maker's name.

EPIGRAM,

OCCASIONED BY A GENTLEMAN'S LOSING FRE-
 QUENTLY TO LADY H---RR---N AT LOO.

WHAT tho' I hold of trumps a flush,
 And boast a friend in pam;
 Yet I dare own without a blush,
 That I the loser am.

Nay more, this happens every day,
 And is each night renew'd;
 For who with *H—rr—n* can *play*,
 And fail of being *loo'd*.

THE *WAY* TO BE *WISE*.

IMITATED FROM LA FONTAINE.

POOOR Jenny, am'rous, young, and gay,
 Having by man been led astray,
 To nunn'ry dark retir'd ;
 There liv'd and look'd so like a maid,
 So seldom eat, so often pray'd,
 She was by all admir'd.

The lady abbess oft would cry,
 If any sister trod awry,
 Or prov'd an idle flattern :
 " See wife and pious Mrs. Jane ;
 " A life so strict, so grave a mein,
 " Is sure a worthy pattern."

A pert young flut at length replies,
 " Experience, madam, makes folks wise,
 " 'Tis that has made her such ;
 " And we, poor souls, no doubt, should be
 " As pious, and as wise as she,
 " If we had seen as much."

TO ANY MINISTER OR GREAT MAN.

Whether you lead the patriot band,
Or in the class of courtiers stand,
Or prudently prefer
The middle course, with equal zeal
To serve both king and common-weal,
Your grace, my lord, or sir !

Know, minister ! whate'er your plan,
Whate'er your politics, great man,
You must expect detraction ;
Though of clean hand and honest heart,
Your greatness must expect to smart
Beneath the rod of faction.

Like blockheads, eager in dispute,
The mob, that many-headed brute,
All bark and bawl together,
For continental measures some
And some cry, keep your troops at home,
And some are pleas'd with neither,

Lo ! a militia guards the land ;
Thousands applaud your saving hand
And hail you their protector ;

While

While thousands censure and defame,
 And brand you with the hideous name
 Of state-quack and projector.

Are active, vig'rous means preferr'd ?
 Lord ! what harangues are hourly heard
 Of wasted blood and treasure !

Then all for enterprize and plot,
 And, pox o'this unmeaning Scot !
 If cautious be your measure.

Corruption's influence you despise ;
 These lift your glory to the skies,
 Those pluck your glory down ;
 So strangely diff'rent is the note
 Of scoundrels that have right to vote,
 And scoundrels that have none.

Ye then who guide the car of state
 Scorning the rabble's idle prate,
 Proceed as ye design'd ;
 In rugged ways, the reins and steeds
 Alone the skilful driver heeds,
 Nor stays to cut behind.

ADVICE TO THE MARQUIS OF
ROCKINGHAM.

UPON A LATE OCCASION.

BY AN OLD COURTIER.

WELL may they, Wentworth, call thee
young,

What hear and feel ! lift right from wrong,

And to a wretch be kind !

Old statesmen would reverse your plan

Sink, in the minister, the man

And be both deaf and blind !

If thus, my lord, your heart o'erflows,

Know you, how many mighty foes

Such weakness will create you?

Regard not what Fitzherbert says,

For tho' you gain each good man's praise,

We older folks shall hate you.

You should have sent, the other day,

G——k, the player, with frowns away,

Your smiles but made him bolder ;

Why would you hear his strange appeal

Which dar'd to make a statesman feel ?

I would that you were older.

You

You should be proud, and seem displeas'd,
Or you for ever will be teaz'd;

Your house with beggars haunted :
What, ev'ry suitor kindly us'd ?
If wrong, their folly is excus'd,
If right, their suit is granted.

From pressing crowds of great and small,
To free yourself, give hopes to all,
And fail nineteen in twenty :
What, wound my honour, break my word !
You're young again.—You may, my lord,
Have precedents in plenty !

Indeed, young statesman, 'twill not do,—
Some other ways and means pursue,
More fitted to your station !
What from your boyish freaks can spring ?
Mere toys !—the favour of your king,
And love of all the nation.

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN.

BY J. H. S. ESQ.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLXI.

FABLE I.

THE RIVER WITH A PETITION.

ACCORDING to the Romish creed,
 I speak of Rome two thousand years ago,
 The life that they suppos'd the Gods to lead,
 You would not chuse to undergo.
 Jupiter's business day and night,
 Was to attend with open ears and eyes,
 And to write down, as fast as he could write,
 All the impertinence that men devise.
 Besides mens fopperies and ravings,
 The women had so great a share,
 That their absurdities and cravings
 Omnipotence alone could bear.
 And furthermore, to try his patience,
 He heard the prayers and fanciful distresses
 Of all his children and relations,
 And of his wife and his mistresses.

Once

Once on a time, if you'll believe tradition,
 A river in great tribulation,
 To Jupiter presented a petition,
 With an expostulating exhortation ;
 Whereby, if the petitioner's refus'd,
 He has a right to think himself ill-us'd ;
 A form of prayer contriv'd for execution,
 Exactly like a double-barrel'd gun,
 Which if you fire with resolution,
 You have another chance when one is done,
 So far from killing two birds with one stone,
 An art that's very little known ;
 All the petitioner desir'd to do,
 Was to kill one with two.
 Now this petition shew'd how the petitioner,
 For his fidelity, zeal, and devotion,
 Had been appointed a commissioner
 Of the revenues of the ocean,
 Which he collected with great pains,
 And sent in good and current cash,
 But, for his trouble and clear gains,
 The sea return'd adulterated trash :
 Wherefore he pray'd,
 Exhorted and submitted,
 That all the sums the ocean paid,
 Shall for the future be remitted,
 And issued fair,
 Without debasement or impair.
 Ungrateful Thames ! the God replied,
 Without

Without that mixture and alloy,
Which the sea pours into thee every tide,
Thy beauty and thy strength would wear away.

Without his aid thou wouldst remain
Like Tiber, or the poor pretending Seine,
Led thro' parterres, or rolled down a cascade,
Confin'd to vanity, and lost to trade.

'Tis thus the Highlander complains,
'Tis thus the union they abuse
For binding their back-sides in chains,
And shackling their feet in shoes :
For giving them both food and fewel,
And comfortable cloaths,
Instead of cruel oat-meal gruel ;
Instead of rags and heritable blows.

Luxury every day grows stronger ;

The Highland fair

Beholds her lover now no longer

Trotting with his buttocks bare.

Thus doctor Brown was taken with the spleen,
And fancied we were all undone,
Raving about a carpet and a screen,
And out of temper with the sun :

Because it is a crime,

As he supposes,

For men to run in winter time
Into the sun to warm their noses.

'Tis an egregious want of sense,
A want of taste, and want of shame,
To fancy universal affluence
And luxury the same.

In spite of doctor Brown's discerning;
 The term of universal will agree,
 As well with his benevolence and learning,
 As universal suit with luxury.
 He may perceive, if he be so inclin'd,
 Like his discernment, luxury's confin'd.
 For as the gout torments the hands and feet,
 To ease the nobler stomach and the head,
 So luxury, to gratify the great,
 Insults and robs the labourer of his bread.
 Luxury in a state is a disease,
 Because 'tis partial, and obstructed wealth,
 But universal affluence and ease
 Is universal happiness and health.

F A B L E II.

THE PHOENIX AND HER LOVERS,

THAT every female's a coquette,
 I could as safely swear upon a book,
 As I could safely bet,
 That every Frenchman is a cook.
 A Phoenix, daughter of the sun,
 Chaste as a vestal, modest as a nun,
 Added such merit to her birth,
 That not a bird, tho' of the highest fashion,
 No feather'd coxcomb of the earth
 Ventur'd to declare his passion.

They

They all agreed
 No earthly bird was worthy of her love;
 None but a bird of the celestial breed,
 An angel from above.

The phoenix liv'd so long a maid,
 'Till all her gaiety and bloom
 Began to fade,
 And favour of the tomb.
 She mop'd, grew splenetic, and tir'd
 Of so much awe and so much state,
 She long'd like other birds to be admir'd,
 Like other birds she long'd to find a mate.
 At last she issued out a proclamation
 To summon the male birds of every nation;
 Perhaps this summons, and this longing,
 Was a political machine,
 Just like the lovers that came thronging,
 Summon'd by our virgin queen.

Now, from all quarters,
 The birds appear'd in their best cloaths;
 Nobles in stars and garters,
 Curled and embroider'd beaux.
 Some stately, others light and gay,
 One coo'd, another sung and flatter'd,
 Some, like the magpie and the jay,
 For ever chatter'd.

About the inner ring,
 Where all the birds of figure press,
 A bat whirl'd round with leathern wing,

To show his shape and his address,
Offering his heart, his eyes and wings to boot,
At which there rose an universal hoot.

The phoenix answer'd in the tone,
And in the self-same manner languish'd,
As queen Elizabeth, when she was shown
A taylor by her beauty vanquish'd;

Take courage, man, says she,
For if I needs must have a taylor,
I promise, without failure,
To marry none but thee.

And as the queen coquetted at an age
When other queens are tame,
'Till she went off the stage,
The phoenix did the same.

She died a great coquette, and what is more,
Rose from the grave a greater than before.

The phoenix and self-love are the same beast,
Within the human breast,
Which poets feign the spicy east,
She builds her solitary nest;
From whence, with every gale of wind,
The traveller may smell the mind.

Her lovers are our passions; these she meets,
Either by appointment or by chance,

Which if she can't indulge, she treats
With smiles and complaisance.

And as the phoenix, from her ashes rais'd,
Returns as blooming as a bride,

So when we think it dies, the Lord be prais'd,
Self love springs up again with double pride.

'Tis a determin'd case,
 None but ourselves can occupy our place.
 For this same reason, physical and clear,
 Each individual of us all
 Is that same phoenix, without any peer,
 On this terrestrial ball.
 A lover is a madman, and a miser
 Not one jot wiser.
 Let any try, except a lover,
 Or one devoted to his self,
 Whether in all the world they can discover
 Another self.

F A B L E III.

THE DUCKLINGS AND THE WISE BIRDS.

A Hen one evening to enjoy the cool,
 Was walking with a brood of ducklings cal-
 low,
 Just like a mistress of a boarding school,
 With misses green and yellow.
 As she was tutoring and schooling
 This bird for loitering, and that for fooling,
 Behold a fishpond so alluring,
 That, spite of her remonstrances and cackle,

They ventur'd their whole flock without insuring,
 Truſting to their oars and tackle;
 The hen kept ſcolding like a drab,
 Curſing her rebellious race;

We're not thy children, cried a pert young ſquab,
 If we were chickens, we ſhould have more grace,
 On nature we depend,

Our courſe ſhe ſteers,
 Nature's a ſafer guide, and better friend,
 Than any dotard's fears.

Close by the pond, an ancient tower
 Lifted its venerable head,
 A college and ſequeſter'd bower,
 Where owls for ages had been bred;
 An old profeſſor, a great clerk,
 Taught them their talents to diſplay,
 To keep their eyes wide open in the dark
 And ſhut them in the face of day.
 To think abſtractedly, to reaſon deep,
 And to declaim, 'till all the world's aſleep.

 Theſe ſtudents from the tower ſaw our young
 folks,

Our bold adventurers under ſail,
 They heard their clamorous mirth and jokes,
 And heard their nurſe's fruitleſs wail.

Obſerve, ſays one more learned than the reſt,

 Theſe birds by inſtinct know the ſeaſon

 To ſail, to eat, to go to reſt,

Juſt as we know by argument and reaſon.

We

We know from reason and experience both,
We see it ev'ry hour ;

That governors are loth,
To part with power.

Yon hen which you all hear,
In such a fright,

Undoubtedly affects that fear,

To keep her pupils always in her sight.

From the same principle, for the same end,

Our tutor keeps us all thus penn'd ;

Preaching that we must not pretend to fly,

We are too weak, it is too soon,

Which I'll demonstrate to be a lye,

As clear as the sun at noon.

Feet, said the subtle owl,

Are not the things,

That constitute the essence of a fowl,

So much as wings.

Whatever is essential to our make

We soonest learn, and seldomest mistake.

Hence that pathetic prayer, that tender call

By which we get our wants dispatch'd,

Is so essential above all,

That we all speak the moment we are hatch'd:

Nature, benevolent and wise,

Opens our mouths much sooner than our eyes.

By parity of reason meet,

Our wings and pinions should be ready,

Long time before our heads and feet

Are firm and steady.

Therefore 'twill follow like a chain,
 That as we walk, you must confess,
 With little giddiness and pain,
 If we attempt it, we must fly with less.
 This reasoning philosophic wight
 Convinc'd his brethren one and all :
 With one accord they took their flight,
 And fatal and untimely was their fall.
 None of them reason'd any more,
 The young logicians lay like wrecks,
 Drown'd in the pond, or scatter'd on the shore,
 With mangled limbs and broken necks.
 Bred in a court, or some gay city,
 The ducklings are those thoughtless sprightly
 fools,
 Oh Cambridge is it not a pity,
 Strangers to thee and to thy schools?

F A B L E IV.

LA NOBLESSE DE FRANCE.

THE FIGHTING COCK AND THE CRAVEN.

A Cock; an officer of foot,
 In France retir'd into a village,
 Where he did nought but crow and strut,
 And liv'd by pillage.

Whene'er

Whene'er he had a mind
 To take his pastime with the fair,
 He was not to one wife confin'd,
 Nor to a pair :

But, like a lord,
 Had half a dozen both at bed and board.
 He spied a barn-door fowl one day,
 Cram'd from the rump up to the gullet,
 In amorous dalliance and play
 With a young pullet.

His robes and train, his senatorial cap,
 His size almost the size of geese,
 Show'd that he had been nurtur'd in the lap
 Of peace.

Bred for the bench and presidential chair,
 He judg'd, he roosted, and digested there.
 The military cock took as much pleasure
 As an unlucky page,

To see the magistrate employ his leisure
 So much below his dignity and age.

He that should set a good example !

Be virtuous and discreet !

To tread on modesty, and trample

Chastity beneath his feet !

Fine time, says he, when judges run
 Seducing maidens in the open sun !

This wanton fit

Comes of intemperance and over-eating ;

Which,

Which, as it soon will bring you to the spit,
 Shall save your reverence from a beating.

To this reproof,

With a sly sneer, the judge replied aloof :

'Tis true, that I and all my brood,

When we have run the race assign'd,

Shall have the honour to become the food

And comfort of mankind.

An unexpected death

Shall gently steal, not force away our breath.

Good colonel, you are mightily mistaken,

It is not owing to respect, indeed,

That you are neither boil'd, like us, with bacon,

Roasted nor fricasseed.

But tho' your flesh be men's aversion,

Yet it contributes much to their diversion ;

They give you barley, bread, and oats,

Because they take great pleasure and delight

To see you fight ;

To see you cutting one another's throats.

If you escape, and are not slain in war,

You are in a worse plight by far.

Amongst the hogs,

Wounded and lame you're on a dunghill cast,

By wanton boys and puppy dogs

Worried or teaz'd to death at last.

In France the land-tax is not as 'tis here,

A tax where you appeal and squabble ;

There the nobility go free and clear,

Like the rascality and rabble.

The same exception pards and tygers own,
 And the base polecat caught in gins :
 Their flesh and bone we let alone,
 And ask them nothing but their skins.

F A B L E V.

THE DOG AND THE CAT.

Interest fascinates both age and youth,
 And, with a glance of her bewitching eye,
 Can make a minister speak truth,
 Or make a mighty monarch tell a lye.
 She can set brothers by the ears,
 And, what you'll scarce believe perhaps,
 Make sisters as harmonious as the spheres,
 And live together without pulling caps.
 'Tis she gives every one her place,
 Oft, like a blundering marshal at a feast,
 Joining a scoundrel to his grace,
 An atheist to a priest.
 Interest well understood,
 Made Solomon, makes Melcomb now declare
 That life is only good
 To eat and drink, and laugh, and banish care,
 Close by a kitchen fire, a dog and cat,
 Each a famous politician,
 Were meditating as they sat,
 Plans and projects of ambition.

By the same fire were set to warm
 Fragments of their master's dinner ;
 Temptations to alarm
 The frailty of a sinner.

Clear prurient water stream'd from Pompey's jaws,
 And Tabby look'd demure, and lick'd her paws ;
 And as two plenipos,
 For fear of a surprize,

When both have something to propose,
 Examine one another's eyes ;
 Or like two maids, tho' smit by different swains,
 In jealous conference o'er a dish of tea,
 Pompey and Tabby both, cudgell'd their brains,
 Studying each other's physiognomy.

Pompey, endow'd with finer sense;
 Discover'd, in a cast of Tabby's face,
 A symptom of concupiscence,
 Which made it a clear case.

When, straight applying to the dawning passion,
 Pompey address'd her in this fashion :
 Both you and I, with vigilance and zeal,
 Becoming faithful dogs and pious cats,
 Have guarded day and night this common-weal,
 From robbery and rats,

All that we get for this, heaven knows,
 Is a few bones, and many blows.
 Let us no longer fawn and whine,
 Since we have talents and are able ;
 Let us impose an equitable fine
 Upon our master's table :

And

And, to be brief,
 Let us each choose a single dish,
 I'll be contented with roast beef,
 Take you that turbot—you love fish.
 Thus every dog and cat agrees,
 When they can settle their own fees.
 Thus two contending chiefs are seen,
 To agree at last in every measure;
 One takes the management of the marine,
 The other of the nation's treasure :
 Thus L—g retir'd, thus even P—tt
 His popularity resign'd,
 For a tid-bitt,
 A pit-tance suited to the patriot's mind.

F A B L E VI.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

WITH malice fell
 A spider watch'd within his cell,
 Ready to fally,
 The unwary traveller to fouse,
 Like a Jew-broker in the alley,
 Or a Dutch merchant in his counting-house :
 Like them he corresponded far and near,
 And tho' his trade was intricate and dark,
 He manag'd his affairs, and kept all clear,
 Without a partner or a clerk.

A petit maitre, an active bustling fly,
 Thinking to scamper unmolested,
 With airy equipage as he pass'd by,
 By cruel Cacus was arrested.
 Furnish'd with that undaunted sense,
 Which only courts and camps can teach,
 Having no weapon or defence,
 Except his instrument of speech,
 The fly, with flattering soporific strains,
 Tried to benumb the spider's brains :
 Hearing such daily praise bestow'd,
 Upon your elegance in weaving,
 I came to visit your abode,
 Which is magnificent beyond believing :
 And now I'm convinc'd, if you will drop

The linen trade,

And take to weaving velvets and brocade,
 The fallad-eaters soon must shut up shop,
 Change but your diet, and, like theirs, your taste.

Will grow refin'd, correct and chaste,
 As I have studied every herb and leaf,

That's either noxious or good to eat,

Make me your caterer in chief,

And purveyor of all your meat.

Send me this instant, in a trice

I'll bring you something savoury and nice.

Seeing the spider smile and grin,

He found his plot would not succeed,

It was too thin,

For one of that sagacious breed ;

On which he fell a vapouring and buzzing,
 Swearing the drones would take the alarm,
 And come to the assistance of their cousin
 With an enormous swarm.

The drones and I are no such strangers,
 We know, said Cacus, what we both can do,
 They are too wise to run their heads in dangers,
 For such a busy meddling fool as you :

But, since you come to spoil our manufacture,
 And poison honest traders,
 I'll hang you like a malefactor,
 To terrify invaders.

No sooner said than done,
 He knock'd him down, and hung him in the sun,
 The spider's a negotiator,
 And an ensnaring captious debater,
 Obdurate, subtle and alert.
 The fly a coxcomb and a prater,
 Teazing and pert.

Tho' all such characters I hate,
 And from my soul despise,
 May we have many spiders in the state,
 When we are plagu'd with French and Spanish
 flies.

F A B L E VII.

THE WILD DUCKS AND THE WATER SPANIEL.

AFTER a tedious flight,
 Of many a stormy day and night;
 A flock of wild ducks sailing up and down,
 Upon a lake were making merry;
 Like sailors in a sea-port town,
 Just arriv'd from Pondicherry.

A swan too stately for sport,
 To shew herself was all her view,
 Had undertaken to escort

The jovial crew.

Swelling and bridling
 With all the airs of a fine dame at court;
 Turning about and fidling,
 Advancing, and then stopping short.

Displaying in her features
 Contempt and insolent dejection,
 To signify that those strange creatures,
 Were forc'd upon her for protection.

I must confess, amongst mankind
 I have seen swans as foolishly inclin'd.

A Paris on the Seine,
 I've seen a French marquee conduct a pair
 Of German barons to the fair
 Of Saint Germaine,

Strutting

Strutting before them, tossing up his head,
 Then looking back, and lowering his crest,
 The barons were so awkward, so ill-bred,
 And so ill-dress'd.

Have you not seen a new-made peer
 With equal pride, but greater trepidations,
 Observing in his rear
 A troop of country relations,
 Run up St. James's street, and, at two leaps,
 Take Arthur's steps?

Those steps as terrible as the Tarpeian,
 From whence with one black ball you're hurl'd
 Into another world

Among the damn'd Plebeian.

Perhaps this grave and solemn swan
 Dislik'd the company of those wild-ducks;
 Just as a prude, or sober man,
 Dislikes the company of bucks.

For while they made more noise and riot
 Than twenty justices of peace,
 The swan was serious and quiet,
 As captain Gander marching with his geese.

Marching to the field,
 With gorget and a wooden shield.
 About the middle of the lake,
 Upon the banks a water-spaniel lay,
 Looking out for duck or drake,
 Or any lawful prey,

L

And

And as the captain of a privateer
 Lies by,
 Nor offers to bear down, nor gives a cheer,
 'Till his expected prize begins to fly,
 Close to the shore the spaniel lets them sail,
 And rush'd into the lake when they turn'd tail,
 Snorting and snoring ;
 Pursuing them with all his force,
 Swearing and roaring
 'Till he was hoarse ;
 He turn'd and veer'd,
 Now made a stretch, and then a tack ;
 Now snapp'd, and now they disappear'd,
 And rose again a long way back :
 'Till the poor spiritless exhausted brute
 Was forc'd to give up the pursuit.
 And as the French to Toulon ran,
 And left the Spaniards in a scrape,
 The moment that the fray began
 The swan made her escape.
 Quite out of reach,
 A roan duck on the beach,
 Under a shed,
 Consider'd the whole scene with wonder,
 Just like Caligula under the bed,
 Studying the cause of lightning and thunder.
 As the victorious crew pass'd by in order,
 He made them an oration ;
 The roan duck being the recorder,
 Or burgomaster of the corporation.

Leave your abandon'd lives,
 Roving like pirates and Jews,
 Come hither with your children and wives,
 And settle peaceably in our mews.
 We'll take you without any fuss,
 Here we have neither law nor code,
 You're only tied to copy us,
 And go by custom and the mode;
 You shall be fashionably dress'd,
 Protected, treated, and caress'd,
 A friseur, with an instrument of steel,
 Shall shape your wings and your toupee,
 Make them sit perfectly genteel,
 Easy and free.

As to the rest, you may gather from my looks
 Whether the air is good,
 And whether we have wholesome food,
 Or tolerable cooks.

Peace, wretch, the chieftain of the ducks replied,
 Nor with thy venal breath offend the brave,
 Freedom is as much our pride,
 As 'tis thine to be a slave.
 We neither injure nor provoke;
 We neither fear great nor small,
 Because we scorn to yield to any yoke,
 We are hated by them all.
 From pole to pole pursued,
 From pole to pole
 Our enemies have every soul
 Been baffled and subdued.

Lords of three elements we can maintain

Our freedom and possessions,

With the same ease that we disdain

Thy offers, and insidious professions.

In our own virtue we confide,

On others how can we rely ?

When fear or hope, envy, or pride,

May turn a friend into a false ally.

Those who depend on others ;

Whether on males or females they depend.

Will find the swan has many brothers,

And sisters without end.

F A B L E VIII.

THE ADVICE OF AN OLD SPANIEL.

A Certain dog of middling birth,

Frolicksome and full of play :

Even in the height of all his mirth,

Delicate, as well as gay :

With far more feeling for his friend,

Than they could either taste or comprehend.—

Being thrown into the world betimes,

Betimes discover'd it was all a cheat,

Yet not so dangerous for odious crimes,

As odious for malice and deceit ;

Oft

Oft when he meant to have amus'd
 His friends with a conceit, or harmless jest,
 By many he was snarl'd at and abus'd,
 And slighted even by the best.
 Oft, when half-starv'd, he found a bone,
 Or something hid,
 Instead of eating it alone,
 As others did,
 He ran to share his daily bread,
 Unsought ;
 With those that were much better fed
 Than taught.
 His daily bread they seiz'd ;
 And drove him from their mess,
 More disappointed and displeas'd
 With their ingratitude than his distress.
 It is a maxim amongst dogs,
 When they have the address and skill,
 To slip their collars and their clogs,
 And leave their friends that use them ill.
 To avoid anxiety and strife
 Tray was resolv'd to try a country life.
 A country dog, I think,
 Is exactly like a country 'squire,
 They both are only fit to sleep and stink
 By their own fire,
 And when awake are only good
 To yelp and halloo in a wood,

Their joys,
 And conversation are the same,
 'Tis all a clamour and a noise,
 And all the noise and clamour about game.
 Three words compose their whole vocabulary,
 A fox, a hare, and a fine scenting day,
 Whether they are serious or merry,
 'Tis all they have to say :
 In short they never are so entertaining,
 As when they're fast asleep, or feigning.
 To quit such friends as these,
 One would not grieve,
 Tray parted from them with great ease,
 Without so much as taking leave,
 Consults his grandfire by profession,
 A spaniel ;
 For judgment and discretion,
 A perfect Daniel,
 Benign and mild ;
 He heard his grandson's grievances, and smil'd.
 Grandson, said he, I do conceive,
 If you had known the world, and how things go,
 But half as much as you believe ;
 Which is twice as much as I believe you know ;
 You would not have complain'd,
 That dogs behave to one another,
 When they are unchain'd,
 Like every creature to his brother.

Say,

Say, dupe of a rash confidence and trust,
 If you lie open and unguarded,
 Is it not just,
 That vigilance should be rewarded?
 'Twas neither nature's call,
 Nor my instruction,
 To trust your friends at all;
 Must less, to trust them to your own destruction:
 A painful and severe attention,
 Is but a necessary fence,
 To every dog of sense,
 Against deceit and circumvention;
 A task from which you hop'd to be reliev'd
 By trusting to your friends:
 You are deceiv'd,
 Acting as much as they for your own ends:
 All the world knows,
 That friendship's a meer sound;
 A sound that hardly can impose
 Upon a puppy hound.
 Nature is not to blame,
 Flatter'd by cunning, indolence invented
 That foolish name,
 By which so many fools are circumvented.
 Happiness you'll seldom find,
 Unless you learn
 To have no weighty interest, or concern,
 With those of your own kind.
 Unless you learn, (if it is not too late)
 That they are neither worth your love nor hate.

A LYRIC EPISTLE

TO MY COUSIN SHANDY, ON HIS COMING TO
TOWN.

BY THE SAME.

DEAR SHANDY,

YOU know there goes a tale,
How Jonas went aboard a whale,
Once for a frolic,

And how the whale, set sail

With a fair gale,

And got the cholic;

And after a great splutter

Spew'd him up, upon the coast

Just like a woodcock on a toast

With trail and butter.

I should have thought him much to blame

Had he gone back the way he came.

So when you're over head and ears in debt,

You'll fume and fret;

When once you're wip'd clean, if you presume,

To plunge yourself again, fret on and fume.

So when a man has lost his wife

He makes a pother,

But he deserves to lose his life,

If he will venture on another.

So

So when a miss just enters on her teens
 She makes a coil,
 Because she knows not what she means
 —You lose your labour and your oyl,
 But by and bye,
 After you have taken your degrees,
 If you will try,
 You'll be install'd with ease,
 And you may take a flight
 Upright,
 Like me,

And drop like Icarus into a vacant sea.
 And so, because comparisons are odious,
 Pray tell me plain,
 Whether the theatre in Drury-lane,
 Or that of York, is most commodious;
 And to oblige you,

I'll tell you a story of Elijah.
 As he was walking by a wood in sober sadness,
 Close by a mob of children stood,
 Commenting on his sober mood,
 And taking it for madness;
 In their opinions,
 They hung together just like onions,
 And back'd them like such sort of folks,
 With a few stones, and a few jokes :
 Till weary of their pelting and their prattle,
 He order'd out his bears to battle,
 It was delightful fun,
 To see them run
 And eat up the young cattle.

Now

Now had Elijah chang'd the scene,
 From thinking and walking
 To drinking and talking,
 Or any pleasant situation,
 It would have cur'd the spleen,
 And sav'd a lapidation.

Your affectionate cousin,

ANTONY SHANDY.

A N E P I S T L E

TO THE GROWN GENTLEWOMEN,

THE MISSES OF * * * *

BY THE SAME.

*La musica et gli abiti sono della vagha invencione di Bartolomeo
 Cogliane, poeta lirico et virtuoso della camera della sua excel-
 lenza la Signora Contessa * * * * procuratrice di San Giacomo,*

LADIES, I love you dearly,
 And for a proof I send this letter;
 To deal with you sincerely,
 I dare not offer any better.

Many of your Mamas
 Would look upon it as a sin,
 Because

They and their daughters are so near akin,
 It would be wading both through thick and thin.
 Time

Time also, the best tutor of all others,
 Has open'd my deluded eyes ;
 I have made fools enow amongst your mothers,
 I wish it was as easy to make you wise.
 This, says Miss Notable, is positive grimace,
 He thinks to rub the mould off an old face,
 By being smart and fly ;
 Just as a housewife thinks you'll eat
 Her fusty meat
 When it is season'd in a pye.

Miss Notable, you are a cynick,
 And though in Greek it means a bitch,
 I only mean you are a mimick,
 When you set up to be a witch.
 Can you imagine me so queer
 An engineer
 To think of making my advances
 By fancies ?
 I know that an approach is made
 Sideways and by insinuation ;
 I know my trade,
 But not by a rhetorical
 Or metaphorical
 Or verbal disputation,
 But by a real zig-zag operation.
 I would as soon attempt to take a city
 With sugar-plumbs
 Instead of bombs,
 As take a miss by being witty :

Or to take you,
When you're in cue
To romp and grapple,
Like Eve,

Taking you only by the sleeve,
And pulling out an apple.

A miss that's brought up in a boarding school,
Or in a cloyster,
Is like a stool,
And like an oyster.

For though a bungler can't get at her,
An oyster-monger who has thought on't well,
And understands the matter,
Contrives a way into the shell,
Like any eel,
Into a wheel,
Of wicker,
Gobbling the oyster and the liquor.

The reason why she is like a stool, methinks
Is this ;

(I do not mean a stool that stinks)
That never can be like a miss ;

I mean a stool,
Not in the nature of a chair,
But a mere tool,
Placed in a corner here and there
With an intent

Not to be useful—but for ornament ;
Just like the image of a Chinese lubbard,
Sitting upon a chimney-piece or cupboard.

Yet

Yet when a drawing room is full,
 Or when a company draws near
 That blessed sphere,

Where all are happy that are dull,
 And they are taken up with some debater,
 You clap you down slipping aside,
 And so your stool is occupy'd
 Sooner or later.

And so a miss that's thrown aside like lumber,
 Altho' they watch her,
 Will find occasions without number,
 If any one's inclin'd to catch her.

When a man's saying all he has to say,
 And something comes across the way,
 Without a provocation,
 I do not call it a digression,
 But a temptation
 Which requires discretion.

And therefore I petition
 For leave to give a definition
 Of the word reputation ;
 'Tis an impression or a seal
 Engrav'd, not upon steel,
 On a transparent education,
 Which, held up to the light,
 Discovers all the strokes and touches
 That mark the lady of a knight,
 A mantua-maker, or a duchess.

A miss brought up in fairy courts,
 Practis'd in sublunary sports,
 And contemplations in the dark,

Is apt to be surpris'd
 By a superior power, disguis'd
 Like an attorney's clerk ;

Oft in the darkeſt night, when every head
 Is wrapp'd in ſleep,
 And free from cares,

He ſallies from the deep,
 Stealing up the back ſtairs,
 And without dread,

He'll creep
 Upon you unawares
 Into your bed.

A fairy is a cunning elf,
 And ſeldom meditates a rape
 In any ſhape

That you ſuſpect yourſelf.

Sometimes in front he will appear
 Juſt like a barber's block,

And ſometimes hang upon your rear,
 Dreſs'd in your footman's frock.

When once you are enchanted,
 You are commonly poſſeſs'd all night,
 Like any houſe that's haunted,

And like a haunted houſe, a prieſt muſt ſet you
 right.

And

And then by reason of your tender age
 You are no less in danger
 From HAMLET and RANGER,
 The enchanters of the stage.

You are not open to so many snares,
 From dancers, singers,
 And fiddle-stringers,
 As from players.

Players make love by letters patent,
 All other artists are excluded,
 But now and then it has so happen'd,
 The law has been eluded ;

And by a trick of a logician,
 No lawyer's whim,

For instance, if the artist's a musician,
 You must convert the proposition,
 That is, you must make love to him.

I do not mean, my dears,
 To alarm you with my fears,

Though I could bring examples recent,
 And make reflections,

To shew that such amours are neither decent,
 Nor good for your complexions.

Let but a single spark of fire fall

Into a powder magazine,

It blows up all,

Quite and clean.

So when you have finish'd a neat billet-doux,

All but the stopping,
 And you're in raptures leaning,
 A drop of ink, you know not how,
 Comes dropping,
 And blots out all the meaning.
 If you delight in fops
 And will be always tasting and touching,
 You may meet fops where a few drops
 Will blot your scutcheon :
 Your face breaks out in spots, or you're inflat.
 To a degree,
 So as to be
 Homunculated.
 I quite forgot I was in such a trance
 To give a hint,
 Asquint,
 About a country dance.
 Dancing contributes greatly, 'tis confess'd,
 To open and dilate your chest,
 And is exceeding good
 To purify the blood
 And humours.
 But if you sit too long, and cool too quick,
 Your hand is seiz'd and you fall sick.
 It feels as if it felt—all over—tumours,
 Shaking, as if you shook a stick,
 Tingling and numb,
 Finger and thumb,
 Paralitic.

If people would but stick to their professions,
 You would be dancing,
 Not sitting and romancing,
 Like an old justice at a sessions.
 Supposing now you have escaped all rocks,
 Not without many shocks
 Amongst the shoals of calumny and rancour,
 Thank heaven you are not stranded ;
 Throw out your anchor,
 And then do what you please when you are landed.
 Sure I speak plain enough, you understand
 That I would have you marry out of hand ;
 Whether you wed a coxcomb or a sloven,
 By fair means or by covin ;
 Marriage resembles a perpetual oven.
 Your chief expence and trouble's in the making,
 Which need not be repeated,
 Unless you are cheated,
 From the first time you put a cake in.
 For after that without being heated,
 It will continue fit for baking ;
 Constantly ready night and day,
 If you don't bake at home, your neighbour may.
 Do but contemplate a pudding's end,
 There is a string goes round about
 Her snout.

The string is very much the pudding's friend,
 He keeps her within bounds, or else she would be
 spoil'd,

And by his means she gets well boil'd.

Look at that spit again,
 What is it keeps your meat from burning ;
 It is a chain
 That humours it in turning ;
 And by that means, as you have often boasted,
 Your meat is always nicely roasted.

Just such another tye is marriage ;
 I take the marriage-noose, or wedding-ring,
 If you are prudent in your carriage
 To be a pudding-string.
 And for the marriage-chain, 'tis prov'd as clear
 as glafs,
 To be but a jack-chain——a chain for a jack-ass.
 'Tis all made out as fine as silk,
 Now attend my lovely lasses,
 And I'll provide you all with asses.
 ——You shall not want for asses milk.

I wish a miss was like a leek,
 Whose head is long
 And strong,
 Altho' the tail
 Be frail
 And weak.
 I could say in three words all that I have to speak,
 Dissemble
 Whether you resemble
 The proud or weak.

Meekness

Meekness and pride alike inflame desire,
 A truth well known among the wenchers ;
 So oil or brandy thrown into the fire,
 Are neither of them quenchers.
 Take that which suits you best, my gentle dames,
 Either will do to set a house in flames.
 'Tis not sufficient to inflame,
 You must provoke, but you must tame.
 Observe the anglers,
 They don't take every fish that comes ;
 So many of your dangles,
 Are but bull-heads and miller's thumbs.
 A captain or some pretty fellow,
 May dangle with you at a Rout ;
 Just as they fish for salmon with a menow,
 Or a red clout.
 But when you walk with Strephon arm in arm,
 And feel all over new-milk warm,
 Whilst he complains of penalties and pains ;
 You'll seem
 Like an iced cream
 If you have any brains.

Adam was weary of a single life,
 And seeing Eve bashful and nice,
 He thought her fitter for a wife,
 Than any beast in paradise.

So when a 'squire sees a maiden coy,
 He makes a jointure ;
 And in a fit of joy,
 Prefers her to a pointer.

Milton's *delay*, it is no word of my inventing,
 Lies in a point,

If you can hit the joint,
 Between forbidding and consenting.
 Just like the cream of which you have been told,
 Delicious, when 'tis not too cold.

All smalls delays are right,
 They make folks keen,
 Whether they mean
 To play or fight.

So at a battle and a cocking,
 The combatants before they let them go,
 Stand a little while and crow.

And when you throw the sttocking,
 After the bride and bridegroom's bedded ;
 The bride encouraged by that pause,
 Yields to the laws
 And is beheaded.

A P P E N D I X.

A LYRIC EPISTLE,

TO THE GROWN GENTLEMEN, THE STUDENTS OF
DIVINITY IN ----- COLLEGE, OXFORD,

BY TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

Experientia docet.

*G*ENTLEMEN, I am your friend and adviser,
As a proof of which I send you this letter,
To make you all wiser,
And in the end, perhaps, a good living the better.
As you are design'd
For the service of the church,
I'll tell you my mind:
I would not have you enter
Into orders at a venture,
Lest in a twenty pound curacy you should be left
in the lurch,

You

You think, perhaps, by studying divinity,
 And acquiring a little classical latinity,
 By being grave and sober,
 And not drinking too much wine and
 oötober,

That you may rise in time to the mitre;
 You may as well suppose,
 Even tho' it stinks in your nose,
 That a dirty shirt at college
 Worn a week, in pursuit of useless knowledge,
 May by Saturday night be grown whiter.

But as the dirt
 Wears not off the shirt;
 So I'll tell you what :
 Let not any one be so queer
 An engineer
 As to think of making his advances
 By such fancies :

For that is not,
 Whatever the novice believes,
 The way to get his arms into a pair of lawn sleeves.

I know my trade,
 Which tho' it be made
 By some a mighty serious occupation,
 I have found that to laugh
 Is better by half,
 And more likely to get a presentation.
 'Tis all a mere hum
 To stand preaching hum-drum,

And

And telling old tales of repentance ;
 You had better burlesque
 Both pulpit and desk,
 And turn up your female acquaintance.
 I do not mean in the way of carnality :
 That would ill agree with a parson's formality ;
 But in the way of science,
 That's privileg'd to set all decorum at defiance.
 Thus to make your devotion
 Assist your promotion,
 Your way is, with luscious romances
 To tickle your patron's fancies ;
 To whom you will never do well
 To talk about heaven or hell ;
 Unless in the way of digression,
 To vary the turn of expression.
 There's ne'er a lord or 'squire,
 Tho' senseless as king Log,
 When once set agog
 After a miss Tawdry,
 By the help of your bawdry,
 But will give you as good a living as you can desire,
 And thus a prebendary,
 By one bold vagary,
 Tho' as I was a saying,
 He would never get any thing by praying,
 May sometimes a fortune acquire ;
 Believe me.—Experto
 Crede Roberto.

Do you think it hard to get
 A sufficient stock of wit,
 And due portion of learning or fun ?
 Lord ! be your tale as dull
 As e'er enter'd barren skull,
 Mix it well with that fame——
 (I mean * * * * without a name)
 In one page a squint,
 In the next a broad hint,
 And, the world to a nut-shell, 'twill run.
 Indeed, as to the subject matter,
 Of that you must learn the scientific smatter ;
 And, if you're to seek,
 Consult—do you see—
 The Venus physique
 Of the sage Maupertuis ;
 Or rather,
 What my father,
 Or, more precisely, my uncle and he
 Determined about the Homunculi,
 With which the young ladies are inflated,
 When they are first matriculated.
 But as precept is enforc'd by example,
 I shall here give you a little sample.
 When you treat of those conflicts to be dreaded,
 Wherein the maidens are beheaded ;
 Begin by advancing the notion,
 (That is in your prolegomena)
 That all natural phenomena
 Are the effect of matter and motion,

So that the blow
 May be either or flow.
 If so be that the momentum
 Of the rentum skentum
 Be in both cases equal ;
 And that the attraction and repulsion
 Occasion the same revulsion,
 When the like is the sequel.
 Or thus ; by the doctrine of propagation,
 As illustrated by electrification,
 When by means even of a bit of wire,
 Two bodies are set on fire ;
 Say when, by virtue of due constriction,
 The tubes are right in friction,
Propria quæ maribus ;
 If the vibrations be but strong,
 Whether they be short or long,
Cæteris paribus,
 The effect is the same,
 To light up a mutual flame.
 A learned smattering
 Thus setting you once chattering,
 You run readily into a stile,
 And at critics may venture to smile,
 For what need there any skill
 To say whate'er one will,
 Or to write even the son of Aristarchus dead ?
 When allowed by profession
 Full power of digression,
 And to set down whate'er comes into one's head.

It may be done with as much ease
As a blackbird whistles,
Or as I write such epistles
As these.

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

F I N I S.









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6

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